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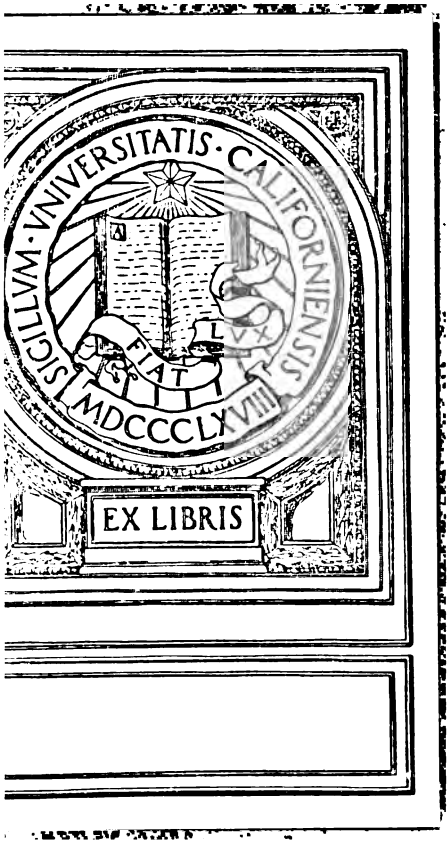
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POLITICAL AND LITERARY.

MISCELLANIES,

POLITICAL AND LITERARY.

BY

MOUNTSTUART E. GRANT DUFF,

MEMBER FOR THE ELGIN DISTRICT OF BURGHS.

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CRYSTAL PALACE PRESS.

1870

NOTICE.

In this volume I have brought together and arranged, in chronological order, some papers which have no internal connection and which treat of widely divergent subjects. Some of them appeared for the first time, while others were introduced to a more extended public than that for which they were originally prepared, in the "Fortnightly" or "Contemporary" Reviews, and to the managers of those periodicals I hereby return my thanks.

MOUNTSTUART E. GRANT DUFF.

Campagne des Fleurs,
Alger-Mustapha,
November 11*th*, 1878.

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MISCELLANIES,

POLITICAL AND LITERARY.

PRESIDENTIAL ADDRESS

ON OPENING THE SECTION OF ECONOMIC SCIENCE AND STATISTICS, AT THE DUNDEE MEETING OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION IN 1867.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—It has been the custom to open the proceedings of this section by an address, and it has been the custom that that address should be a brief one. I propose, with your permission, to follow both these good customs.

This department of the British Association differs from the others. They are occupied exclusively with the study of external nature. We are occupied, as has been truly said, with external nature only in so far as it exerts an influence on the human mind. They treat of physical sciences. Our section throws its roots, so to speak, deep down among the physical sciences, but is itself devoted to moral science. Looked at in another light, our pursuits form the debateable land between the men of thought and the men of action. In theory, of course, we are given up exclusively to the examination of *things as they are*—to *science*; but do we not

continually stray over the border-line, and wander into the consideration of *things as they should be*—into the domain of the *art* of legislation and government? Those who are familiar with the proceedings of this section will not, I think, say No; and this intermediate character of our department accounts, I suppose, for the fact that it is from time to time presided over by Members of Parliament, who, votaries of practical politics, cannot pretend to be teachers of the sciences with which this section is concerned—cannot even pretend to be the fellow-labourers of some whom I see around me, but are content to be, in this field, their disciples and followers.

The British Association, founded in 1831, was one of the results of that great upheaval of the national mind, of which the political change which makes the year 1832 so famous was perhaps the most conspicuous symptom. The foundation of the Statistical Society, and of our own section, both of which, I trust, have done something to help on the forward movement of the time, came shortly afterwards, and the latter of these events must have been very nearly synchronised with the commencement of that remarkable reactionary movement which, taking its rise in the common room of Oriel, has since so widely and variously influenced English life. An eminent living writer might find, perhaps, in this fact another illustration of the operation of *Systole* and *Diastole* in human affairs.

Up to 1856 this section was exclusively occupied with statistics. In that year, the centenary of the publication of Quesnay's "*Maximes Générales*," and eighty years after the appearance of Adam Smith's great work, the kindred subject of economic science was wisely added to our programme. Now, then, we are the Section of Economic Science and Statistics. What do

these terms mean, and with what sort of subjects will chance visitors who stray into these regions, from more popular sections, find us dealing, during the next few days? They will find us, in our character of students of economic science, dealing with all the phenomena which attend upon, and the principles which regulate, the production, the distribution, and the exchange of wealth. If they are quite unfamiliar with those inquiries, they may come prejudiced against us, as cold and hard and selfish. We deserve, gentlemen, no such character. The considerations to which we call attention, the laws which we point out, must be taken account of by the most humane, and by the most imaginative, if their attempts at world-bettering are not to shiver against the realities of life. All human society, as has been well said, rests on a material foundation, "and beneath all systems of government, and all schemes of public morality, there lies the science of the wealth of nations." The laws which we enunciate are no more, and no less, hard or imperative than any of the laws with which other sections have to do. "What," asked Mr. Mill, in the House of Commons last year, "is more unfeeling than the attraction of gravitation?" If, however, gentlemen, we claim for economic science a very high place, we do not exaggerate its importance. No wise economist ever pretended to explain more than a very limited number of the complicated problems of society and life. No wise economist ever laid himself open to the denunciations levelled by M. Edgar Quinet, in his recent brilliant work on the French Revolution, against those who fondly fancy that they can account, on economical principles alone, for that great moral and political earthquake.

There surely never was a time in which it was more plainly necessary to popularise this science. We

are told by alarmists that one of the results of reform will be that matters which were considered settled will be reopened; that Protection will again raise her head, and that the ghosts of old fallacies will come back to gibber in the House of Commons. I am one of those who think such fears exaggerated; but surely the mere possibility of our people lapsing into heresies such as those which have seduced men of our race, in America and Australia, should warn us to diffuse far and wide the broad results of economic science. It is to be feared that, even in circles where we might expect better things, there is a very considerable misconception about the real teachings of economists. Who can forget the opposition that was excited by Mr. Cobden's negotiations in France, as if, forsooth, he, of all men, was going to be false to the principles by the advocacy of which he had put himself in the first rank of contemporary statesmen? Is it surprising that there should be so much hesitation about the acceptance, I do not say of the mere fact of free trade, but of some of its consequences? Count up the schools in which an attempt is made at giving even a glimpse into economic science. There are distinguished professors of economic science at both Oxford and Cambridge; but how many men are there who leave the great English universities with any knowledge of it?*

Of the two economical questions to which your president alluded last year, as to those which were, for the moment, chiefly occupying the minds of men—the question of our coal supply and the state of the money market—the first will, no doubt, slumber till the report of the Royal Commission is given to the world. The other still attracts attention; but the "wheel has come full circle," the periodical reaction has set in, and the

* There are still far too few, but more than there were when this address was delivered.

vast pile of gold mounts daily higher, waiting for the spirit of confidence to return. Another economical question has, however, come in these last few months into great and painful prominence. I allude, of course, to the question of trades unions, and to the relations of capital and labour. The unhappy contests between these natural allies is not the only joint in our armour. Many eminent men have been declaring that England is falling behind other nations in the industrial race, and that a better and more extended technical education has become a necessity. All attempts, however, to give a good technical education will break down, if we do not imitate Switzerland and Germany in creating a really good system of elementary and middle-class education.* That is the soil in which technical education must grow, and at present that soil is wofully thin in many places. Fortunately, however, the public mind is becoming familiarised with the idea of an educational rate; and if we have an educational rate to assist the poorest, why not a system of graded schools, to which all classes may repair if they see fit, and through which a ladder may be built by which merit may climb to the high places of society? How long will English farmers go on paying that the children of their labourers may be educated better than their own?

Amongst the measures of the late session, in which this section may be supposed to take peculiar interest, was the extension to all trades of the principle of the Factory Acts — these Acts which for more than one generation were so stoutly resisted in the name of political economy, but which enlightened theory approves, and which experience has justified. The comparative ease with which the bills of last session passed,

* It is gratifying to think how far a single decade carried us, in this matter, under the auspices of the late administration (1878).

was creditable to the Government, creditable to the interests affected, and, above all, creditable to Mr. Henry Bruce, the Vice-President of the Council in the late administration, whose abnegation of self, in the willing support which he gave to bills with which his own name will not be associated, was as remarkable as it is, I fear, rare amongst politicians of any party.

If it is easy to give a definition of our work as students of economic science, which, although of course liable to be pulled to pieces by critics, may be taken as fairly correct, how different is the case with our work as statisticians? Who can define statistics? "*Quicquid agunt homines*," in so far as it is susceptible of being recorded and expressed numerically? That definition might, perhaps, be accepted by some, but there would be many gainsayers. Two sets of men long disputed as to which of them was most entitled to the name of statisticians. There were those who considered statistics to be equivalent to what used to be called "political arithmetic." There were those who, appealing to the etymology of the word "statistics," and recalling the history of the science, thought that they, and they alone, were entitled to represent themselves as the successors of the great Göttingen professors, who first gave a systematic form to this kind of inquiry. The victory has, for all practical purposes, remained with the first of these two bodies of disputants; that is to say, the science naturally tends to become more definite and precise, to restrict itself more and more within the circle of those facts which can be recorded and tabulated. The statistician has scarcely, perhaps, had so many hard words thrown at him as his cousin the economist; but he has all along been coupled with that unpopular character, in public disfavour. Those who know nothing else of Mr. Burke, know his sentence about "sophists,

economists, and calculators." I even remember seeing it quoted in a letter from an innkeeper, who had been remonstrated with on account of an extortionate bill!

The statistician, however, no less than the economist, can say something in his own justification. Have not vital statistics done much to diminish the uncertainty in providing for families, which used so much to increase the anxieties of the trading and professional classes? Have not sanitary statistics, even within the last few years, added very much to the length and comfort both of civilian and military life? Have not judicial statistics done their part in leading the public to accept the doctrine at which the most enlightened criminalists had already arrived by other paths—that crime is best repressed, not by severe, but by rapid and certain punishment? Are not educational statistics, at this very moment, convincing all intelligent persons in Great Britain, that we must at length make "a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together," to get at least a modicum of education conveyed to the whole people?

And while I speak of educational statistics, it may not be amiss to recall one curious instance of the want of them, which was lately pressed on the attention of Parliament. A highly intelligent witness from Oxford, examined before the committee which lately sat to inquire into the educational system pursued at the two great English universities, admitted that there was not at this moment any official document in existence from which the public could arrive at an idea, even approximately correct, of the vast revenues of Oxford and her colleges*—revenues which only required to be used in the spirit of her worthier sons, to make her incomparably the most efficient, as she is incomparably the wealthiest, university in the world. Surely it is monstrous that we

* This is happily no longer the case.

can, with the greatest ease, find the revenue and the expenditure of the University of Berlin, down to the last dollar, and are unable to arrive at even a tolerable guess as to the revenue and expenditure of a similar institution in our own island!

The importance of military and naval statistics need not be urged. Would that the most striking result of inquiries into them could be brought home to all minds! Would that everyone realised the fearful loss which the vast armaments now kept up are entailing upon Europe!* Would that the people of this quarter of the globe would awake to the danger of being surpassed, in all the arts of peace, by the great nation on the other side of the Atlantic! An American politician came back last autumn from Prussia, declaring that it was impossible to walk ten yards, in a Prussian town, without meeting a soldier. An English politician came back, at the same time, from the United States, declaring that he had traversed the country from end to end, without seeing even a single soldier. When will monarchs, and cabinets, and popular assemblies learn that old wisdom of William III., that that nation will hold the balance of power, which, in proportion to its strength, "has economised its material resources to the highest point, and acquired the highest degree of moral ascendancy, by an honest and consistent allegiance to the laws of morality, in its domestic policy and in its foreign relations"?

It would not be difficult to point out the obvious and palpable advantages that arise to the community from other branches of statistical inquiry; but in truth there

* The curse of militarism weighs now far more heavily upon the Continent than it did when these words were spoken. "If this state of things continues," said a French statesman, some little time ago, to an English friend, "Europe will be reduced to beg at the barrack-door—*mendier à la porte des casernes!*" and the present Government has done its very best to inoculate our own people with this plague.

is no need, for cavillers would be silent, if not convinced, were it not that our own friends sometimes give an occasion to the enemy. To attempt to draw from statistical facts inferences which they will not bear—to resolve the whole play of social forces into a mere question of numbers and averages—to pretend that figures govern the world, instead of merely helping us to understand how it is governed—is simply to injure the cause which we profess to defend. Those who act in this way, are almost as mischievous as those whose reckless abuses of statistical methods have given point to the sneer that nothing is so false as figures, except facts—the Rigbys of political life, who manipulate their figures with a view, not to arrive at truth, but to obtain a controversial success. There is no poorer triumph than such a one as this, for there is none easier; unless, indeed, it be the triumph attained by fifth-rate theologians when they quote isolated texts against each other, and each remains, in the opinion of his followers, the master of the unhonoured and unprofitable field of strife. It is, however, vain to argue against anything because it may be abused. Of course a man who deals with statistics in the spirit of the saying, "*Tant pis pour les faits*," can make them prove anything; but surely no saying can be farther from being the expression of the temper of any man who has a right to call himself a statistician. Perfect openness of mind, a determination to receive every fact with equal favour, a determination to restrain, not only the ordinary disturbing prejudices, but even that love of hasty generalisation which is characteristic of many fine intellects, a spirit resigned to collect, one by one, the stones of a temple which a successor may build up—these are the marks of a true student of this science.

I have said something about popularising economic science. Arguments not less strong, though different,

might be alleged in favour of popularising statistics. It is in this department that we shall find the real value of those men whose habits of mind lead them to take what I may call the old view of the science, the view which found favour with Schlözer when he said, "Statistics are history in repose; history is statistics in motion." The more the science, properly so called, withdraws itself up the heights of knowledge, the more necessary will it be to have messengers constantly passing to the plains below. It is satisfactory to see useful manuals of statistics being gradually multiplied, and getting down into general circulation. The historical "Almanach de Gotha" has been mother of a numerous progeny, amongst which not the least useful is the Belgian "Annuaire" of Scheler, and its younger sister, in our own country, the "Statesman's Year Book." It is strange that, while France has, in a kindred class of literature, the excellent "Annuaire" published in connection with the "Revue des Deux Mondes,"* we have nothing more cosmopolitan than our very parochial "Annual Register." An idea which was some years ago put forward in the "Saturday Review," that it would be expedient to bring out a series of politico-historical *companions* to Mr. Murray's handbooks, has not yet been acted upon, but the realisation of so reasonable a project is surely only deferred.

One of the greatest attractions of this science is undoubtedly its international character. The first impulse of a statistician who has arrived at what appear to him satisfactory results, with regard to a group of facts and figures in his own country, is to see how his conclusions are affected by similar groups of facts and figures in other countries. In so doing he is necessarily brought into connection, not only with foreign knowledge, but with foreign men of activity and intelligence, and so

* This has now, alas! ceased to exist (1878).

becomes one more link in the chain that is binding into one great confederation the progressive nations of the globe.

But I am forgetting that I promised to adhere to the good custom of being brief. During the next week we shall listen to many papers upon most important subjects, both in our character of economists and of statisticians. I trust we shall not only bring to all open and unprejudiced minds, but recollect the precept of the Pyrrhonists, "Be sober, and remember to doubt." Working in this spirit, we may perhaps square a stone, or shape a rafter, which some future "master of those who know" may use in building up a system of politics, which may do as much honour to the nineteenth century after, as did that of Aristotle to the fourth century before, the Christian era.

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EGYPT.

A LECTURE DELIVERED AT CULLEN, AND PRINTED IN THE "CONTEMPORARY REVIEW" FOR FEBRUARY, 1874.

AT a quarter to one o'clock on the 16th October, the *Péluse* slipped from her moorings in the harbour of Marseilles, and passing slowly between the far-seen pilgrimage church of Notre Dame de la Garde and the Quarantine Station, took her course to the eastward.

Then followed a chequered week, of which the least agreeable incidents were a gale of some eight-and-twenty hours, and a night which we spent tossing about in a ground-swell off the harbour of Alexandria; while the most agreeable incidents were a lovely morning amongst the Lipari Isles, which looked more charming than I ever saw them look before, our first view of Crete, and the society of M. Mariette, one of the greatest of living Egyptologists.

Do you ask who were our other fellow-travellers? Well, they were numerous—somewhat too numerous for comfort, and you will have an excellent idea of what they were like, if you will only read the description given of his travelling companions by M. About in "Le Fellah," for that amusing writer made the same voyage in the same ship a few years ago. Only to complete the picture, in our case, a few touches from Wilhelm Meister

should be thrown in, for we had on board the whole of the *personnel* of the Opéra Comique, which is, I daresay, at this very moment amusing the Alexandrians.

We ran early in the morning into the harbour which Alexander, Cæsar, Antony, and so many others of the greatest actors on the world's stage have made famous, and were for some time in suspense as to our fate with reference to quarantine, that scourge of Mediterranean travel having been called into exceptional activity this year, by the presence of the cholera in various parts of Europe. Very soon, however, a boat came off, bringing a letter which informed us that kind friends had made every arrangement for our comfort, and that we should perform our quarantine in a charming yacht fitted up on purpose.

Hither we soon betook ourselves, a guardian from the Lazaretto accompanying us, and our yacht hoisting the yellow flag, as a warning to all persons to avoid touching it, to say nothing of us—its terror-striking inhabitants.

There was nothing, however, to prevent our receiving visits, provided our visitors did not actually touch the vessel, and we did receive a good many, conversing with our friends over the side.

After some seventy-two hours of close but delightful imprisonment, the quarantine authorities came to tell us that we were free. Sir John Lubbock and I immediately used our freedom by going on shore to call on Dr. Gaillardot, a French physician and man of science, who has given special attention to the Prehistoric Antiquities and the botany of Egypt.

Somewhat later in the day we all set out for a long drive to see the sights, and receive the first impressions of Alexandria.

The sights proper are only two—Cleopatra's Needle

and Pompey's Pillar. Cleopatra's Needle* is an obelisk of red granite, which is connected by the hieroglyphics still legible upon it with Rameses II., of whom we shall hear more. It was brought from Heliopolis, some say by Cleopatra, whence the name which it usually bears. Others say it was brought in the reign of Tiberius.

Pompey's Pillar is a tall column, also of granite, which has nothing to do with Pompey, but was erected in honour of Diocletian, and which, according to M. Mariette and others, stood in the centre of the Serapeium, a gigantic edifice, erected for religious, literary, and other purposes, and dedicated to Serapis.

The above are the sights proper—the sights obligatory. But not less interesting than they are the light-house, marking the place where stood the famous Pharos, whose name has become the word for light-house in many languages; the island of Pharos itself, long since united with the mainland; and the two great harbours—one of which, the Eunostus, or port of Good Return, bids fair to become, under the hands of English engineers, one of first-rate importance, worthy to be the gate of the Egypt of the future.

With the Alexandria of to-day, which everyone abuses, we were on the whole agreeably surprised. It would doubtless be a horrid place of residence, but the newness and strangeness of everything is pleasant to the eyes of the European traveller. We thought it in everything, except situation, far superior to Smyrna, the place with which it seemed natural to compare it.

Very charming to the eye was the variegated crowd in the streets—a crowd of all lands, all dresses, all colours, and all features. Very charming were the date-palms laden with fruit, the unfamiliar forms of the *Acacia lebbek*, of the true Sycomore, of a tall Tamarisk,

* Sister to the one now in London (1878).

of the Bamboo, and many other trees, which were either not known to us at all, or known only in stunted specimens.

Very charming was it to taste the fresh sugar-cane for the first time, to see the brown tents of the Bedouin Arabs, and those more civilised, but hardly less strange, Dahabeeahs, which convey so many of our countrymen up the Nile.

We slept in Alexandria, and, starting betimes in the morning, passed in little more than four hours over the one hundred and thirty-one miles which separated us from Cairo.

They were four memorable hours. First came Lake Mareotis, looking, unhappily, as unlike as possible to what Shelley had in his mind, when he wrote the lines:

> But her choice sport was in the hours of sleep,
> To glide adown old Nilus, when he threads
> Egypt and Ethiopia, from the steep
> Of utmost Axumé, until he spreads,
> Like a calm flock of silver-fleecèd sheep,
> His waters on the plain; and crested heads
> Of cities and proud temples gleam amid,
> And many a vapour-belted pyramid.
>
> By Mœris and the Mareotid lakes,
> Strewn with faint blooms like bridal chamber floors;
> Where naked boys bridling tame water-snakes,
> Or charioteering ghastly alligators,
> Had left on the sweet waters mighty wakes
> Of those huge forms:—within the brazen doors
> Of the great labyrinth slept both boy and beast,
> Tired with the pomp of their Osirian feast.

Looking, I say, as unlike that as possible, but still a great and historical expanse of water, with new birds, and new water-plants dear to the eye of a botanist.

Next came the surprise, which should not have been a surprise, of finding Egypt so intensely green in the

month of October, when nearly all other Mediterranean lands are parched and burnt up.

Then, about sixty-five miles from our point of departure, we crossed the Rosetta branch of the Nile, a stream, now that the river had been falling for a fortnight, nearly as broad as the Rhine at Cologne.

At last, after a good many more miles had been traversed, came the Damietta branch—not quite so large—and ere long one of our party called out, "I see them!"

Yes, there far away to the south, like ghosts of themselves, as known to us from pictures, were the pyramids of Gizeh, with the Libyan Desert rising behind them. That was one of the great moments of life, like that in which one first caught sight of the Dome of St. Peter's, or the Acropolis of Athens, or the Mosque of St. Sophia.

Very soon after this we arrived at the station of Cairo. I will not attempt a general description of Masr the Victorious, for that is what El Kahira is said to mean, since I am sure I should fail to convey to you, in my own words, an adequate image of its kaleidoscopic life. The best sketch I have seen is in a lecture delivered by M. Brugsch, somewhere in Germany, which is, however, not very accessible. The thing usually said about the old part of Cairo is, that it is exactly like the "Arabian Nights," and the thing usually said happens, in this case, to be very true and apt.

The following passage, taken from an American book, seems to me, to reflect, with great faithfulness, the feeling of the place:

> To our new eyes everything was picture. Vainly the hard road was crowded with Moslem artisans home-returning from their work. To the mere Moslem observer, they were carpenters, masons, labourers, and tradesmen of all kinds. We passed many a meditating Cairene,

to whom there was nothing but the monotony of an old story in that evening and in that road. But we saw all the pageantry of Oriental romance quietly donkeying into Cairo.

I saw Fadladeen with a gorgeous turban and a long sash. His chibouque, bound with coloured silk and gold threads, was borne behind him by a black slave. Fat and fuming was Fadladeen as of old; and though Fermouz was not by, it was clear to see in the languid droop of his eye that choice Arabian verses were sung by the twilight in his mind.

Abou Hassan sat by the city gate, and I saw Haroun Alraschid quietly come up in that disguise of a Mosul merchant. I could not but wink at Abou, for I knew him so long ago in the "Arabian Nights." But he rather stared than saluted, as friends may in a masquerade. There was Sindbad the Porter, too, hurrying to Sindbad the Sailor. I turned and watched his form fade in the twilight, yet I doubt if he reached Bagdad in time for the Eighth History.

Then came Sakkas, men with hogskins slung over their backs, full of water. I remembered the land and the time of putting wine into old bottles, and was shoved back beyond glass. Pedlars—swarthy fatalists, in lovely lengths of robe and turban—cried their wares. To our Frank ears it was nothing but Babel jargon. Yet had erudite Mr. Lane accompanied us—Mr. Lane, the Eastern Englishman, who has given us so many glimpses into the silence and mystery of Oriental life, like a good genius revealing to ardent lovers the very hallowed heart of the hareem—we should have understood those cries.

We should have heard "Sycomore figs—O grapes!" meaning that said figs were offered, and the sweetness of sound that "grapes" hath was only bait for the attention; or "Odours of Paradise—O flowers of the henna!" causing Moslem maidens to tingle to their very nails' ends; or, indeed, these pedlar poets, vending water-melons, sang, "Consoler of the embarrassed, O pips!" Were they not poets there, these pedlars, and full of Oriental extravagance? For the sweet association of poetic names shed silvery sheen over the actual article offered. The unwary philosopher might fancy that he was buying comfort in a green water-melon, and the pietist dream of mementoes in heaven in the mere earthy vanity of henna. But the philanthropic merchant of sour limes cries, "God made them light—limes!" Meaning not the fruit, nor the stomach of the purchaser, but his purse. Will they never have done with hieroglyphics and sphinxes, these Egyptians? Here a man rose-embowered chants, "The rose is a

thorn, from the sweat of the Prophet it bloomed!" Meaning, simply, fresh roses.

These are masquerade manners, but they are pleasant. The maiden buys not henna only, but a thought of heaven; the poet not water-melons only, but a dream of consolation which truly will he need.

Our first excursion was to Heliopolis, the On of the Old Testament. You will recollect that Joseph married Asenath, the daughter of the high-priest of that city, and the Armenians still consider as canonical an apocryphal book known as the "History of Joseph and Asenath." Heliopolis was never, it would seem, very large, but it was a place of great importance — the Oxford or St. Andrew's of Egypt. Nothing is more probable than that Moses and Plato both studied there. If Moses did study here, then the great obelisk of Osirtasen, which is now the first object the traveller seeks out, must have been quite familiar to him, for it was already older, in his day, than any building in Scotland is now.

It stood, when we visited it, in the midst of a great field of sugar-cane, which I here saw growing for the first time, and which murmured round it in the breeze, as charmingly as ever murmured the pines of Theocritus upon the hills of Sicily.

Dean Stanley, whose short sketches of Egyptian scenery, at the beginning of "Sinai and Palestine," are, like so much else of the same kind that he has written, the purest of pure gold, reminds us that this obelisk had once many companions in the City of the Sun, and that it was hence that those obelisks were taken to which so many memories are attached, which touch us more nearly than anything in Egypt—the obelisks of the Vatican, the Lateran, and of the Porta del Popolo.

Hard by Heliopolis, at the village of Matareeah, is the tree which the traditions of Eastern Christianity

connect with the Flight into Egypt. It is a Sycomore or Egyptian fig, of considerable though not of venerable age; but, of course, it may be the descendant, as is believed by the Copts, of an older tree which grew on the same spot. However that may be, it now shelters from the fierce Egyptian sun the most lovely jasmine, some of which we gathered "*in memoriam.*"

Our drive to Heliopolis introduced me to various Egyptian plants, for which, I need hardly say, I kept a sharp look-out, although the season of the year was the reverse of propitious. One of the first I lit upon was the *Erigeron Canadense*—a pushing American tourist whom I have traced over half Europe, and who has actually had the assurance to establish himself at Heliopolis. Not less interesting in a different way was the *Cleome pentaphyllus*, which we afterwards saw in every field, a pretty climbing *Cynanchum*, and the *Althæa cannabina*, a very handsome mallow, much used as a defence for the fields of cotton (*Gossypium vitifolium*), which were covered with their showy yellow flowers.

Here, too, I saw for the first time one of the commonest of Egyptian birds, a lovely white heron, *Ardetta rustica*, which travellers newly landed generally mistake for the Ibis.

Of course we went to the Pyramids, and a very delightful expedition it was; but do not be afraid, I am not going to describe the Pyramids, and that for two reasons. First, because you have all read descriptions of them; and, secondly, because one of the uses of a sketchy lecture like this is to direct your attention to the best books on the subject of which it treats. I would advise you, then, to read the very clear and vivid description of her excursion to the Pyramids, which is given by Miss Martineau in her "Eastern Life," and will only notice one or two particulars in which our visit differed from

hers. In the first place, then, we were some months earlier in the season than she, so that we looked from the top of the Great Pyramid, with our back to the yellow desert, over an immense extent of flooded country, from the midst of which the villages rose like so many little red islands.

In the next place, two of us, Sir John Lubbock and myself, penetrated into the Second Pyramid, that of Cephrenes, which is comparatively rarely visited, although it is in no way more difficult to penetrate than the other.

In the third place, there are now absolutely no difficulties which need be taken into account by any man or woman of average health and strength, in going up, coming down, or entering the Great Pyramid. You drive to it from Cairo in an hour and a half, and the so-called Pyramid Arabs understand the business of helping you up and down, extremely well. I will not, I say, waste time in description, but you will expect me to say a word as to the purpose and history of the Pyramids, because much light has been thrown on these matters of late years.

There is then now no doubt whatever, amongst people entitled to express an opinion, that the Pyramids were simply tombs.

There was found some years ago in Phœnicia a sarcophagus, which is now in the Louvre. The beginning of an inscription on it has been translated as follows:—

In the month of Bul, the fourteenth year of my reign, I, King Ashmanezer, king of the Sidonians, son of King Tabnith, king of the Sidonians, spake King Ashmanezer, king of the Sidonians, saying, "I have been stolen away before my time—a son of the flood of days. The whileom Great is dumb; the son of Gods is dead. And I rest in this grave, even in this tomb, in the place which I have built. My adjuration to all the Ruling Powers and all men: Let no one open this resting-place, nor search for treasure, for there is no treasure with Us; and let him not bear away the couch of My rest, and not trouble

Us in this resting-place by disturbing the couch of My slumbers. . . . For all men who should open the tomb of My rest, or any man who should *carry away* the couch of my rest, or any one who trouble me on this couch: Unto them there shall be no rest with the departed; they shall not be buried in a grave, and there shall be to them neither son nor seed. . . . There shall be to them neither root below nor fruit above, nor honour among the living under the sun. . . ."

Well! the Great Pyramid was nothing more nor less than the place where Choofoo, or Cheops as the Greeks called him, meant to "lie in glory"—mightiest amongst the dead, as he had been mightiest amongst the living. He did not trust, like the Phœnician king, to words marked on his sarcophagus to scare intruders. He trusted to the skill of the architect to prevent the secret of his resting-place ever being penetrated. Nor can it be denied that, to a great extent, he succeeded. True, his tomb has now been rifled, but according to some authorities it remained inviolate for full five thousand years.

Cheops was a king of the fourth dynasty, about whom many fables were told to the Father of History. That is not surprising when we recollect that the Father of History lived about 456 B.C., in the days of the twenty-seventh dynasty—very possibly three thousand five hundred years, and more, after the death of Cheops.

No one can look, however, on this tremendous mass, which is about as high as Strasburg Cathedral, covers as much ground as Lincoln's Inn Fields, and is estimated to contain eighty-five million cubic feet of stone—all this, observe, after its whole outer casing has been taken away, which has much diminished its size—without feeling that he who raised for himself such a sepulchre must have been a prince obeyed by enormous numbers of people.

Time, says an old writer—

Sadly overcometh all things, and now sitteth on a Sphinx and gazeth

on the ruins of Memphis and Old Thebes, gloriously triumphing and turning old glories into dreams. The traveller, as he passeth through these deserts, asketh—Who builded the Pyramids? and he murmurs something in reply, but what it is he heareth not.

And truly the riddle is only half read when we say that Cheops raised the Great, Cephrenes the Second, and Mycerinus the Third and much smaller Pyramid. Who, we ask, as yet quite vainly, were the engineers? Who were the labourers? Were they captives from afar, or were they native Egyptians? Time, as yet, has murmured nothing in reply, even to the most attentive ears. Our children may learn something more about this mystery, for the science of Egyptology is still in its infancy.

If anything could add to the glory of these stately tombs, it would be the still older and still more mysterious monument which stands close to them. I allude of course to the Sphinx, the type of the countless Sphinxes that have been carved in so many places in ancient and modern days, but as much superior to anything of the same kind as Kinglake's immortal description of it is to all other descriptions.

Laugh and mock if you will at the worship of stone idols, but mark ye this, ye breakers of images, that in one regard the stone idol bears awful semblance of Deity—unchangefulness in the midst of change—the same seeming will and intent for ever and ever inexorable! Upon ancient dynasties of Ethiopian and Egyptian kings, upon Greek and Roman, upon Arab and Ottoman conquerors, upon Napoleon dreaming of an Eastern Empire, upon battle and pestilence, upon keen-eyed travellers—Herodotus yesterday, and Warburton to-day—upon all and more this unworldly Sphinx has watched, and watched like a Providence, with the same earnest eyes and the same sad tranquil mien. And we, we shall die, and Islam will wither away, and the Englishman, straining far over to hold his loved India, will plant a firm foot on the banks of the Nile and sit in the seats of the Faithful, and still that sleepless rock will lie watching and watching the works of the new busy race, with those same sad earnest eyes, and the same tranquil mien everlasting. You dare not mock at the Sphinx.

Travellers and others have formed many various estimates of the character meant to be portrayed by the Sphinx. The Arabs called it the Father of Fear.

To me it seemed to be, now at least, a good and gracious creature, fit representative of that old Egyptian life of the fourth dynasty, long, long anterior to the life represented in the tombs of Thebes, with its complicated and tremendous theology.

What then was the Sphinx, and when was it cut out of the mighty rock on the edge of the desert? Alas! we know not. Probably it was an object of worship, or the symbol of an object of worship—for the stern, stately, unadorned temple, known as that of Cephrenes, close by, would appear to have been dedicated to it. Its Egyptian name was Hou, but the meaning of that word is still a mystery. As to the date of its creation we are no better informed, but we do know that Cheops repaired it, so that it is older than the Great Pyramid.

The voyage up the Nile is usually made in one of two ways—by steamers which start at fixed times, and remain a fixed time at each interesting place, or by sailing barges with huge latteen sails, which travellers hire for themselves. The inconvenience of the first method is the restraint, and the being thrown with persons whom you have not yourself selected. The inconvenience of the second method is the loss of time, and the constant repetition of small worries, of which the works of travellers who have described the great river are full to weariness.

Happily for us, we were dependent on neither the one nor the other method, of which the second would have been hopelessly out of the question for busy men. Thanks to the kindness of the Viceroy and of Nubar Pacha, we made the journey in a steamer belonging to His Highness, in the character of his guests, and

accompanied by a member of his suite. I need not say that under these circumstances we saw everything to the best advantage, stopping where we liked, when we liked, and as long as we liked, nor that all the troubles of a Nile voyage being removed, we were able to give ourselves entirely up to the study of what we went to see.

We embarked on the afternoon of November 1st, and were well on our way when the sun broke through the mists on the morning of All Souls.

Our start was, in one respect, an unfortunate one; for we had hardly left Cairo when Mr. Greg was attacked by an illness which, although it did not deprive us of the charms of his conversation, deprived him, I am afraid, of much of the pleasure of the journey.

We ran this first day some seventy miles, through a country which offered little to interest in the immediate neighbourhood of the river. Far away to the west rose the Pyramids of Sakkarah, Abouseir, and Dashour, and the strange structure known to the natives as the False Pyramid. Sometimes the desert came down close to the eastern bank, sometimes it receded, leaving a considerable expanse, while in other places again there was only a haugh, like those along the Deveron or the Spey.

Here and there we passed mud villages, or met huge boats so deeply laden that their sides had to be built up of clay, like "feal dykes," or rafts piled with earthenware pitchers, slowly floating down-stream, or strange-looking craft with mighty piles of chopped straw, as picturesque in their way as the hay-barges of the Thames. Once a man was perceived swimming the mighty flood by the help of a bundle of reeds as a float. Once we ran aground, an operation which soon becomes a familiar one as we go up the Nile. Often we saw shadoofs, the inartistic contrivance by which the people ladle the water out of the river into the runnels which irrigate their

fields. Many were the groves of palms, many the water-birds, but for the most part the hours went by in quiet reading and conversation, till the sun robing himself in gold went down below the Libyan hills, leaving the loamy western bank intensely black, and the orange lines along the limestone cliffs on the east white and ghostly.

And now, as we run up the Nile, let us, seeing that there is not very much to observe in these first days, have a little talk about the ancient history of Egypt.

But first let me premise that much that I shall tell you in the next quarter of an hour is uncertain. You may rely upon what I am going to say being pretty well in accordance with the views of those best entitled to express an opinion on such matters, but they would be the first to admit the imperfection of their own knowledge, and to say that any day a papyrus may be discovered which may at once revolutionise the whole science of Egyptology.

Till, however, such a papyrus is discovered, you may accept these as probable opinions.

The oldest historical King of Egypt was Menes, and its ancient history extends from his reign to the decree of the Emperor Theodosius, which, three hundred and eighty-one years after our era, abolished the ancient religion of the land and introduced Christianity.

You ask me, perhaps, when Menes lived. I reply that I do not know, but you may judge that it was pretty long ago, when I tell you that Menes was the first king of the first dynasty, and that Joseph was prime minister to the last king of the seventeenth dynasty.

From Menes to Theodosius thirty-four dynasties ruled in the valley of the Nile.

The first ten of these are known as the dynasties of the Old Empire.

The next seven are known as the dynasties of the Middle Empire.

The next fourteen are known as the dynasties of the New Empire.

The last three are known as those of the Lower Empire or Lower periods—these last extending from Alexander the Great three hundred and thirty-two years before Christ, to Theodosius, whose date I have already given you, three hundred and eighty-one years after Christ.

The first three dynasties have left but few monuments, so far as we at present know, but of course new excavations may require this statement to be altered. They reigned, according to Manetho, who has been much rehabilitated by modern research, for seven hundred and sixty-nine years, but whether they did, or did not, it is at present impossible to say.

The fourth dynasty built the Pyramids of Gizeh, and in its time Egypt was unquestionably a very civilised, and, in many respects, a happy country, and that at a period when not only our part of Europe, but even Greece, the mother of our antiquity, was absolutely barbarous.

We have very little information about the fifth dynasty, but we know that under the sixth Egypt warred successfully in Nubia, and carried on mining operations in the Peninsula of Sinai.

After the sixth dynasty, a dark veil falls over the history of the Nile valley to the end of the tenth dynasty, with which the Old Empire, or first period of Egyptian history, came to an end. It is believed that during this interval the prosperity of the country received a check, but whether in consequence of foreign invasion, or some other calamity, is, as yet, quite uncertain.

The day dawns for us again with the eleventh dynasty, whose seat was at Thebes, and not in any of the old royal cities of Egypt—Memphis, or Thinis, or far southern Elephantine. That dynasty has left us some remains, whose comparative rudeness lends confirmation to the idea that the end of the Old Empire had been gloomy and disastrous. Egypt under the eleventh dynasty seems to have been no further advanced than under the third. We have seen similar phenomena in Scotland—thanks to the long English Wars.

With the twelfth dynasty we reach another period of great splendour and high civilisation. Egypt is not only once more in possession of the whole country from the First Cataract to the Sea, but holds the Peninsula of Sinai, and fights successfully with its neighbours the Cushites, in the very regions which Sir Samuel Baker has lately traversed, and which are just going to be placed under the rule of Colonel Gordon, the distinguished leader of the famous force which was known to the Chinese as the Ever-Victorious Army.

Under this dynasty was raised the obelisk of Heliopolis, about which I have already spoken, and, according to some, the great reservoir of Lake Moeris was dug out, but M. Mariette is now inclined to consider it much older.

Of the thirteenth dynasty and its doings we have few details, but there is no doubt that under it Egypt was prosperous, and it is believed that the same may be said of the fourteenth, but after it came a new and terrible change.

Pushed forward by some force, the nature of which is unknown to us, a race of people coming from the North-East invaded Egypt. Who were these people? Kalmucks, I think, says one of the greatest living

authorities. Semites, I am pretty sure, says another. So much is certain, that they were a pastoral race, and that their Kings were the so-called Shepherds. The invaders settled in Lower Egypt in the region near the Suez Canal, and remained in the land a considerable time. How long? Well! one great living authority tells us five hundred and eleven years, and another great living authority tells us, not nearly so long—less probably than one hundred years.

Be this as it may, it seems pretty well agreed that Joseph was Prime Minister of one of these Kings or Pharaohs, most likely of Apophis, who was the last of the seventeenth dynasty, which reigned in the Delta, while a contemporary native-born Egyptian dynasty reigned at Thebes.

At length, however, the old native-born Egyptians grew strong enough, under their Theban Kings or Pharaohs, to drive out these intrusive Pharaohs, which they of course proceeded to do, a fact alluded to in the Bible, where we are told that a new King arose who knew not Joseph. So far from knowing Joseph, he hated Joseph and everything connected with him, and oppressed in every possible way Joseph's countrymen. This oppression reached its height during the long reign of Rameses II., or the Great, who reigned sixty-six years, and under whom the two cities of Pithom and Rameses, mentioned in Exodus, were built, largely by Hebrew labour, as appears quite clearly from Egyptian records, as well as from those which are so familiar to us.

Rameses was a very powerful prince, and succeeded in keeping down the foreign population in Lower Egypt, partly by his own strength, partly by virtue of a treaty concluded with the King of the Hittites; but his successor Menepthah was not so powerful, and under him

took place that Exodus, which has exercised such an immense influence both on religion and history.

I do not think that it is at all generally known, that there is still on the borders of Lake Menzaleh, close to the Suez Canal, a population which there is every reason to suppose is descended from the invaders, whose kings were the so-called Shepherds, and with whom the Hebrews were connected in some way that has not yet been traced out. These people, if not now, at least very recently, refused to pay certain taxes on the ground that they were not Egyptians.

But to return to the sequence of my narrative. With the last of the seventeenth dynasty, the Pharaoh to whom Joseph was Prime Minister—a Pharaoh probably not of Egyptian, but of Semitic birth, the Middle Empire came to an end.

The eighteenth dynasty was far the most brilliant in the whole of Egyptian annals. Its first king was Amosis, who, driving out the Shepherd invaders, inaugurated a period of splendour.

Strange to say, a number of jewels which he had made to adorn the mummy of his mother—jewels which were old long before Moses was born, are still preserved, and would do credit to Castellani, if they had been made by him yesterday.

I shall have something to say of the other kings of this dynasty when I come to speak of Thebes, but all I would ask you to remember, for the moment, is that several of them carried their arms not only far to the south, but also far into Asia, and that it was out of some confused recollections of these victories and those of Rameses II. under the nineteenth dynasty, that the Greeks made up the idea of Sesostris, the great—but quite fabulous—Egyptian conqueror.

The nineteenth dynasty is made famous by the

victories of Rameses I. in Asia, but already under his successor, Sethi I., Egypt appears to have begun to lose some of her outlying possessions acquired by the eighteenth dynasty. His successor Rameses II. was a great conqueror, as I have already mentioned, but it may be doubted whether some of his conquests were not over rebels, and he was obliged to conclude a treaty with the Hittites, instead of forcing them to do his bidding by arms.

The twentieth dynasty had one great monarch, Rameses III., but on the whole it was not prosperous, and before it ended Egypt had not only lost all its foreign possessions, but saw the supreme power transferred from the kings to the high priests.

These high priests continued to reign at Thebes, while the twenty-first legitimate dynasty held sway at Tanis, or San, in the Delta, the Zoan of the Bible.

The first sovereign of the twenty-second dynasty was the Shishak of the Old Testament, who took Jerusalem in the days of Rehoboam, and his date, 970 B.C., is the first in Egyptian history which is absolutely certain. Others we know only approximately.

About this dynasty we have little other information, but there seems no doubt that they were not natives but foreigners.

The period of the twenty-third dynasty was one of disaster and confusion. The short-lived twenty-fourth was not more fortunate, and the twenty-fifth, an Ethiopian one, was hardly more glorious, at least for Egypt.

It fared better with the twenty-sixth, of Libyan origin. Its kings built those porticoes at Sais which Herodotus so much admired, but of which no trace remains, and Necho, one of them, was the first to send an expedition from the Red Sea round the Cape of Good Hope.

The twenty-sixth dynasty closed in calamity, for it was now the turn of the Persians, who had been subjugated by Egypt in the days of the eighteenth dynasty, to take their revenge, and this they did under the leadership of Cambyses, as Herodotus has told us in great detail; and for one hundred and twenty-one years, that is during all the period of the twenty-seventh dynasty, Egypt was a Persian province. Then it revolted, and for sixty-seven years under the twenty-eighth, twenty-ninth, and thirtieth dynasties it combated the Persians with considerable success, till at length the fortune of war declared for them again.

Nectanebo II., the last of the thirtieth dynasty and of the Pharaohs, was driven away beyond the First Cataract, and Egypt becoming part of the Empire of Darius, soon passed into the hands of the conqueror of Darius—Alexander the Great, with whose advent the New Empire came to a close.

Egypt now became a Greek kingdom, falling as it did to Ptolemy, one of Alexander's generals, when his great empire went to pieces, and the dynasty of the Ptolemies lasted for two hundred and seventy-five years, till one of them left his kingdom, in B.C. 30, to the Romans, and from that time till it was subdued by the Arabs, A.D. 640, Egypt remained a province, owing allegiance first to Rome and then to Constantinople.

It was about halfway through this period, A.D. 381, that the edict of the Emperor Theodosius put an end to the old Egyptian religion, of which both the Ptolemies and the Romans, up to that date, had been more than tolerant, and established Christianity.

But we must now return to the river. The chief interest of our second day consisted in a sunrise and sunset of almost equal beauty, and in the contemplation

of a long line of cliffs falling sheer into the water on the eastern bank, which is known as the Gebel et Tayr, or the Mountain of the Bird, and which reminded me at a distance of Dover cliffs, as they did, when closer, of the outside of Leucadia, near the rock known as Sappho's Leap.

On the top of these cliffs is a Coptic monastery, the monks of which, equally skilled in swimming and begging—plunge into the river, and come out to collect alms from passing vessels, accoutred in a garb even more simple than that coat of sky-blue paint which satisfied our ancestors. The rapid progress of our steamer saved us from being boarded by these degenerate children of the great Athanasius.

Our third day was made memorable by a visit to the caves of Beni Hassan, which are decorated with wall-paintings of the twelfth dynasty; the second, that is, you will remember, of those of the Middle Empire, and the same which raised the obelisk still standing at Heliopolis. These caves have yielded to Egyptologists a very rich harvest, for they are full of representations of the daily life of the people at that remote period—say, speaking roughly, two thousand eight hundred years before Christ.

It seems to me, and I know that others share my impression—M. Renan for example—that that life must have been curiously like the life of China. I was again and again reminded, when in Egypt, of the following very striking passage, which I quote from a book on China, called the "Ever-Victorious Army":

> The (miscalled) Celestial is a narrow-minded, but exceedingly practical sort of being. He wants an ordered world, but one ordered only in a certain kind of way. Before his rapt celestial vision lie the fruitful plains of the Great Flowery Land, lively and bright with the normal life of China, guarded on the north by snowy deserts which are happily far away from him, and on the south by stormy seas with

great winds and waves which he does not tempt. His ideal is a happy family life, with age benignant, youth reverential, three or four generations living contentedly under the same roof; the fish-pond in front well stocked; grain abundant; tea fragrant; the village harmonised; the school well taught; the young Confucius of the family preparing for competitive examinations; the ancestral tablets going far back and recording honoured names; the ancestral hall well gilded, and a fit meeting-place for the wise elders; the spirits of deceased ancestors comforted with offerings and loving remembrances, not left to wander friendless in the air; the holidays cheerful, with bright silks and abundance of savoury dishes; the emperor benevolent; the people obedient; foreign devils far away or reverential; evil appearing only in the form of impossible demons, and hideous wicked emperors, painted on the walls of his house as a warning to foolish youth; no change in old customs to perplex the mind; the sacred books reverentially read and remembered; the present definitely arranged; the fruitage of the past stored; behind, sages and emperors; around, happy families; beyond, a darkness with which he little concerns himself, but into which his spirit may occasionally float a short way on some Buddhist or Tauist idea.

But to return to the Beni Hassan pictures. It is in them one finds the first mention of those tribes from the North-East, who at a considerably later period swarmed over the Egyptian border, and subjugated many fair provinces to their sway.

In these caves, too, the traveller sees to his surprise the Doric column, which was afterwards to be the glory of the most beautiful of buildings, the crowning marvel of the age of Pericles—the Parthenon of Athens—make its first appearance in the world.

Exquisite was the view from them over the narrow ribbon of green which makes the whole land of Egypt, divided into two very unequal parts by its noble river, and with the yellow Libyan wall abruptly ending it, to the west.

After we had contemplated it for some time, Sir John Lubbock and I climbed the rocks above the caves, and stood on the edge of the Eastern Desert, which

stretches from the Nile to the Red Sea, as the one beyond the Libyan range does to the Atlantic. It was a scene of absolute desolation. Not a blade of grass, not a moss, not a lichen. The whole surface was made up of numbers numberless of a species of fossil known as the Nummulite, from its resemblance to a piece of money—the same which Strabo, finding at the Pyramids, took to be the petrifactions of beans, which had been served out as rations to their builders.

Here then was a witness to an antiquity, which, although not great, geologically speaking, was enormously greater, not only than the hoar antiquity of Egypt, but even than that pre-historic antiquity of which we had climbed the hill to look for some stray indications in flint flakes or the like.

The next few days had all their special interests, and some of them their small misfortunes, especially when we lay for twenty hours under a bank, because the engine had got out of order. Swimming in the Nile, in defiance of the crocodile, which is in this part of the river—though it is south of the line which marks on the map the northern limit of that agreeable reptile—an excessively rare animal; a visit to an Egyptian village, which was really a hardly more artificial construction than the dam of the beaver; a little walk in the morning to look out for plants in the great fields of Sorghum, a noble cereal which grows some ten feet high; and another at night to see the minarets of Girgeh standing up against the afterglow, helped to while away this enforced delay.

Other days had other interests—a visit to the key of the irrigation works of Egypt, where the people were working in parties, led generally by a girl who chanted a ditty, all the rest joining. The words were Arabic, but in other respects the scene might have been laid in

the days of the Pharaohs. Then came the first Dôm palm, a branching species far less elegant than the date, but welcome as a wholly new vegetable form. Great flocks of pelicans, like a "parliament" of crows, the first indigo crop, all day long the soft movements of the shadoof, and right and left the Eastern and Western range, the old limits of the bed of the Nile, which has made in countless ages all this wonderful Egypt, were some of the principal impressions which I carried away.

But we must hurry on, for we are now at Keneh, close to one of the most famous spots on the Nile.

The Temple of Denderah should not have been, but was, the first Egyptian temple which we saw—should not have been, I say, because it is comparatively quite modern—was being built, in fact, during the life of Christ, and was not quite finished till the days of Nero. It stands, therefore, in somewhat the same relation to the old temples of the land, that one of Scott's churches does to a church which was built before the Reformation.

Imagine a huge brick wall standing up under a reach of the Libyan range, which is here much broken, and with little of its usual rim-like character. Surrounded by this brick wall, which entirely hid all within it from the view of the outer world, was the Sacred enclosure, and within the Sacred enclosure the Temple itself.

That temple was no edifice for public worship, like our cathedrals. Huge though it was, it was simply the oratory dedicated by a king—in this case by one of the Ptolemies—to a particular divinity, to Athor, considered as the Goddess of Beauty, Goodness, and Truth.

It was divided into four parts, the first a mighty portico, with columns three deep and about sixty feet high; the second, the temple proper, where the priests carried on all the arrangements preliminary to their

worship; the third, the Holy of Holies, with its adjuncts; and the fourth, a chapel upstairs, opening on a terrace, where certain deities were specially adored.

Almost every square inch of its vast wall space was carved with figures, and written over with inscriptions in the sacred, or hieroglyphic characters, setting forth to the eye of the priests, and recording for all time, the theology of those who raised it.

No foot except that of the king and the priests ever trod its floors. It is doubtful, even, whether a few initiated persons were allowed to watch from the Sacred enclosure the long processions, of which the worship largely consisted, as they wound about upon the terrace to which I have alluded.

Such was the Temple of Denderah in the days of its glory. Now, however, the great brick wall of the Sacred enclosure has utterly disappeared, and the feet of the profane may tread and search out every corner of the vast edifice. Nor is this all, for over every accessible part of it the carvings and the inscriptions have been systematically destroyed, by superstitious savages who defiled the names of Christianity or Islam.

Nevertheless, the patient research of Egyptologists has made all clear. We entered, and, thanks to M. Mariette, whose *Itinéraire* we had with us, knew that the gigantic columns which rose on our right were covered with representations of the king, being acknowledged as King of Lower, while those on the left represented him as being acknowledged as King of Upper Egypt, introduced, too, in this character to the Goddess of Beauty, Goodness, and Truth.

We entered the temple proper, and, thanks to the same guidance, knew at once where the sacred vestments were kept, and where the four sacred boats reposed, where the perfumes and oils were compounded, and

where the treasures were piled up. Nay, after going the round of the side chapels, and knowing so well for what each was intended, that we could, if so minded, have said the appropriate prayer in each, we reached the very Holy of Holies, and saw the niche in which the sacred secret of the whole building reposed. Now, what was that sacred secret? It was a golden sistrum or timbrel, and its meaning, according to M. Mariette, was that all things were and should ever be in motion and agitation, should never rest, but continually energise. What is this but a reading, two thousand years old, of the maxims of one of our latest teachers:

> The service of philosophy and of culture to the human spirit, is to startle it into a sharp and eager observation. Every moment some form grows perfect in hand or face; some tone on the hills or sea is choicer than the rest; some mood of passion, or insight, or intellectual excitement is irresistibly real and attractive for us—for that moment only. Not the fruit of experience, but experience itself is the end. A counted number of pulses only is given to us of a variegated, dramatic life. How may we see in them all that is to be seen in them by the finest senses? How can we pass most swiftly from point to point, and be present always at the focus where the greatest number of vital forces unite in their purest energy?
>
> To burn always with this hard, gem-like flame, to maintain this ecstasy, is success in life. Failure is to form habits; for habit is relative to a stereotyped world; meantime it is only the roughness of the eye that makes any two persons, things, situations, seem alike. While all melts under our feet, we may well catch at any exquisite passion, or any contribution to our knowledge that seems, by a lifted horizon, to set the spirit free for a moment, or any stirring of the senses, strange dyes, strange flowers, and curious odours, or work of the artist's hands, or the face of one's friend. Not to discriminate every moment some passionate attitude in those about us, and in the brilliance of their gifts some tragic dividing of forces on their ways is, on this short day of frost and sun, to sleep before evening.*

But we must return to the Temple. We penetrated then, as I have said, into all its recesses, and did not

* Studies in the History of the Renaissance, by W. H. Pater.

neglect to climb the staircase, and picture to ourselves the procession of priests moving along the terrace, and stopping to pray at the Shrine of Osiris, the representative of incarnate goodness, and of Isis, the representative, perhaps, in the late and much-altered form of Egyptian belief, of the everlasting search of the creature after incarnate goodness.

Nor did we fail to have some kindly thoughts about those old Egyptians, as we rode slowly back to the river, with the fresh breeze, from the still submerged fields, blowing on our faces.

Denderah seen, we steamed on, and before the sun had gone down we were running up to the quay of Luxor, the eastern side of Thebes, for that city sat crowned on either side of the Nile, like London, and Petersburg, and so many of our modern capitals.

I soon landed, and glanced at the much-ruined temple, built by Rameses II., but not otherwise very notable; and, later in the evening, after the moon was up, we made an expedition to Karnak.

Imagine forty acres of ruin, huge columns from forty to seventy feet high, standing one hundred and thirty or so together, enormous masses of walls like the wall of Edinburgh Castle, avenues of half-destroyed sphinxes, tall obelisks standing, tall obelisks thrown down, great piles of masonry so undermined that you would tremble to pass them, if you did not know that they have stood as they are from time immemorial—a revel and prodigality of ruin such as you see nowhere else on the earth's surface, not even in Rome, and you will have some faint idea of Karnak, the fallen glory of the Theban kings of the eighteenth and nineteenth dynasties.

Moonlight is not a friend to minute examination, and I put off a further survey of Karnak to daylight, but when daylight came, it so happened that I was far

too unwell to return thither, and for some days was unable to do anything except just to drag myself, as we steamed up the river, to the only partially uncovered temple of Esneh, whose pretty capitals show the influence of Greek art, and redeem much poor work.

At length we left the limestone behind, exchanging it for low hills of sandstone, which sandstone itself presently was left for granite. A bold island stood up in the midst of the river, and there were high rocks in its bed; while on the left a quay, planted with tall date palms, looked across to them over the water, and, lo! we were at Assouan, "the opening," the ancient Syene, the farthest extremity of Egypt.

Our first excursion was to Elephantine, the large island which lies opposite to Assouan, an interesting place, partly for its Nilometer, and partly because one here, for the first time, comes on a very large Nubian element in the population.

Another was to Assouan itself, which is curious to a northern eye, crowded as it is with people from the Upper Nile, brought hither by the trade in ivory, ostrich feathers, and other Central African produce. Of all these, the Bisharis are the strangest in their appearance, and might, as far as appearance goes, pass for pure savages.

I carry away from this frontier city of Egypt and Ethiopia three other well-defined recollections:

First. The melancholy music of the Sakias, or water-wheels, worked by oxen, which, from a point some way below this, and all through Nubia, almost supersede the Shadoof.

Secondly. The thick grove of lebbek trees, close to which our vessel lay, and under which congregated the chief business men of the place, in robes of many hues.

Thirdly. The high shrill voices of the Muezzins

answering each other, at eventide, from Assouan to Elephantine, from Elephantine to Assouan.

Another excursion was to Philœ, the Iona of the later Egyptian religion—of the later, I say, for its importance only dates from the last indigenous Pharaoh, Nectanebo II., who lost, as I told you, his throne to the Darius who lost his, in turn, to Alexander. The Ptolemies expended large sums in adorning this sanctuary, and it is still covered with their ruined constructions. Philœ is a beautiful spot, whether one catches sight of it amidst the currents which break the surface of the river to the north, or sees it from the reach to the southward, or gazes across it to the narrow strips of green only a few yards wide, which form here, and indeed in many parts of the country, the whole of cultivable Nubia, or yet again looks along its colonnades at the island, weird and waste, as one fancies the moon, covered all over with masses of granite one would call boulders in the North, and which, representing as it does the *ne plus ultra* of desolation, was very properly named by the Greeks Abaton, or the untrodden.

Philœ is beautiful now, but I foresee that it will one day be much more beautiful. I feel confident that it is destined to be the Isola Bella of Egypt, for a very moderate expenditure in hydraulic machinery, and in superintendence, would turn it into the most delicious of botanical gardens, on which you might have a specimen of every interesting plant that grows from the Mediterranean seaboard to the source of the Nile.

This idea of turning Philœ into a Botanical Garden, leads me to say one word about the botany of Egypt.

The flora of that country consists of about one thousand phanerogamous plants and ferns, including the chief non-indigenous plants of ancient cultivation.

Our own British flora consists, according to one of the most authoritative computations, of one thousand four hundred and twenty-five phanerogamous plants and ferns.

The thousand Egyptian plants are divided into three groups. Of these something more than a third belong to the Mediterranean region, a third to the Nile valley, and something less than a third to the Desert.

The best months for botanising are January and February—especially the latter, but there was something to be done, though very little, even in November, and by carefully utilising every walk and every excursion to look out for plants, I contrived to find a good many, amongst the most interesting of which were:

Acacia Nilotica, the Sont, or Gum-arabic tree; *Lawsonia inermis*, which gives the henna, much used by the Egyptian women to dye their nails; *Cassia senna*, the Alexandrian senna of commerce; *Cucumis colocynthus*, the colocynth of medicine; *Zizyphus spina Christi*, which tradition connects with the Crown of Thorns; *Indigofera argentea*, which produces the well-known dye; *Sesamum Orientale*, which recalls the history of the Forty Thieves; *Asclepias procera*, said to be used higher up the Nile for poisoning arrows; *Parkinsonia digitata*, believed to have been brought from India by the troops of Alexander the Great; *Ricinus communis*, the castor-oil plant; *Hibiscus esculentus*, an excellent vegetable, with a beautiful yellow flower, much grown in the fields; *Panicetum typhoides*, a tropical cereal, which I found for the first and last time, just on the Nubian frontier; *Cordia myxa*, which, under the name of Persea, figures in a novel, deciphered by M. Brugsch from a papyrus, almost, or altogether, the oldest composition of its kind known in the world.

It is a curious fact that some of the plants most

closely connected with Egypt in the popular mind, have almost or altogether disappeared. The *Papyrus* has, it is believed, utterly vanished, the last known specimen, which is in the possession of an excellent German botanist at Cairo, Dr. Pfund, having been gathered by Sieber in 1813. The sacred *Lotus*, the large white scentless water-lily—which is often carried in the hands of the gods, has become extremely rare—I could hear of only one station for it. The *Nymphæa lotus*, white, with the least shade of rose, and considered by Dr. Pfund to be exactly the same as the *Nymphæa thermalis*, which grows in the warm springs of Mehadia, in South-Eastern Hungary, and which, in the time of Herodotus, was much used for food, is not quite so rare, but still very far from common. The water-lily, which one sees everywhere in the Delta, is the *Nymphæa cærulea*.

A fourth excursion was to the wild and remote island of Sehayl, to look from its summit over the tortuous rapids which are known as the First Cataract, and to think of old Herodotus, who, with his devouring love of truth, so strangely mingled with weakness and credulity, came hither to see whether the Nile really did issue from an abyss near Syene between the hills of Krophi and Mophi, as he was told in Sais.

Our rowers, fine, powerful, merry fellows—Nubians to a man—made their labour lighter by a hideous chant: "The camel that carried the Prophet—the camel the Prophet rode on—the camel that carried the Prophet," and so on over and over, again and again, but hushed their Babel to allow one of our party, as we floated down in the afterglow, to add the waters of the First Cataract to the long list of lakes and streams and seas in three quarters of the globe, which she had connected in the memory of her companions with the Lorelei of Heinrich Heine.

At length we left behind pretty Assouan, and steaming rapidly down stream, stopped for an hour to look at the ruins of Kom Ombos, a Ptolemaic Temple on the Eastern bank, which recalled to my mind one of the Satires of Juvenal, and is, as has been remarked, one of the very few ruins on the Nile which gains anything from its situation.

Kom means a mound, and on a mound the temple is placed, a thing about as rare in the flat alluvial valley of the Nile, as a hoopoe—which, by-the-way, is one of the commonest Egyptian birds — is in England.

From Ombos we proceeded to the northward, examining, as we passed, some of the grottoes in the narrow gorge of the Nile, near the vast quarries of sandstone at Silsileh, out of which the Egyptians got their best building material. It is curious to see how completely the sandstone in these buildings has outlasted both the limestone and the granite. The former has been used up for lime, and the granite, which was brought from Assouan, and was employed so largely, far off in Lower Egypt, under the impression that it was indestructible, has decomposed under the influence of moisture and of the salts in the soil.

We did not linger long at Silsileh, but ran on to a point near Edfou, on the western bank, where we made our vessel snug for the night, taking, before it was dark, a rather instructive walk in the fields, where we came upon several peasant families preparing their evening meal. These people, who, be it observed, are not labourers, but small landowners, have no houses; they have but tiny shelters a few yards round—in one part of which you find a little pen with five or six sheep—in another an oven, in another a few cooking utensils, while they sleep on the open ground, or protected at the

utmost by a few stalks of the Sorghum, the large cane-like grain of which I lately spoke.

Their food consists of lentils, and certain other vegetables, along with brown bread of the most admirable quality, and their drink is the water of the Nile; to which, by the necessity of the case, they are always near, for remember that in Egypt, wherever the Nile, or the canals supplied by it, are not, life instantly ceases and you are in the presence of the Desert, and of Death.

Next morning we visited the noble temple of Edfou, another work of the Ptolemies, whom one learns to respect when one sees how much these Greeks did, in the land of their adoption.

Edfou is a grander and better preserved Denderah, which has only lately been cleared out by M. Mariette, and displayed in all its noble proportions.

Here the great Deity was Horus, the son of Isis and Osiris, who was venerated under the semblance of a hawk, the Holy of Holies being an enormous monolith of granite, of many tons weight, which would appear to have been his dwelling-place, surely the strangest birdcage which it ever entered into the mind of man to invent.

I daresay you have often read notices of the old Egyptian religion—some of them written by people who thought they knew all about it. Distrust them. It appears to me that up to this time the wisest Egyptologists have got to know very little about the old Egyptian religion even at any one period, and it is clear that that religion altered a great deal even in historic times.

My impression is that the basis of the religion was Pantheism, but if you go on to ask me what was the relation of the different Gods to the sum of things or Supreme God, or what were the ideas which were entertained either by the educated or uneducated at any one period about a future state—though in some kind

of future state they clearly believed—I shall be obliged to confess to the most complete bewilderment.

Evidently Egypt exercised the greatest possible influence on minds of a religious cast, in the old world. One sees this, for example, in any page in which Herodotus alludes to it—a fact of which a modern poet* has made good use. Few truer things have been said about one side of the character of the great Halicarnassian than are contained in the following lines :

> He was a mild old man, and cherished much
> The weight dark Egypt on his spirit laid ;
> And with a sinuous eloquence would touch
> For ever at that haven of the dead.
> Single romantic words by him were thrown,
> As types, on men and places, with a power
> Like that of shifting sunlight after shower
> Kindling the cones of hills, and journeying on.
> He feared the gods and heroes, and spake low,
> That echo might not hear in her light room.

We said good-bye with some regret to Edfou—a vast dictionary of knowledge, for it is covered with hieroglyphics as yet only partially read, and passing, once more, some hours at Esneh, ran on to Thebes.

Arrived at the wretched little village which styles itself Luxor or the Palaces, I lost no time in returning to Karnak to complete my survey of the ruins. I saw Shishak the conqueror of Jerusalem portrayed upon the walls, and the victories of Sethi I. I saw the Hall of Ancestors, from which came a tablet now in Paris, which is one of the most valuable documents in Egyptian history. I saw the obelisk of the great Queen, or rather Regent, Hatasou, who is among the most striking figures in the story of the valley of the Nile, and a building attributed to Thothmes III., whom I incline to think

* F. W. Faber.

the greatest of its rulers. I re-saw all the mighty columns and mightier portals which I had seen before, but, when all was done, I cannot say that I carried away a very agreeable impression of Karnak. Even in its glory there must have been something vulgar about it, too many walls, too many pillars, too much of everything. The mere love of bigness surely killed out the sense of beauty in those who devised the parts of it which were last built. And now the desolation is too complete. It is ruin gone mad. In our own climate, or in Italy, all this austerity of desolation would have been softened down by ivy or other plants, which would have turned it into a Paradise of green leaves and flowers, but in this almost rainless region vegetation has not the slightest chance, and Karnak is as bare as a stonecutter's yard; whereas till the antiquaries swooped down upon it a year or two ago, the Colosseum was the home of some four hundred and fifty plants, enough to have a separate Flora written for them by a countryman of our own.*

The next two days were given entirely to the western side of Thebes—the Libyan suburb, as it used to be called.

It is covered with objects of the greatest interest, most of which we visited, but I will only refer to the most important.

These are the Colossi, the statue of Rameses II., and the tombs of the Kings.

The Colossi are two great statues, as high as a tall house, which sit alone in the midst of the great amphitheatre of yellow hills which walls in Thebes, and which, when we saw them, were still surrounded by the waters of the inundation. They represent Amenophis III., a king of the eighteenth dynasty, whose territories extended from Mesopotamia to Abyssinia, and are

* Dr. Deakin.

certainly amongst the stateliest of the works of man. The northernmost of the two became famous many hundred years after it was raised, as the vocal Memnon —the Greeks having taken it into their heads that it represented that mythical personage, who was, if you recollect, the son of Aurora. Nothing was more natural than that they should further imagine that the statue of the Sun emitted a musical sound when his mother the Dawn appeared. They did so, and for centuries people came from all the ends of the earth to listen to Memnon.

It was strange as we stood hearing the bell-like sound which part of the statue gives out when struck, to remember that Strabo and Hadrian had done pretty much the same.

The broken statue of Rameses II., Rameses the Great, lies in the building which he reared to commemorate his name, and to be for him a sort of mortuary chapel.

Dean Stanley says :

By some extraordinary catastrophe, the statue has been thrown down, and the Arabs have scooped their millstones out of his face, but you can still see what he was—the largest statue in the world. Far and wide that enormous head must have been seen—eyes, mouth, and ears. Far and wide you must have seen his vast hands resting on his elephantine knees. You sit on his breast and look at the Osiride statues which support the portico of the temple, and which anywhere else would put to shame even the Statues of the Cherubs in St. Peter's—and they seem pigmies before him. His arm is thicker than their whole bodies. The only part of the temple or palace at all in proportion to him must have been the gateway, which rose in pyramidal towers, now broken down, and rolling in a wild ruin down to the plain.

Nothing which now exists in the world can give any notion of what the effect must have been when he was erect. Nero towering above the Colosseum may have been something like it; but he was of bronze, and Rameses was of solid granite. Nero was standing without any object; Rameses was resting in awful majesty after the con-

quest of the whole of the then known world. No one who entered this building, whether it were temple or palace, could have thought of anything else but that stupendous being, who thus had raised himself up above the whole world of gods and men.

I cannot say that I was as much impressed as I expected to be with this statue. When it was standing erect, or even when it was merely overthrown, I have no doubt it was very striking, but too little of the human form is left to produce much effect; and besides, I confess to thinking that Rameses the Great was a bit of an impostor, who, by assiduously putting his own name on every building up and down the land, and by having his victories, which were no doubt very great, continually celebrated, both by pen and pencil, during his long reign of sixty-six years, has rather usurped some of the fame which belonged to others, to Thothmes III. for example. In the time of Rameses the Great Egypt was certainly on the decline. In that of Thothmes it reached its highest point.

I wish I had time to read to you the translation of a prayer, supposed to have been uttered by Rameses the Great while surrounded by foes in Syria, taken from a contemporary poem, called the Pentaour, in honour of his exploits—but time presses, and I must hurry on.

The place where this great statue lies used to be called the Hall of Osymandias, and it was some confused report of it which, reaching Shelley, led him to write the noble lines which are amongst the few great gifts which modern poetry has made to Egypt.

> I met a traveller from an antique land,
> Who said: Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
> Stand in the desert. Near them, on the sand,
> Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown,
> And wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold command,
> Tell that its sculptor well those passions read

Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things,
The hand that mocked them, and the heart that fed;
And on the pedestal these words appear:
"My name is Osymandias, King of Kings:
Look on my works, ye mighty, and despair!"
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare,
The lone and level sands stretch far away.

The tombs of the kings are approached through a long ravine, wild as the wildest which you find in the upper parts of the valleys of the Alps. Now and then, once in a decade or so, tremendous rains fall on these parched hills of the Thebaid, and a furious torrent sweeps down this gorge; but in the interval, year after year, it is absolutely dry, and absolutely silent—its bare stones and ochre-coloured rocks glaring under a sun which is fierce even on the 20th of November, and which in summer must make it like the mouth of a furnace.

Up and up, higher and higher, round one turn after another, you wind, till you think that the end of your journey is receding as you advance. At length, after three weary but most memorable miles, you reach the last home of Egyptian royalty.

As soon as a Pharaoh came to the throne, he set to work to hollow out and decorate his tomb. It was always one of the greatest occupations of his life. I should not, I think, exaggerate if I were to say that on the tomb of the second king of the nineteenth dynasty, Sethi I.—who made, by-the-way, the oldest canal from the Red Sea to the Mediterranean—as much human labour has been expended as would have built a Gothic cathedral.

I should despair of conveying to your minds any idea of the extraordinary elaboration of the details, and in many places you see, fresh as if they had been made

yesterday, the corrections in the drawings of his subordinates suggested by the artist in charge. The whole forms an immense repertory of knowledge about the customs and the religio-philosophical ideas of the Egyptians, under the nineteenth dynasty. These, it would appear, were very different, and, as to the ideas, far less simple and joyous than those which I have described to you in connection with Beni Hassan. Nay, these wondrous walls are so full of representations of the tremendous trials through which the human soul was supposed to have to go after death, and of the terrors of the unseen land, that one of the monstrous diversions of the reign of Nero was furnished by a party of Egyptians and Nubians, who came to Rome to represent to the eyes of the populace some of the scenes portrayed in this very tomb.

But are these tombs beautiful, you ask me—beautiful like a Greek Temple—beautiful like a church of the Middle Ages? Certainly not, I reply; infinitely curious—so curious as to send the mind wandering in mazes as labyrinthine as are their chambers, which run far—no one knows how far—into the mountains, but beautiful by no means.

The first place at which we stopped, for any considerable time after leaving Thebes, was Belianeh, where we landed, and rode some eight miles over a plain green with young wheat, beans, and clover, to the rocky framework of the land—the so-called Hager, the same word, by-the-way, which you know so well in the Biblical phrase, "Now this Hagar is Mount Sinai in Arabia." The rise of the Nile this year has been some feet below the normal one, and a good deal of land in Upper Egypt will remain for twelve months uncultivated; but the country which we traversed to-day lay rather low, and had been thoroughly watered.

Arrived at the Hager, we found, right under the beetling Libyan range, the object of our search—the beautiful Temple of Abydos as the Greeks called it, or of Abouthis, that is, the City of This, as it was called by their predecessors. This was the seat of Menes, the oldest historical king of Egypt, as you recollect, and the temple, although built ages and ages after his time, in the days of the nineteenth dynasty, is nevertheless vastly older than those I have described to you at Denderah and Edfou.

It was built by Sethi I., the same whose tomb we visited at Thebes, and the artistic skill displayed in its adornment is of a higher order than is usual in Egyptian works. Many, indeed, of the figures on the walls have a great deal of beauty, whereas most Egyptian figures are decidedly more strange than beautiful.

We looked here with great interest at the famous tablet of Abydos, which was put up by Sethi I., and which contains the names of seventy-five of his predecessors, beginning with Menes, and ends with his own. I looked with interest on this tablet, because it has been found of much use in determining certain disputed matters of great importance in Egyptian history, as also has a somewhat similar tablet, taken from a much more ruined temple hard by, and now preserved in the British Museum.

Great hopes are built upon excavations, which are to be made by M. Mariette in this neighbourhood; for here was the tomb of Osiris, and hither it was customary for Egyptians, when they could, to be carried after their death, just as the Persians are now constantly carried to the city of Kerbela, that their bodies may rest in its hallowed soil. It was sad to wander about the necropolis, and see fragments of mummies lying around in all directions—here a head, there two legs, there a trunk.

Decidedly, the old Egyptian method of disposing of their dead was one of the least desirable that ever was hit upon. The Greek, with its "two handfuls of white dust," was far better.

We did not land again till we reached Syout, the chief town of Upper Egypt, to which we paid a short visit. It is a thriving place, surrounded by date and gum-arabic trees, with some twenty-five thousand inhabitants, and carries on a considerable trade in fine earthenware.

After seeing the bazaar, which is better supplied than any of the others which we visited south of Cairo, Sir John Lubbock and I climbed the Libyan range, which rises directly behind the town, to see some of the tombs with which it is honeycombed, and to look—unsuccessfully as it turned out—for flint implements. The view from these heights is believed to be perhaps the finest in Egypt, except that from the citadel of Cairo, and can be at no season more charming than when we saw it on the 24th of November, when nearly the whole valley is a sheet of the most tender green, divided by the Nile, which, very sinuous in this part of its course, meanders through it like an azure ribbon. Azure, I say, for azure even its dark-brown waters look, at a distance, under such a sky.

In old times the wolf was specially venerated at Syout, which indeed took its Greek name of Lycopolis from that animal, and a great many wolf mummies have been found in its hills; but it is chiefly famous in history from its tombs having been a favourite residence of Christian hermits, one of whom, John of Lycopolis, obtained such a reputation for sanctity, that the Emperor Theodosius sent a special envoy to consult him, as if his words had been oracles.

As we proceeded down the river the weather got

decidedly colder, and the north wind, blowing with great violence, raised the Nile into something very like waves. By the help, however, of its very strong current, and a full head of steam, we went down at a great rate—about fifteen miles an hour.

Pleasant it was to rush along, letting sights now become familiar flit past the eye—the shadoofs and the pigeon-towers, the gum-arabic trees with their round yellow blossoms, the great green sorghum fields, the brown villages crumbling into the stream, or safe, a little inland. Pleasant was it to behold, night and morning, the long protecting arms of the twin ranges which keep all external enemies far, far from Egypt, and the caves in them which served first as tombs, then as hermitages for the wild monks of the desert—enthusiasts like Philammon in "Hypatia."

Pleasant was it to watch the white and black kingfishers as they almost came on board.

Pleasant was it to see the great patient buffaloes and the quick-paced donkeys, coming home from their day's work. One gets to respect the donkey in Egypt, I can tell you, almost as much as his fellow-labourer, the grave and stately, but not too amiable, camel.

Pleasant were the white Sheikhs' tombs beneath the rocks, and the bird-like boats which ran past us under full sail—pleasant all the sights and sounds characteristic of a well-defined portion of life which was rapidly passing away.

Our last halt before reaching Cairo was at Bedrechyn, where we went ashore and rode across the place where once stood Memphis to Sakkarah, the cemetery of that great city.

Of Memphis nothing remains but mounds of bricks. It was too near the new capital, Cairo, and has been used up as building material. Even, however, as late as

the twelfth century, when Abd-el-Ateef travelled, its ruins were stupendous.

The chief objects of interest at Sakkarah are—First, a pyramid which may possibly be of the time of the first dynasty, and is, if so, far the oldest known relic of the past of Egypt.

Secondly, the great underground galleries where the successive Bulls, which were worshipped as the god Apis, were buried; and thirdly, the Tomb of Tih.

The pyramid has not much to detain the traveller beyond its supposed antiquity, but the tombs of the Bulls are amongst the most curious things to be seen anywhere. They are gigantic sarcophagi of the most splendid granite, and weighing each of them many tons —so large, indeed, that half-a-dozen people could easily sit or stand round a table in the inside of each of them —and disposed along a gallery cut in the rock, perhaps three hundred yards in length. Indeed this is only part of the cemetery of the Bulls, for the roofs of two others are not in a safe state, and people are not allowed to enter. The worship of Apis is connected with the story of the death of Cambyses, one of the most strange and tragic which Herodotus relates, but too long for me to do more than allude to it here.

The Tomb of Tih is the tomb of a priest who lived in the days of the fifth dynasty, and is important from the immense numbers of figures in relief and paintings with which its walls are covered, and which illustrate the life of Egypt at that remote period. The same remarks which I have already made with reference to the kind of general resemblance between that life and the life of China, when speaking of the tombs of Beni Hassan, and their mural paintings, apply to the life depicted here. It would seem, as I have already said,

to have been a simple, well-to-do, and happy sort of life.

This excursion was perhaps the only one in which we felt that we suffered by being the earliest travellers of the season, for the inundation had only just subsided, so that we rode through fields of brown mud, instead of seeing the palms (as Dean Stanley and other visitors to Sakkarah who came later in the year did) springing out of a carpet of the most exquisite green.

From Sakkarah we rode back to Bedrechyn, whence a very short run brought us to the port of Cairo, and our journey in Upper Egypt was a thing of the past.

It was not without many regrets that we stepped on shore, for one cannot live on the great river of Egypt for the better part of a month, without getting to feel fond of it, as if it were a living creature—a feeling which the artist who sculptured the Nile in the Vatican must have experienced, for he has succeeded in inspiring the same feeling into all who are worthy to look on that noble statue.

Once more in Cairo, we had much to do in seeing and cross-examining many persons, who kindly submitted to that ordeal, with a view, especially, of piecing together the information we had obtained, and the ideas at which we had arrived, about the present state of things in Egypt; and from Cairo we made an excursion to Suez—so interesting to me as the western gate of India—and to the great canal which is working such a change in the intercourse between Europe and the East.

To enter, however, upon these subjects would inordinately prolong a lecture which has already extended to a frightful length, and would require, so to speak, an

alteration of the mental focus, which would be the reverse of agreeable.

Here then I will stop, thanking you for the kind reception which you have given me—one more added to the many kindnesses which I have received from you in the last sixteen years.

MUST WE THEN BELIEVE CASSANDRA?*

An eminent man, long known as one of the best political writers in England, and to whom many would still be inclined to give that title—though personally I should, characterising him in this year 1874, rather emphasise the words *best* and *writer*, than the word political—has lately placed before us his views, as to the future of this country, in three remarkable papers, which have, with a certain number of *pièces justificatives*, been collected into a volume under the title of "Rocks Ahead; or, The Warnings of Cassandra." There is much in the book which is worthy of consideration, and I should be very sorry to take up a controversial attitude towards its author. At the same time I think the prospect that not he, but the prophetess who speaks through him, holds before his countrymen, is far too uniformly gray, and I wish, feeling certain that many of you have either read the papers as they originally appeared, or have seen large extracts from them in the newspapers, to put in those brighter lights which seem to me wanted, in order to make their picture agree with my own anticipations. Would, for your sake, I could imitate that charming style, in which art is so thoroughly concealed by art.

* This address was delivered at the opening of the annual course of lectures in the Philosophical Institution of Edinburgh, on the 30th October, 1874, and was printed in the "Fortnightly Review." Mr. Greg replied to it with his usual ability and scrupulous fairness, in the second edition of "Rocks Ahead."

The three national dangers to which Cassandra attaches most importance are :

1. The political supremacy of the lower classes ;
2. The approaching industrial decline of England ;
3. The divorce of the intelligence of the country from its religion.

Of all these I shall have something to say in their order, but I do not propose to dwell at any length upon the first of them, because, in order to discuss it, we should have to come close up to the edge of party politics, which would certainly not be desirable on an occasion like this, and because it is the part of the work in which there is, as it seems to me, least to interest. What Cassandra has to say, is little more than a restatement of the views that have been maintained by able men, of a Conservative turn of mind, all through history. I must allow her to describe her own first Rock Ahead in her own words. She says :

> The Reform Bill of 1867 takes the command of the representation out of the hands of the propertied classes, and puts it into the hands of the wage-receiving classes. It gives it over from the upper and middle ranks of the community to the lower ranks. It transfers electoral preponderance, that is, in fact, electoral supremacy, from property to proletairism, from capital to labour. And it does this not one whit the less undeniably and irretrievably, in that it does it (thus far) only potentially and prospectively.

Now, there have always been people who thought "that political power lies naturally with intellect and property ;" and so, no doubt, they ought to do, provided the intellect were faultless, and the property complete ; unhappily, however, the problem to be solved is not so easy. You have to adjust the competing claims of a great mass of property and intellect, in comparatively few hands and heads, with those of a great mass of

property and intellect, in many million hands and heads.

Politics is an art. It is not a science dealing with the form of government which might be best in the abstract. It deals with the best *possible*; often, that is, with something by no means very good at all. When the philosopher has done speculating, the statesman must begin acting—taking account, no doubt, if he be a real statesman, of everything the philsopher has said, but making more allowance than any philosopher, who is not actually working at the art of politics, can do, for the materials with which he has to build. It would all be so very easy and so very delightful if you could settle it by the formula: "Political power lies naturally with intellect and property;" but when did it do so in England? and how can statesmen do better than from time to time roughly to adjust political power, according to the circumstances of the community in which they live?

Nobody, that I know of, ever maintained that the settlement of 1867–68 was in any way a perfect or ideal settlement. I, for one, made a speech for the express purpose of pointing out that we all had been led into doing something different from what we meant to do. Speaking on the 13th of May, in what Cassandra would call the year of our English revolution, after pointing out that an extended franchise was a political necessity, and would do good in various important ways, and that nevertheless, when the great cataclysm which had been predicted was over, things would look very much as they did then, I went on to say:

> How many people are there in the House of Commons who really *ex animo* desire to go beyond the six-pound rental borough franchise of the hon. member for Leeds and of Lord Palmerston's Bill? I am sure at this moment the majority of the House is conjugating to

itself, "I do not want, thou dost not want, he does not want, we do not want, you do not want, they do not want," to do so.

And yet who does not see that the old six-pound limit is "gone, frozen, dead for ever"?

The fact is, that when enormous political forces are in motion, you cannot be very precise in determining how, or how far, they will go. Enough if you are satisfied that the general direction is right, and that the channel, so to speak, along which they will move, is wide enough to prevent any great overflow of force.

If Cassandra, and those who listened to her, had not prevented the proposed settlement of 1866, it would have been, as I venture to think, much better; not at all because that settlement would have been, as it would no doubt have been, rather less democratic, but because that settlement would have excluded a considerable number of persons who have no political beliefs at all, and are consequently altogether influenced by the passing feeling of the hour, which may have nothing to do with politics properly so called. The presence of this class in the electorate will no doubt cause the majorities in favour of this or that party to fluctuate more than they have done, especially in the English boroughs, as may be seen by comparing the returns of 1868 and 1874; but as for the fears that Cassandra expresses of a struggle between the have-nots and the haves, they appear to me to be quite visionary. She seems to forget that the division into the upper, middle, and lower classes is purely arbitrary, is merely a loose, though convenient, way of lumping together an immense variety of social strata, which are again laterally divided in innumerable ways. No doubt if the electors below the old ten-pound limit, whom she so much dreads, were unanimously to combine to plunder their more fortunate countrymen under forms of law, it would be very alarming; but

there is not the ghost of a reason to suppose that they will ever do anything of the kind. Curran's fleas, if unanimous, might, we know, have pulled him out of bed—but they didn't.

No doubt Cassandra is perfectly right in saying that it would have been better if the new electors, admitted by the settlement of 1867, had been more educated. Of course it would. Nobody knew that better than these very electors, and it was by their help that those of us who had been working away at the subject for several Parliaments got in the last Parliament various measures passed, which, with all their imperfections, for the first time created something like a national system of education, from the Land's End to John o'Groats.

This is a strange oversight, and hardly less strange is Cassandra's oversight about the Poor Laws.

> Do not—she asks—the Poor Laws virtually give to the poor a first mortgage on all the property of the rich? And how will it fare with us when the masses, preponderating at the poll, selecting the House of Commons, swaying the lawyers, dictating the laws, nominating our rulers, shall be in a position to determine how the Poor Laws shall be administered?

One would really fancy, from this, that the Poor Laws had been a modern democratic invention, which had been the cause of much more mischief since our first great democratic step in 1832. But is that correct? Is it not as far as possible from being correct? Were not things ten times worse in the good old times before the New Poor Law?

Cassandra is alarmed at the idea of the average elector interfering in the details of Indian and foreign questions; but nothing is more improbable than that he ever would desire to do so. Was even the electorate, before 1832, or between 1832 and 1868, a body so con-

stituted that one could have willingly seen it take a very active part in the details of such questions? Did it do so? And is it at all likely that, on the Continent of Europe at least, we shall ever have questions so calculated to move the average elector as many of those which came up for settlement between 1847 and 1867? It is wholly impossible that the average elector could interfere in the details of either foreign or Indian questions, if he wished to do so. He could not even do so if you introduced the "referendum"—a step which no one, demagogue or other, has, so far as I know, proposed to take in these islands.

On broad questions of foreign policy, and these are the only ones with which he can possibly deal, my opinion is, that the average elector will be usually right, provided those whose business it is to keep him right do their duty. Those public men, however, who have to deal specially with the foreign affairs of the country, even when they have a real interest in the subject, still keep up rather too much the old reticent system—a system which was very good and right in days when our diplomatists were not obliged to reckon nearly so much with the Press, but which is of more doubtful wisdom when the espousal of a particular cause, by two or three leading newspapers, may give public opinion a bias, which it is afterwards very difficult for those who really know the whole truth to remove.

As for Indian questions, all who have tried to talk about India in public know that they are one of the least popular topics upon which anyone can address an audience of his countrymen. Every few years some speaker arises who thinks that he can make a good oratorical investment by talking India. There was Mr. George Thompson, a very good speaker, and there have been others; but it doesn't answer, and it won't answer,

except for very humble purposes, hardly to be dignified by the name political. The difficulty, not to say the impossibility, of interesting the people of one country, however well and kindly disposed, about the affairs of another, would be one of the strongest arguments which a wise statesman would now urge, if the question, Shall we, or shall we not, take possession of India? could come up as a new question; and the tendency, as our own representation becomes more real, will rather be to diminish than to increase the desire to interfere in matters which do not immediately affect the quite obvious and palpable interests of the people of these kingdoms.

I think that this parochialising of politics has its bad side; but no one will deny that all forms of government have their special dangers, and representative governments, founded upon a wide democratic basis, are not exempt from the common lot.

On the other hand, those who have most experience of large constituencies will, I think, bear me out in saying that they have a good deal more instinct for statesmanship than Cassandra, or perhaps Mr. Greg himself, quite knows, provided statesmanship is put before them in a suitable way. Sure I am that in Scotland, at least, every man who wants to succeed with a popular audience should make the best and most statesmanlike speech that he can. I say nothing of England, because I have no experience of large popular audiences in that country. I know that a distinguished Frenchman told a friend of mine that he found a great difference between audiences on the two sides of the Tweed; but, for all I can say to the contrary, this may have merely been a remnant of the partiality of the "Ancient League," although the speaker was no friend to the France of the Lilies and the Crown.

I should be sorry to make any exaggerated claims for the change in our polity which was made by the settlement of 1867, but really, after the result of the last election, it is very strange to find that it should be described as violently revolutionary. No doubt, Cassandra would say that democracy "*recule pour mieux sauter*;" but I, who cannot see that any of the measures which were passed by the last administration, even when it was borne along by the full tide of popularity, were at all of a dangerous or revolutionary character, must be permitted to look forward to its next leap with something more than equanimity. Even Cassandra herself will admit that the vast improvements of the last hundred years have synchronised, in a rather suspicious way, with the advance of her dreaded foe.

The second Rock Ahead which the prophetess thinks she perceives is the approaching industrial exhaustion, or decline of Great Britain.

> What—she asks—are the qualities and advantages that have given us our manufacturing supremacy; that have enabled us to produce what every country in the world wants, better and cheaper and more abundantly than any other country? Mainly three:
>
> 1. Abundant coal and iron, both cheap and in proximity.
> 2. The indefatigable industry and *workmanship* — by which I mean the blended skill and conscientiousness—of our artisans.
> 3. Our enormous command of capital.
>
> Now in all these points we are losing our *relative* and in some our *positive* supremacy.

Anyone who takes the trouble to look into the facts will see that Cassandra takes the very gloomiest possible view about the future of our coal supply; but on this point the answer of Mr. Arthur Arnold, in the September number of the "Contemporary," is so complete that I will not further allude to it.

Surely, too, Mr. Greg almost sufficiently answers Cassandra. He clearly sees that, as soon as coal begins seriously to rise in price, two very different agencies will come into play. New mines will be opened, on the one hand, while appliances for diminishing the expense of raising coal, and the waste of coal when raised, will be devised on the other. Thus no cataclysmal change will take place in our industry; there will be no ruinously sudden collapse, affecting a population, "not as now of thirty, but of sixty millions." No reasonable man doubts that a time will come when our cheap coal will be exhausted, when we shall, in all likelihood, cease to be the great workshop of the world. All I contend for is, that that time is so far off that it is idle to speculate at present about it. Long ere it arrives the whole political condition of the world may be so entirely altered, the transference of population from one part of the globe to another, where it is more wanted, may be so much a matter of course, that the very word "emigration" may have become obsolete, and that our descendants may smile as much at the idea of any mother objecting to her children going to America, as we now do when we hear of a mother in Kent objecting to her children going into the Midland counties. "Please God," said such a one to a benevolent lady, recently, "no child of mine shall ever go down into the Shires."

Then I want to know why it should be assumed that the greatness of this country is to be for ever dependent on her manufacturing industry, and on the iron and coal that feed them. That is the present form of our greatness; but we were great before our manufactures, and we will, if we are true to ourselves, be great after them. Coal and iron are but instruments in the hands of that energy which is the true source of our national strength. Coal and iron did not

defeat the Armada, did not conquer India, nor colonise America.

As to the deterioration in the character of British labour, I will cite Cassandra's own words. She says:

By "character" we mean efficiency and conscientiousness. Here again the causes are in operation, but the effects are only beginning to be obvious; and as there is much to screen or confuse them, it is our habit to doubt or disbelieve them. English labour, beyond that of every other nation, used to be dogged, untiring, thorough, and honest. Its *quality* could be relied upon, and its willing, persevering energy was unrivalled. English workmen were never very sober, and therefore by no means exactly to be called steady; but they were manageable by their employers, and exceptionally intelligent; they were not given, like so many continental labourers, to holiday-making or pleasure-seeking; when they did work, they worked with a will; they neither shirked their task nor scamped it. If half we hear, and much we see, be true, this can scarcely be said now, as a rule, of any class of British labourers except navvies. In many departments of industry we are assured, the chief aim of the operatives, and the distinct purpose of their trade regulations, is to work as short hours as they can, and to do as little in those hours as they can contrive in return for the wages they receive. Probably the statement is exaggerated or coloured, but no one can say that it is groundless.

The first thing that strikes one about this is, that it is no new assertion. It has been repeated again and again. Still, in spite of the assertion, and in spite of such substratum of fact as there may be below the assertion, the world does somehow go on preferring most English to most not English goods; and what is more, many kinds of English goods go on improving in perfection and finish, to such a degree as to excite the wrath of certain very competent critics. Hear Mr. Ruskin, for instance:

Reader, look round this English room of yours, about which you have been proud so often, because the work of it was so good and strong, and the ornaments of it so finished. Examine again all those

accurate mouldings and perfect polishings, and unerring adjustments of the seasoned wood and tempered steel. Many a time you have exulted over them, and thought how great England was, because her slightest work was done so thoroughly. Alas! if read rightly, these perfectnesses are signs of a slavery in our England a thousand times more bitter and more degrading than that of the scourged African or helot Greek.

Now Mr. Ruskin's views may or may not be correct, but if his facts are correct—and we can all test them for ourselves—it does not look as if many of our manufacturers failed in doggedness, untiringness, thoroughness, or honesty. Much, probably, that is said against English labour generally, is founded upon hasty generalisations from the building trades in London and some other places.

Cassandra next proceeds to deal, at some length, with the subject of strikes, with the abuses of Trades Unions, and with the tendency of some of the more unenlightened proceedings of these bodies to increase the cost of production in this country:

These proceedings—she says—are several: none perhaps very serious taken singly, but in their aggregate effect by no means contemptible. First come various absurd regulations to hinder workmen from putting forth their full strength and skill, lest they should raise the standard of average requirement, as against their less qualified fellows—of which the law prevalent among bricklayers of forbidding unionists fully to use both hands in their task may be taken as an extreme sample.

Next may be specified the analogous and widely extended discouragement of piece-work, and the systematic endeavour to enforce a uniform rate of wages without reference to the varying capacities of different men and of the quality of their labour—a practice which arose, no doubt, out of some confused notion of fair play or kindness to the weaker brethren, but which a few moments' reflection will show to be cruelly unjust to the more energetic, competent, ambitious, or heavily-burdened workman, as well as singularly noxious in diminishing the efficiency of labour, and thereby enhancing the cost of the

article to which that labour is applied. The rules, very general at one time, and still extensively in operation, for limiting the number of apprentices which each skilled workman was allowed to instruct in his own trade, and the prohibition of anyone not regularly apprenticed from practising that trade, operate sensibly in the same direction, and were introduced avowedly for preventing anything like free competition and the effect it was feared it must produce in reducing wages. All these restrictions, the number and vexatious character of which only those who have studied the subject somewhat in detail can fully estimate, being fetters upon the masters' freedom as to the most profitable mode of carrying on his business, add to the necessary cost of manufacture involved, discourage the capitalist, and place him at a disadvantage in the struggle with less hampered rivals.

Now these rules are bad and foolish enough, but after all they are merely the first thoughts of uneducated men, who must go through the stage of thinking these foolish thoughts, before they get to anything better.

How long is it since the most intelligent people in Europe defended judicial torture, thought that the exaction of interest for money was a wicked action, that the State was bound to enforce compliance with the religion which it patronised, and that a witch should not be suffered to live? It is only a very few generations since your statesmen and judges got beyond these follies, which appeared to them mere primary truths—and are we to hold up our hands and prophesy the industrial decline of England, because mechanics have not learned in a day to use their liberty wisely? Are you sure that superstitions, as bad as the worst of these, are quite dead amongst our better classes? Half of the mistakes that are committed, even now, in politics, arise from following the natural impulses of ignorance, to do the obvious and therefore the presumed right thing. "Why it is common sense!" says the Philistine, and gives his idiotic vote as if the labours of a thousand thoughtful men had not proved his common sense to be common

nonsense. There is probably not one of the rules censured so justly by Cassandra, which anyone, who considered the subject for the first time from the workman's point of view, would not consider to be righteous and wise.

Then as to strikes. Strikes are a great evil, no doubt, but the stage of strikes must be gone through, before we get to better industrial conditions. They are the natural result of industrial freedom in its adolescence, used as unwisely as adolescents who have been curbed too tight are apt to use their freedom.

With reference to Cassandra's alarms about the reduction in the length of the working day, individuals may hold their own opinions as to the expediency or non-expediency of the Act of last session, as to the propriety, that is, of the State intervening to settle the question of the length of the working day; but there is immensely more to be said for the shortening the hours of labour than Mr. Greg admits, or than I have time to say here.

The last of Cassandra's economic fears is, that our peculiar advantage in the possession of an unusually large amount of capital is gone. She says:

> The unrivalled amount of capital possessed by the British manufacturer was one of his special advantages in the industrial rivalry with foreign nations. His command of capital is greater than ever, but it is no longer his exclusively—for not only are other countries growing rich almost as rapidly as England—not only is the wealth of Germany and Italy augmenting fast, not only is America in ordinary years *making* as much money as we are, and France *saving* perhaps more—but British capital is at the command of the American, the French, the Italian, and the German manufacturer almost as freely, and more than as profitably, as at that of the Englishman. In truth, any country that wishes for capital, and can use it well, may have it for the asking. Here, then, our peculiar advantage is gone, as in other elements of cheap production we have shown that it is going.

That sounds all very dreadful, but are there not some

tendencies which are more and more transferring capital to England? Is not the London money-market more the money-market of the world, than it was even five years ago? Is it not obvious that wealthy persons abroad are more and more tempted by the comparative immunity from disturbance of this island, to transfer large amounts of property to our shores? Is it not notorious that the number of persons whose deaths singly affect the Budget of the Chancellor of the Exchequer is steadily on the increase?

Let us look at the figures of the Clearing-house. In the year ending on the 30th of April, 1868, these figures stood in round numbers at three thousand two hundred and fifty-seven millions. In the next year they had increased by two hundred and seventy-seven millions. In the year after that, they had increased by another one hundred and eighty-six millions. In '70–71, they increased by another two hundred and ninety-eight millions. Then in '71–72 they went up by a great bound of thirteen hundred and forty-one millions; and by the 30th of April, 1873—when that period of national disaster and humiliation which was coincident, as Cassandra's friends would say, with the Gladstone administration, was beginning to draw to a close—they passed six thousand millions. That means that, between the 30th of April, 1868, and the 30th of April, 1873, they had increased by the moderate and reasonable amount of two thousand seven hundred and forty-six millions.

What is it that terrifies our prophetess? Surely she is not misled by the fallacy that it is bad for England that other nations should grow rich? If she is, she may comfort herself by reflecting that the disparity is still great. Even now, or rather somewhat more than a year ago, the London Loan Fund, in banks which published their accounts, was—I take the figures from Mr. Bagehot's

"Lombard Street"—one hundred and twenty millions, as against thirteen millions in Paris, forty millions in New York, and eight millions in Germany. Nor is there any doubt, if we could get at the deposits of the banks which do not publish their accounts, the enormous disproportion would be made still more apparent.

I hope I have done no wrong to Cassandra in the presentment of her prophecies as to the industrial decline of England, which I have laid before you, and I hope, also, that I have shown that she takes too gloomy a view.

My own method of parrying such mischiefs as I admit to require to be parried under this head, may be summed up as follows:

1. Education.
2. Wise government.
3. Patience.

By education I do not mean merely, or chiefly, the teaching of the children of the poorer classes to read, write, and do arithmetic. Much more, I mean teaching the children of the rich what it is most important they should know as citizens. School-managers, who never heard of Bastiat, and to whom political economy is the dismal science *par excellence*, are just the men to turn out scholars ripe for the acceptance of every form of political and social misbelief. Once let your great schools give a thoroughly manly training to your youth, making them fit to do the duties of British gentlemen, in a time when the position of gentlemen is being challenged as it never has been before, a time instinct with change, which may be admirably beneficial, but may also be extremely dangerous, and you will find the trade of agitation become a very bad one.

Looking back to the hopes which I cherished thirteen years ago, and seeing how little has been done, how

beneath contempt is still the amount of really desirable knowledge with which an average boy leaves nearly all the great old public schools, although some of the first men of the country have been instant in urging change, both as members of the Public Schools Executive Commission and as members of the various governing bodies—when I hear of a great ecclesiastic objecting to botany being taught to boys because it is too easy, just as the same person, or one like-minded, advocated the teaching of Greek, not for the treasures which Greek contains, but simply because it is difficult—when I see that all the efforts of persons like Sir John Lubbock are met by a body of masters who, with some most honourable exceptions, fight for worn-out methods and subjects, with a determination which would be admirable if it were not absurd—I seem to see a far greater danger to the country in its race with rivals, than any which comes from the unaided errors of the artisan. There never was a time when those whom fortune has placed in a good position in the world more wanted personal merit to keep their position, or had more need of the warning given in the line of the poet:

O rois, soyez grands, car le peuple grandit.

By good government, I mean, above all, government which does not set before itself incompatible ideals, which does not, for example, insist on having, at one and the same time, all the advantages of the system of Cobden and all the advantages of the system of Castlereagh—a government which has made up its mind as to whether the real object of our policy is to be to rule the British Islands, the British colonies, and India, or whether its object is to make us what someone called "man's firm defence from wrong"—in other

words, to be the knight-errant of the universe. A government which has really made up its mind on these matters will find a financial, naval, military, and foreign policy ready to its hand. If it prefers the aims of Castlereagh, it cannot well do better than to adopt the policy of Castlereagh. That was consistent enough. If it prefer the system of Cobden, it has only to build on the lines of 1846—only to develope to its logical consequence the policy of free trade.

To that end it must steadily lean towards substituting direct for indirect taxation, in so far as our vast national indebtedness will permit, and, as it diminishes indirect, must constantly lower the limit of exemption from direct, taxation, so that all citizens above abject poverty may contribute something. No doubt those politicians are right who believe that a large national expenditure, fed by indirect taxation, is more willingly borne than one fed by direct taxation. But the consistent development of the principles of free trade would lead to a considerable diminution in the expense of our army, when we had, in virtue of these principles, gradually got rid of all national entanglements, inconsistent with the policy on which we had elected to act.

That policy requires a supreme navy, an army sufficiently large for India and the fortresses which we have scattered about the world, and sufficiently large to make, in connection with the navy, the idea of a descent upon this country hopelessly absurd. But it does not involve an army sufficiently large to be used on the European continent.

It further requires a much greater attention to our foreign policy, the adoption of a clear line of action, and not the hopeless drifting that we have too often seen substituted for a clear line of action, so that it may well

happen that a statesman is carried into the Foreign Office by the cry of a spirited foreign policy, and that when he has got there his whole thoughts should be concentrated in dropping down the stream so as to avoid running into anything, here just not grazing the bank, and there fending off another boat. To make our foreign policy all it should be, to make our foreign minister the centre of the very best information from every part of the world, would, no doubt, require an addition to our diplomatic and consular estimates; but it would not require the addition of the price of half an ironclad a year, to make those services, if wisely handled at head-quarters, as efficient for their purpose as, to use the words of Lord Odo Russell, "the Prussian army or the Society of Jesus!" The adoption of such a system of government would tend more and more every year to make this country the great emporium of the universe, the reservoir of capital, and the best place at once for the artisan and for the capitalist to live in.

Cassandra is perfectly right in thinking that England will not remain for an indefinite period the great workshop of the world; but the adoption of a wise policy, now, will keep England its great workshop for a long time to come, and will give us such a start over all our rivals in the possession of capital and mercantile connection, as may keep us, when taken in connection with certain advantages, which nothing but our own unwisdom can take away, in the front rank of the world, long after other nations have come to surpass us as centres of manufacturing industry.

The third method of meeting such evils as I acknowledge really to exist under Cassandra's second head, was, I said, patience; by which I mean that, because there are certain unpleasant phenomena in our present in-

dustrial condition, we should not run away with the idea that we are exceptionally afflicted. There is not a country in Europe which either has not, or will not have, the same difficulty from strikes and combinations, except in cases where our painful experience shall have put others in the way of profiting by what we have gone through. In industrial as well as in political organisation, it is our fate, and a proud fate, to lead the way. Our descendants will, in all probability, grumble as little at the industrial troubles through which this generation of Englishmen is going, as we grumble at the good blood which, two hundred years ago, flowed, in the words of the poet,

> So hot from Royalist and Puritan.

There is one very strange note in the paper which I am examining. Cassandra says:

> Of course it is possible that competing nations may be as foolish as ourselves, following our suicidal footsteps in the shape of strikes, inflated wages, shorter hours, and exhausting conflicts between the two great productive powers, capital and labour, and may thus retard our comparative decline. But if their artisans are no wiser than ours, their governments, so far, at least, are stronger.

Does she then seriously believe that any government, from the Atlantic to the Ural, is at this moment stronger than ours, in the sense of being better able to keep the peace within its own borders, without compromising the peace of the future? So far from believing this to be the case, I do not think there is any country whose social condition in the future does not give more cause for uneasiness. Germany is admirable in many respects; yet who that is acquainted with that country does not see that she has still to settle with herself some very awkward political questions, which we have settled long

ago, and which may complicate her social difficulties in a very serious way?

The third portion of Mr. Greg's book is the one which will perhaps be read with most general interest. He says:

> I allege that in England the highest intelligence of the nation is not only not in harmony with the nation's creed, but is distinctly at issue with it, does not accept it, largely, indeed, repudiates it in the distinctest manner, or, for peace and prudence's sake, discountenances it by silence, even where it does not demur to it in words, and that in this disharmony and divorce lies a grave and undeniable peril for the future. The fact is not new, but its dimensions are; the disharmony is spreading to many classes, and is assuming a more pronounced significance, no candid observer will deny it, and no wise patriot or statesman will regard it as a matter to be ignored.

Now if all Mr. Greg means is, that the highest intelligence of the country has of late been moving with extreme rapidity, and that, its ideas about the highest matters naturally keeping pace with its ideas about other matters, it is further in advance of the mass of less active minds than has been the case at most periods of history, then I entirely agree with him, and think he has stated his case with great moderation. There is no doubt a movement in progress, which is destined to grow stronger, and to produce results not only great but permanent. I do not believe that there is a single position which has been won by modern science from the domain of blind authority which will ever be won back again; while, with regard to many of the raids which the great masters of historical criticism have made into territory once considered sacred, the verdict of the next century will, I am persuaded, be in the spirit of the words:

> Nor blade of grass again was seen
> Where Alaric and his hosts had been.

It is when we come to speculate upon the ultimate result of the simplifying process which is going on that I part company, not with Mr. Greg, but with Mr. Greg in the particular mood in which he determined to come before the world as Cassandra. I think he immensely underrates the permanent and indestructible element in Christendom. Why, when all has been said that any man of science has yet propounded as a man of science —as anything but a guesser into realms confessedly unknown, how little has been done to shake the foundations upon which the highest forms of religion in Western Europe really rest!

You find, for instance, a person or persons endowed with very keen faculties for enjoyment, who attain, after just enough difficulty to make the attainment most pleasurable, the realisation of their utmost wishes. They remain for a time in the possession of what appears to others, and to themselves, almost perfect happiness; then, however, circumstances change, and they are overwhelmed by calamity. From the prostration which was the first result of this calamity they gradually rise, till at length they attain, through what they would describe as the life of faith, such perfect happiness that their previous happiness seems in comparison as nothing. Now let anyone demonstrate, as might no doubt in the case I am thinking of, and in a thousand others, be sufficiently easily demonstrated, that the view of history usually connected with the particular set of religious ideas which this person or these persons held, was hopelessly defective—that the astronomy with which that particular set of religious ideas was long and authoritatively connected was eminently absurd—that the cosmogony with which such religious ideas were connected was no better—in short, that nine-tenths of the opinions usually held by people of that way of thinking were wildly preposterous,

and that nothing better could happen to these opinions than that they should vanish on the wind's wings—what, I should like to know, have those who compel their vanishing, done to shake the intimate personal conviction of communion with the Unseen, upon which the spiritual life of such persons is really founded? If historical criticism, if physical science, after they have chased away these accessory ideas on the wind's wings, go a step farther and say: "Those things which you believe to be so eternally true that they seem truer to you than all else beside, are not true," then historical criticism and physical science, which have hitherto been entirely *dans leur droit*, become just as much unjustifiable invaders as is the doctor of the Church when he presumes to pronounce an opinion *ex cathedrâ*, which historical criticism and science can show, as they have done ten thousand times, to be simply false.

It appears to me that there are many ideas which are now enunciated by the foremost teachers of the world which will, when they get hold of the minds of men, be fatal to certain forms in which the religious sentiment presents itself in Western Europe—fatal, for example, in all likelihood, to everything like political organisation in the matters of the soul; but I know no idea which rises above a mere conjecture, which can be fatal to the religious sentiment itself, as seen in the highest forms of Christian life and practice.

Many people who are very much alarmed at the change in opinion which is going on around them, and whose alarm is oddly enough reflected on the author of the "Creed of Christendom," might be a good deal comforted if they would only ponder on the large admissions of their opponents. He *was* not exactly a *persona grata* in orthodox circles who wrote last century, on the flyleaf of his copy of the "Système de la Nature," which is

still preserved in St. Petersburg, the words, "*Si Dieu n'existait pas, il faudrait l'inventer*;" and he *is* not exactly a *persona grata* in the orthodox circles of this century, who penned the memorable sentence, "*L'Eglise a été dépassée, et s'est dépassée elle-même. Le Christ n'a pas été dépassée.*"

And in the address which frightened the other day half the clergy of an Irish town, do we not find the following paragraph:

> To yield this religious sentiment reasonable satisfaction is the problem of problems at the present hour. And grotesque in relation to scientific culture as many of the religions of the world have been and are—dangerous, nay destructive, to the dearest privileges of freemen as some of them undoubtedly have been, and would, if they could, be again—it will be wise to recognise them as the forms of a force, mischievous if permitted to intrude on the region of knowledge, over which it holds no command, but capable of being guided by liberal thought to noble issues in the region of emotion, which is its proper sphere. It is vain to oppose this force with a view to its extirpation. What we should oppose, to the death if necessary, is every attempt to found upon this elemental bias of man's nature a system which should exercise despotic sway over his intellect.

These admissions, and such as these, coming from men whose works are "full-welling fountain-heads of change," should surely go for something—should surely show that whatever is going to happen, however much may have to be given up, a great deal still remains. As long as deep religious feeling seems to be almost inseparable from the highest literary beauty, so long is there, to my mind, a very powerful argument in favour of that feeling, not only continuing to be strong, but even growing stronger with the increase of education and refinement.

I was looking, some months ago, through a long correspondence, most of which consisted of letters from persons who were quite unknown beyond the circle of

their own intimate friends, but amongst which there were not a few letters from one of the most famous men of his generation. His letters were by no means inferior to his reputation, but they were distinctly not the most remarkable in the collection, either in matter or form. Surprised by this, I said to the person who showed me the correspondence, But tell me, in the name of wonder, how are these letters, and these, and these, superior to those of this great orator and famous author? The answer which I received came in the shape of a quotation from, if I remember right, Joubert. Anyhow, it ran as follows: "*Plus l'âme est près de Dieu, plus la pensée est près de l'âme, plus le style est près de la pensée, plus tout cela est beau.*" Well, I don't know how it strikes others, but it strikes me that as long as that can be said, and can't be contradicted, as long as the particular vein of feeling which is peculiar to the highest forms of Christianity is not remotely approached by modes of thought really antagonistic to Christianity, so long nothing essential can be lost. Observe, again, how entirely the mocking Mephistophelian vein has died out in those who are most strongly opposed to existing beliefs—how reverent is the tone of the very men who are prayed for and preached about in the Churches. To find a Capaneus or Heaven-stormer, you must look away from the leaders of the revolutionary movement to followers who do not fully understand their own principles, or the serious nature of the work they are doing.

Those sad and stately lines which Strauss wrote the other day on his death-bed,* would have been called

* Dem ich dieses sage
Weiss ich klage nicht,
Der ich dieses klage
Weiss ich zage nicht.

deeply religious if they had come down from heathen antiquity—if, for instance, they had been the production of him—and as far as poetical merit goes, they might have been :

> Who dropped his plummet down the broad
> Deep Universe, and said—No God!
> Finding no bottom ; who denied
> Divinely the Divine, and died
> Chief poet on the Tiber side.

In the warfare of this world it is often wise to hold for a time positions which are not really defensible. We all quote, with approbation, the example of the old Scottish warrior,* who, ordered to hold an untenable redoubt on the field of Steenkirk, went to his death with the words, "The will of the Lord be done." In the warfare, however, which "the Church militant" has to wage, surely the true strategy would be never to hold, for a moment, a position about which there can be any serious doubt. To me, at least, it seems that the strength of the place is so great, that it can well dispense with the dubious and dangerous aid of so-called outworks. Those who trust to outworks are apt to fall into strange absurdities. The following conversation took place, many years ago, between a great Indian official and a Mohammedan doctor of the law, who was defending his religion by one of *its* outworks, the infallibility of the Koran :

"And how," said the Nawab, "have people in modern days made all the discoveries you speak of in astronomy?"

> Nun heisst's bald verglimmen
> Wie ein Licht verglimmt
> In die Luft verschwimmen
> Wie ein Ton verschimmt.
>
> Möge schwach wie immer,
> Aber hell and rein,
> Dieser letzte Schimmer
> Dieser Ton nur sein.

* General Mackay.

"Chiefly, Nawab Sahib," replied Colonel Sleeman, "by means of the telescope, which is an instrument of modern invention."

"And do you suppose, sir, that I would put the evidence of one of your telescopes in opposition to that of the holy prophet? No, sir; depend upon it there is much fallacy in a telescope—it is not to be relied upon. I have conversed with many excellent European gentlemen; and their great fault seems to me to lie in the implicit faith they put in these *telescopes*—they hold their evidence above that of the prophets Moses, Abraham, and Elijah. It is dreadful to think what mischief these telescopes may do."

Now astronomy is a very old science, and has attained the respectability which attaches to age. Many persons would smile at this story who would have been scandalised if they had listened, let us say, to Professor Owen the other day at the Orientalist Congress, while he calmly put aside, as unworthy of discussion, various venerable delusions in matters scientific, which many worthy people are still in the habit of connecting with a religion which can surely dispense with outworks, much better than that which the mufti defended against Colonel Sleeman.

Cassandra, in her gloomy forecast, does not attach sufficient importance to the extreme complexity of the influences which are working in our generation. The currents cross each other in all directions. Theology, for example, is losing, and will continue to lose, its power over many provinces of thought and knowledge, in which it once held sway; but, on the other hand, religion is as decidedly widening the area of its sway in the domain of human conduct.

All the higher forms of religion in Western Europe have been becoming more active since the French Revolution. Without dwelling on events which have occurred in Great Britain, just look at the change that has come over the Church of France—so lax before 1789, so irreproachable now, in point of morals, whatever may have to be said of its intellectual characteristics. It is

usual to talk of Paris as a sort of metropolis of revolt against all the old influences, and I am sure many good Germans, in 1870–71, thought they were the ministers of Divine vengeance against a modern Babylon. Well, you know what I thought about the Franco-German war; but anything more absurd than this sweeping condemnation of the French capital can hardly be imagined. Paris is an epitome of much that is best, and worst, in modern society. Nowhere does one see in sharper contrast the conflicting tendencies that are disputing the allegiance of us and our contemporaries. Well did one say:

Elle est riche en toutes choses, et elle peut donner indistinctement tout ce qu'on lui demande, depuis le mal dans son excès le plus pervers, jusqu'au bien dans son excès le plus sublime, depuis les extravagances les plus raffinées de la mode, jusqu'aux renoncements les plus extrêmes de la charité, depuis le plaisir sous son aspect le plus dangereux, jusqu'à la piété sous sa forme la plus parfaite. Elle encense le vice et la vanité plus qu'on n'ose le faire ailleurs, et cependant elle s'honore de pouvoir montrer des exemples de vertu, de dévouement, et d'humilité presque uniques au monde.

But the great contention which goes on in Paris, goes on everywhere, with a thousand local variations. We are in the rush of the mid-stream, and it would be rash indeed to speculate as to the exact point to which we shall be carried.

I read the future, however, quite differently from Cassandra, though perhaps not very differently from Mr. Greg. I believe that the result of the contest of our age, between authority and reason, will be good for all of us, and that the mid-stream of change, in which we are, will land us, on some far-off shore, much nearer together—not divide us into two hostile camps. At no previous period in the history of the world has Christianity, as represented in the Gospels, or in the lives and works of the best of its followers, exercised so powerful an influence on public affairs, as in the last

thirty years; and I make this assertion without in the least forgetting the endless wars and troubles of that period. In legislation, in administration, in our way of carrying on war, in our treatment of inferior races, in our social relations, in our amusements, in our literature, in everything, we are, though, Heaven knows, still far enough from it, nearer nevertheless to the Christian ideal than we ever have been before; and it is interesting to observe that the results of the very highest statesmanship, and of the very highest forms of Christianity, are often most curiously near each other. The settlement of the Alabama controversy on the part of England was, as has been well said, at once one of the best pieces of statecraft and one of the most Christian acts recorded in history.

I could quote, if there were time, views inspired simply by strong religious feeling, and which formed themselves, forty years ago, in the mind of a youth brought up in the very focus and centre of the European political and ecclesiastical reaction, which are identical with those to which the most enlightened statesmen of the Liberal party would now subscribe.

If Christianity is going to lose its power at once over the highest intelligence of Western Europe and over the masses, just as it seems to be making itself more readily felt in public affairs than it ever was in the so-called Ages of Faith, the course of this world is certainly the maddest piece of business. I confess, however, I do not believe one syllable of any such prophecy. The words once spoken amongst the Syrian hills will never lose their echo. The saying falsely attributed to Julian is profoundly true, "O Galilean! thou hast conquered!" One must not forget, however, that the victory of the Galilean is the defeat of Antichrist; and the worst antichrists, of our days, are the bungling sophists who

denounce science and historical criticism, because they do not square with the vile little systems which they, and others like them, have built on these immortal words—who yelp at our modern masters of those who know—our Darwins, Huxleys, and Tyndalls, as if these were not doing in their own way the work of God in the world, as much as even those who have, in our times, most perfectly echoed those divine words. This I say, believing that in no time have those divine words been more clearly echoed than they have in our own—no, not by the writers of the great hymns of the Latin Church, nor the author of the Imitation.

Do not let me be misunderstood. I am not speaking peace when there is no peace. As Professor Rothe, of Heidelberg, once said to me, "It may well take two generations to give the religion of Protestant Germany its ultimate form," and Protestant Germany is, after all, only one, although no doubt an enormously important, province of Christendom. There is an immense deal of fighting to do before the time comes for anything approaching to the reconciliation of Christendom. With regard to the attempts at union of the Churches, about which we hear, they seem to me, one and all, to be as premature, and as unlikely to lead to any worthy results, as the labours of the alchymist, and I say this not forgetting that the illustrious name of Döllinger has of late been associated with them. The dissolvent process must, as it seems to me, go far further, and elements not thought of now must be considered, before the process of theoretical reconstruction can begin.

Looking even to Western Europe, it will surely take a very long time before even the best of the various forms of Christianity which we see around us become at all disposed to unite. Each seems, now, at least, to be thinking more of how much it can retain of its own

particular way of conceiving things, than of how much it can afford to throw away. But beyond Western Christendom there is that vast communion which extends, as has been truly said, "from the ice-fields which grind against the walls of the Solovetsky Monastery to the burning jungles of Malabar." And beyond Eastern Christianity are the great religions of the East, a further knowledge of which will most unquestionably modify, and modify considerably, the religious thought of the best minds in Europe.

The time for reconstruction is far, far ahead, in a happier age than ours. Our duty, as it seems to me, is, while following each of us the best light he has, "driving," as Marcus Aurelius would have said, "at the practice, and minding life more than notion," to assist in the destruction of what, after due study and consideration, he is persuaded to be actively mischievous. This is the first thing we have got to do, and the second is to promote in every possible way the knowledge of what is best, alike in Christendom and beyond Christendom, in the spirit of the German maxim, "*Traget Holz, und lass Gott kochen.*"

Cassandra's very low opinion of the great mass of her countrymen vitiates her argument on the religious question, as much as it does on political and economic questions. She seems to think that, if the sanctions of religion were withdrawn, the great majority of her poorer neighbours would think of nothing but devouring her. Speaking of the doctrine of a future life, she says:

> What will be the result, what the possible catastrophe, when this doctrine is no longer accredited; when it is discarded as a delusion; when it is resented as a convenient deception and instrument of oppression; when the poor man is convinced that there is no wealth of gold and jewels awaiting him in the spiritual kingdom; that if he is wretched here, he is wretched altogether; that what he lacks now will never hereafter be made good to him; that the promises and hopes

dangled before him to keep him quiet have been mere moonshine, and that in very truth the bank in which he had insured his fortune, in which he had invested all his savings, to have a provision in which he had toiled with indefatigable industry and endured with exemplary patience, is a fraudulent insolvent; when, in fine, he wakes up with a start to the bewildering conviction that *if* he is to rest, to be happy, to enjoy his fair share of the sunshine and the warmth of life, *he must do it now, here, at once, without a day's delay?* Will there not come upon him that sort of feverish haste to be in luxury and at peace, to *immediatise* all that earth can yield him, to sink the uncertain future in the passing present, which has been depicted in such vivid colours as pervading and maddening the daily thought and talk of the Socialists and Communists of the French metropolis? If his paradise is to be here or nowhere, why should there be a moment lost in beginning to construct it? and why, again, should any other man's wealth or welfare stand in his way? If he is not to have the upper hand elsewhere, why should he submit to be kept under now? Will there not come upon him also, the ominous question—a question to which in his ignorance and his passion he will have no answer ready—"Why should not I, whose time is so short, *take* what it will need so many slow hard years to win?" And with all this will there not come—there did come in Paris—a fierce resentment at the flagrant inequalities around him, the comparative (often positive) wretchedness in which he has hitherto remained, and the fables which he has been told to pacify him, till he will hate as well as envy those above him, and learn to regard their spoliation as an act of righteous restitution?

To this I reply: I don't believe that the time will ever come when either the highest intelligence, or the masses of the people, will believe that religion consisted in fables which were told to pacify them; but if I did, I would re-read the famous passage in Obermann about the Swiss mastiffs, and say to myself, Are, then, men so infinitely inferior to their four-footed fellow-creatures? Cassandra seems altogether to ignore various forces, of which I will only mention one—*wise law.* I believe it would be very difficult to overrate the influence of a thoroughly wise law, put into such a form as should be perfectly intelligible to the people. In the great country

for which I start to-morrow morning, I mean our Indian Empire,* I am assured that the operation of the codes in modifying popular ideas of right and wrong is most marked. We do not observe the same thing here, to anything like the same extent, chiefly because, although our laws are for the most part good in substance, they are, in point of form and intelligibility, a disgrace to a civilised community.

Mr. Greg does attach very considerable importance to the habit of acquiescence in the existing state of things, though Cassandra thinks that that habit has been to some extent weakened. Well, I for one think that it has been rightly weakened, that our social system may in various ways be improved and made better for the less fortunate classes; but the laws that lie at the root of the laws that affirm the sacredness of property, I believe to be just as much part of the order of the universe, as the attraction of gravitation; and that if some demagogue could succeed by waving a wand in dividing all the property in the country equally, upon Monday morning, we should, before Saturday night, be far on our way to the old system of unequal distribution.

I hold that every law which is unjust, as between man and man, is fated to disappear; but, with the disappearance of what is really unjust, many things which look unjust at first sight, but are really profoundly righteous, will only be confirmed. Mr. Greg, before he again listens to Cassandra, should take, if I may slightly vary a phrase of Sir Philip Sidney's, a great passport of History. She is the grand consoler. She is ever saying to those who are panic-stricken at the evils of the present, or the near future:

Oh, passi graviora dabit Deus his quoque finem.

* See "Notes of an Indian Journey." London: Macmillan & Co. 1876.

The mistake that political speculators make when they calculate on the disappearance of the religious emotions has not often, so far as I know, been illustrated more forcibly than it was by Dean Merivale, who began the Boyle Lectures some years ago by asking who would have believed, when Julius Cæsar made the speech in which he deprecated putting Catiline and his associates to death—because death ended all—that the Roman world would yet see the assembling of the Council of Nice?

An impatience of the slow labour of accumulating facts, very natural to one who speculates so well and composes so gracefully, detracts not a little from Mr. Greg's merits as a political writer. Given rather more of what I would call *la grande curiosité*, and what he would call curiosity without the adjective, *plus* a Liberal constituency to keep him in accordance with the aspirations of his countrymen, and he would have had few equals. As it is, a telling answer might be made to his book by anyone who would go back for the last two hundred years in the history of Great Britain, and show that at each period of twenty years a more gloomy view than his might have been and generally *was* taken, by many, of the near future. Yet, somehow, we have managed to get along, and things are a little better than they were in 1674.

Much comfort, too, may be got by looking a little away from our own shores, by looking abroad in space as well as in time. After my first perusal of my friend's pages, I half thought I would try to throw on paper, heads of a similar lament over each European country. I satisfied myself, however, with sitting down to sketch one for Russia, as the country least like Great Britain I could think of. The patriotic Russian then, as it seems to me, if of a pessimist turn, might maintain—I do not

say correctly, but without any more manifest departure from right reason than is involved in many of Cassandra's views:

1. That the huge army, which his Government thinks it necessary to keep up, altogether overweights the energies of the Empire, taking away from the most necessary forms of labour an enormous amount of strength, and that in a country which has little accumulated capital and grievously needs the hard steady work of several generations to bring her up even to the level of her neighbour on the west.

2. That Russia's enormous territorial extension is a source, not of strength, but of weakness; that Central Asia is a fathomless gulf, in which millions of roubles will every year disappear, without bringing the slightest real advantage to the State; that Siberia will one of these days throw off its allegiance to St. Petersburg and set up for itself; that Poland was scotched, not crushed, in 1863–64, and will inevitably rise again, as soon as the classes which Milutine and his friends vainly hoped to bring over, by vast material benefits, to the side of the Government, have had time to get just that amount of education which will make them fit to comprehend why their immediate superiors, the so-called small nobility, were so hostile to the Russians in the two last rebellions.

3. That the dream of replacing the Cross upon St. Sophia was leading a large portion of his countrymen on an altogether wrong road; that it might have been possible enough for Russia to have got hold of the Eastern Peninsula, if, during the days of the Napoleonic wars, she had been as civilised as she is to-day. That under such circumstances she might well have appeared a Heaven-sent deliverer to Greeks, Bulgarians, Roumanians, and Servians alike; but that now each of these races had had time to develope ambitions of its own,

which would make it anything but a docile instrument in the hands of its northern co-religionist; that an attempt to possess itself of Constantinople now, or in any time coming, would, in all probability, fail, and would certainly, if it succeeded, precipitate that dissolution of the centralised Empire, which is one of the objects of not the least active faction it contains.

4. That the foreign press, and more especially some of the English papers, were much given to lamenting over the danger which the British Empire in India incurred from Russia's advance. Alas! alas! if they could only look at the matter from the standpoint of Moscow, instead of that of Calcutta, they would see that, if a war were to take place between the two nations, it would not be England that would have to tremble for her Asiatic dominions.

That the real difficulty which the English had got to face in India was not to govern, but to govern according to the ideas that are accepted at home. If England were absurd enough to wish to push her Asiatic conquests farther, there was really nothing she could not do in the way of aggression. The classes in India who most hated her, would flock with enthusiasm to her standard. As for us Russians, she could sweep us across the Jaxartes in a summer campaign, and probably she could hardly do us a better turn.

5. That the only chance of a prosperous issue to Russia's foreign policy was the frank abandonment of the whole circle of ideas which are summed up in the so-called testament of Peter the Great—a paper which, although unquestionably a forgery, sufficiently well represents the aims and modes of action of persons who have been long very influential in Russian affairs.

6. That the finances were getting into worse and worse order, and that free trade, the one sovereign remedy

which ought to be applied, was simply impossible, as long as so many persons of the first importance were interested in various industrial undertakings around the capital and elsewhere, which could only live in an atmosphere of the strictest protection.

7. That the Russian nobility were not, and could never be, made sufficiently strong to be a real political power, and that this being so, the idea of copying in Russia the political organisation of England was a mere dream.

8. That a vast and intensely democratic society, held together by a common devotion to the Imperial family, was a kind of polity which could not resist, for an indefinite period, the influence of the revolutionary ideas of the West, and that Russia was, thanks to its want of education, and to the communistic form of its village institutions, the predestined theatre for the trial, on a large scale, of those anti-social schemes, which have not been without their effect in the far more strongly organised society of France.

9. That the social unit of the Russian system, the Mir or community, was suitable enough to primeval life, but quite unsuitable to existing conditions; and that in Russia, as everywhere else where it has existed, it must die down, before better things could grow up instead of it.

10. That the Russian Church is so corrupt that there is not the remotest chance that it can do anything to stem the torrent of revolutionary ideas as soon as the people have learnt to read; that, in the lower classes, the religion it teaches is a mere superstition, and that, in the upper, where it is a respectable sentiment, it has never taken sufficient hold of the intelligent part of the community to enable the Russian to point even to one single book which can give to the Western reader any idea as to the effect which Eastern Christianity produces

upon characters favourably disposed to its teachings. That other nations had got their religious difficulties, but what religious difficulty in Europe was as embarrassing as the question of the Russian Dissidents? What other monarch had got, like the Czar, nine millions of subjects for most purposes beyond the pale of the law, and how in the world were they to be put on an equality with other citizens, as long as the Russian State and Church were but different aspects of the same power?

I do not say, observe, that I should agree with my patriotic Russian in all or perhaps in any of these opinions, but there is not one of them which a Russian of a rather pessimist turn of mind might not entertain, and express, without extravagance.*

Mr. Greg, in this book, is what Coleridge would have called a third-thoughted, or rather a half third-thoughted, man. His first thoughts are liberal; then come doubts, hesitations, fears, whispered by his evil genius. At length he half gets over these and hopes for better things. That being so, Cassandra will not, like another Asiatic seer, bless in word those whom she fain would curse, but in act she will bless them; for Mr. Greg's own suggestions of better hopes, here expressed in a note, there merely indicated by some turn of expression in the text, will, I am convinced, germinate in the minds of many of his readers, and overpower the alarms which Cassandra's warnings may have created. One who, like Mr. Greg, was the personal friend of M. de Tocqueville, can hardly have forgotten a saying of that distinguished man, which I have quoted before, in concluding a speech in Scotland, but which cannot be quoted too often: "I will not believe in the darkness, because I do not see the new day which is about to arise."

* For further details on this subject, I may refer to two papers on Russia, in the "Nineteenth Century" for 1877.

OPENING ADDRESS

OF THE PRESIDENT OF DEPARTMENT IV., "ECONOMY AND TRADE," OF THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION FOR THE PROMOTION OF SOCIAL SCIENCE, AT THE NINETEENTH ANNUAL CONGRESS, HELD AT BRIGHTON, 1875.

WHEN your general secretary, on behalf of the association, did me the honour to ask me some weeks ago to preside here to-day, my first impulse was to decline, because I felt it would not be in my power to prepare such an address as I should have liked to have delivered to so distinguished a company as that which I see before me, without neglecting other work to which I had committed myself. Before, however, I sent an answer, the thought occurred to me that there was one subject highly appropriate to be brought before this section, on which it was very desirable that someone should utter a word of warning; that I might be able to do so as well as another; and that anything I might say would go forth to some degree recommended by its having been said to you.

The subject to which I allude is the present condition and immediate prospects of our commercial treaties.

When, in the year 1846, free exchange achieved so great a triumph by the repeal of the Corn Laws, those who had been most anxious for that measure were so con-

fident that the experiment would be greatly successful, that they expected that other nations would rapidly follow upon the same path. These sanguine expectations were not justified by events. Europe saw, indeed, with astonishment the great improvement in English trade, as well as the happy political results which ensued from the victory of Cobden and his allies; but false theory, evil custom, and, above all, sinister interests, were sufficient to prevent our example being followed to any considerable extent.

It might be imagined by persons to whom the subject was new, that our diplomatists had not done enough to call the attention of other nations to the great success of the English experiment, but there could not be a greater mistake. The Foreign Office, under various chiefs, and the commercial department of the Board of Trade always, were instant and urgent, no one pressing the moral more home than Lord Clarendon, who was so much liked and respected on the Continent.

At length, after having waited very long and very patiently, Mr. Cobden, M. Chevalier, and some other friends of the good cause, determined to change their tactics.

There was at that moment on the throne of France a prince who had become a convert to free trade, and who possessed, in the year 1859, almost absolute power. That prince knew that he and his dynasty were not beloved by the great majority of the men of high intellect in France. He believed at that time that it was impossible for him to conciliate the safety of his throne with anything like a real parliamentary government. He felt, accordingly, that the best chance for him, and his, was to confer great material benefits upon his people; and he knew that the likeliest way to do this was to give to trade and industry that great development which could,

he was well aware, only be given by doing something in the direction of freedom of exchange. It would be most unfair, too, not to add that he had a genuine feeling for the masses. You recollect, I daresay, Henry Heine's phrase: "It is all in vain; the future belongs to our enemies, the Communists, and Louis Napoleon is only their John the Baptist."

Again, he had learnt from the story of his uncle, and from his own early experience, that England was a tremendously great and formidable power. *Timor Angliæ initium sapientiæ*, as M. de Laveleye said the other day, in speaking of him. But he also knew that, in the years 1858–59, the pressure put upon his Government to pick a quarrel with England had been a great deal stronger than was pleasant, and there were moments when he himself believed that England wanted to pick a quarrel with him. Most of us remember how intensely anti-French was the feeling of London society, during the war which ended with the peace of Villafranca. Well, a little before that event, he himself said to one who was much with him, then, in Northern Italy, and who repeated the statement to me, that "he expected every day, when he got up in the morning, to hear that the Government of Lord Derby had declared against him."

I spent the winter of 1859–60 in Paris, and know, of my own knowledge, that the feeling against England in many circles was one of great irritation. Victor Cousin, for example, said to me, "You English are thwarting our policy in Italy—you are insulting us, but we insult nobody."

Napoleon, however, was well aware that all this international discomfort did not arise from any real divergence of national interests, and that the best way to get rid of it would be to bring the two nations closer

together through the bonds of personal and mutually beneficent intercourse.

All these causes united to make him extremely disposed to listen to the suggestions that reached him from the side of Mr. Cobden and M. Chevalier, and you all know that these good dispositions on his part, and the suggestions on their part, bore fruit in the French Commercial Treaty of 1860.

That treaty was severely criticised by many, from many different points of view. Some criticised it from the good old protectionist point of view. "The invasion of this or that English product will injure our English manufacturers," said the English protectionist. "The invasion of this or that French product will injure our French manufacturers," said the French protectionist. Others criticised it from the purely political point of view. "What you have done," said some English politicians who thought more of politics proper than of commerce, "is no doubt excellent, but you buy gold too dear; you strengthen a dynasty which is hostile to parliamentary institutions and is opposed by the best intellect of France."

"What you do is desirable in itself," said some French politicians, "but it is a sad mistake to have done it in the way you have done it. No reform of this kind will be durable in France, unless the protectionists are fairly warred down in parliamentary strife. You are building your house upon the sand of imperial will, not on the rock of national will, and in doing so you are putting a slight upon us, the representatives of free political institutions in France, and England's truest friends."

A third party criticised it from the point of view of free trade gone mad. "The only way," said they, "to spread the true faith of Adam Smith, is by example and

precept. There have been a great many *bad* commercial treaties in the world, *therefore all* commercial treaties are bad. There have been commercial treaties which have bound the contracting parties *not to give* advantages to other nations. It follows, therefore, that commercial treaties which must have the result of *giving great and immediate advantages* to other nations are a delusion and a snare. Accursed, therefore, be he who proposes, concludes, or defends a commercial treaty! May the doom of the rebuilder of Jericho be upon him!"

In spite, however, of all these objections, the French Commercial Treaty of 1860 came into force, and began to spread its influence far and wide. France knew, when she concluded the treaty, that England, having quite given up charging one duty on the same product if it came from one nation, and a different duty if it came from another nation, would, by the mere fact of concluding a treaty with her to allow certain French goods to come in without duty, be *ipso facto* and at once allowing similar goods to come in without duty from whatever nation they came; and England knew, when she concluded the treaty, that France intended to give the same advantages as she gave to England to all states which were willing to treat with her on the basis of the treaty she had just concluded with England.

The new *good* commercial treaty, accordingly, was an absolute disclaimer and repudiation of all that desire for *exclusive* advantages which was of the essence of the old *bad* commercial treaty.

Previously, however, to the conclusion of the French Commercial Treaty of 1860, England had a great many treaties with other nations, by which those nations bound themselves to give to England as good treatment as they gave to the most favoured nations. When, then, France had concluded with any of these nations a com-

mercial treaty based on her English treaty, by which she, France, became the most favoured nation, England, one instant after, got into precisely as good a position as France, with reference to that nation. As, then, France had got rid for all other nations of nearly all English duties whatever on their products, so France got rid for England of a great part of the duties levied upon English products in the ports of most European nations, and as almost every nation had taken care to stipulate that it should be in the position of the most favoured nation, the benefit went on extending itself very rapidly.

Meanwhile some new commercial treaties were concluded directly between England and other countries. There was one concluded with Turkey on 29th April, 1861, which did much credit to the statesmen of that country.

There was one concluded with Belgium on 23rd July, 1862, in which she made some important concessions as to matters of detail.

There was one concluded with Italy on 6th August, 1863, by which, in addition to promising to put us in the position of the most favoured nation, the Italian Government engaged not to *prohibit* the importation into Italy of any kind of British goods, and made certain other very desirable arrangements, about the way in which import duties should be calculated.

There was a treaty with the Zollverein, securing to the contracting parties the most favoured nation treatment, and stipulating that neither of them should prohibit the exportation of coal, or levy any duty on its exportation. This treaty, by-the-way, was remarkable as being the first in which England bound herself for her colonies.

Austria, however, remained the great citadel of protection, and in consequence of the uncomfortable political

relations which existed between her and France, the initiative in negotiating with her was taken by England. Accordingly, negotiations began, first informally, through Mr. Somerset Beaumont and others; at length formally, through Sir Louis Mallet and Mr. Morier; till on 16th December, 1865, a treaty was concluded with her, and on 30th December, 1869, a further convention was made, which stipulated that all British produce and manufactures, except cotton and woollen, with regard to which special arrangements were agreed upon, should go into Austria upon the same terms as the produce of the Zollverein.

By this time a whole network of treaties had been concluded between various members of the European political states' system, all having the same tendency as those to which I have alluded.

The year 1870, accordingly, found us in this position: All the great trading nations of Europe—England, France, the Zollverein, Austria, Italy, Holland, and Belgium, were one great international body, by all whose parts the principle of stipulating for exclusive advantages for its own commerce *seemed* to have been abandoned, and not one part of which could take off a duty without every other part at once enjoying increased facilities for its commerce; while, within this body, the operation of the favoured nation clause was, as we have seen, such as to make the arrival at almost unlimited freedom of exchange merely a question of time.

Checked to some extent, no doubt, by the events of that terrible year, the good influences which had been set on foot by Mr. Cobden and Sir Louis Mallet worked on and on, gathering strength with every month that passed over our heads, till at last, in 1873, the following results could be noted: Our trade with France had risen, in round numbers, from twenty-six millions, at

which it stood the year before our commercial treaty with that country, namely, 1859, to seventy-three millions. Our trade with Belgium had risen from eight millions, at which it stood the year before our commercial treaty with that country, namely, 1861, to twenty-seven millions. Our trade with Italy had risen from eight millions, at which it stood the year before our commercial treaty with that country, namely, 1862, to twelve millions.

Look now at 1865, the year preceding the general establishment of the new network of commercial treaties. In that year our trade with Germany was forty-four millions, in 1873 it was fifty-six millions. Our trade with Holland was twenty-seven millions, in 1873 it had risen to thirty-seven millions. Our trade with Russia was twenty-three millions, in 1873 it was thirty-two millions. The total of our imports and exports, excluding those to and from British possessions, had risen from two hundred and forty-five millions, in 1859, to five hundred and thirty millions, in 1873. The value of the produce of the United Kingdom sent to European countries and to their dependencies had risen during the same period from forty-five millions to one hundred and thirteen millions. I do not think it would be possible to point to any measure in English history which so rapidly and so noiselessly produced such vast results, as that which we debated in the session of 1860.

And let it not be forgotten that every one of these increases of English trade implied a vast increase to the trade of other countries, so that the impulse given to the *general* prosperity of Europe is quite incalculable. Remember, further, that this increase of European trade implies a far greater amount of increased prosperity to the working class than would have been created by a similar increase to the amount of trade with distant

countries which it takes a long time to reach, such as India or the Australian Colonies. That trade will be most profitable to our manufacturing population which most rapidly turns over capital, and is constantly calling for new supplies of goods to be distributed.

I am aware, of course, that there is a certain difference of opinion as to the exact amount of effect in the production of all this prosperity, which is to be assigned respectively to the commercial treaties and to other influences, such as the extension of the railway system; but it is sufficient for my argument that a very large part of the effect is due to the commercial treaties, and that is not now disputed by anyone for whom my observations are, on this particular occasion, intended.

Such, then, being the results of the modern commercial treaty system, is it necessary to do anything more than simply congratulate each other upon these results? I am sorry to say, gentlemen, that it is necessary to do a great deal more.

These commercial treaties were each and all of them great concessions to freedom of exchange; each and all of them had the tendency to bring nearer that remote but blessed day, when there will be no such thing as customs duties from one end of the world to the other, when we shall as soon think of making a merchant give us some of his goods, or a traveller give us some of his luggage, for the privilege of bringing them into our country, for that is what it comes to, although we make our exactions in coin and not in kind, as we do now of pulling his teeth for the same privilege. They were, accordingly, extremely distasteful to all the persons who consider that customs duties are a highly desirable and proper method of raising the revenue, while they were the very abomination of desolation to all those sinister interests which had been buoyed up by the old system

of absolute protection to native industry. A man who had made his fortune, and trusted largely to increase the same, by selling indifferent iron to his countrymen in France, would naturally look with little love upon the persons who diminished his profits, and perhaps imperilled his fortune, by pouring in good iron and forcing him out of the market.

There was a time when, if the *Governments* had been thoroughly convinced, the irritation of these people would have had little effect; the Governments would have held on their way and allowed them to sink or swim.

The last half-generation, however, has happily seen an enormous development of parliamentary institutions on the continent of Europe. There have been a great many changes in our own country in the last half-generation, but the general aspect of affairs, to a superficial observer, who happened to visit this part of the planet, coming say from the moon, would be much the same. But in almost every other country of Europe the changes are palpable and enormous; and in almost every one of these countries the sinister interests have, as was only natural and right, worked to the utmost the new weapons which circumstances have placed in their hands. There is, accordingly, in almost every part of Europe, a very strong movement to get these commercial treaties, when the periods for which they were concluded come to an end, set aside in whole or in part.

But, in addition to their open foes, they have a great many secret foes, persons who hate them as the strongest allies and instruments of their bitterest enemies; and, gentlemen, it is a very true instinct which makes persons who cling to this old idea that the natural state of man is war, and who are perpetually repeating the maxim, *Si vis pacem para bellum*, should abhor a huge machine

which is perpetually working to the tune, *Si vis pacem para pacem.*

Against these commercial treaties, and the way of conceiving international relations with which they cohere, are arrayed all these forces which used to be summed up in France under the name of Chauvinism; but which are, unhappily, by no means confined to France—flourish indeed very largely in our own country—all those forces which are combined in the pregnant and energetic phrase which I daresay we have all of us often heard, "I hate foreigners."

With these commercial treaties as natural allies stand all the men who look, as I confess I do, to *diplomacy* as the great engine for drawing the nations closer and closer together. Against them are, or should be, arrayed, if they knew their own interests, all those who look to big battalions as the great means of advancing civilisation.

Some of you may have seen the reports on the prospects of free trade, lately made to the Cobden Club, and published last month, but as many of you have probably not seen them, I make no apology for quoting some portions of them. They will show you that we have a great deal more to do than merely to congratulate ourselves on the results of the new commercial treaty system.

Mr. Max Wirth, a very distinguished statistician and economist, after describing the recent commercial crisis in Germany and Austria, writes as follows:

"With the destructive outbreak of the crisis which, although it began at the Bourse, soon reached every branch of industry in Austria as well as in Germany, protectionism re-appeared and offered to heal the wounds received by industry in the crisis. To effect this protectionism proposed giving up the treaties of commerce, all of which cease with the year 1876, and raising the duty

on imports. The wool manufacturers of Brünn were the first to utter an opinion of this kind, because they found themselves at a disadvantage, occasioned by the additional treaty of 1869. Next came the owners of the ironworks; and both branches of industry succeeded in obtaining the attention of the Government and the Reichsrath, so that their position was made the object of an official *enquête*. In the spring of 1875 protectionism succeeded in obtaining a triumph over free traders in the Austrian Congress of Economists, but merely by a total majority of voices, declaring itself altogether against the renewal of the treaties of commerce, and for autonomy in the tariff, which is in future to be raised. At the same time the protectionist party gave signs of life in different parts of Germany, especially in the Prussian Landtag and in the Bavarian Reichsrath."

Mr. George von Bunsen writes from North Germany:

"In Germany, too, plaintive voices have made themselves heard in Parliament and in the press or among manufacturers. When they speak much—and certainly not too much—of the astounding advance of French manufacture, do they attribute it to its real cause, viz. a fixed patriotic determination to work very hard, to work very well, and to work for fair wages peaceably? No, protection forsooth must have done it—the new laws of 1871 and 1872 were the panacea—and nothing but M. Thiers' reaction against those very principles, which the Anglo-French Treaty of Richard Cobden has formed into a leaven of the civilised world, could have saved France. The same error of judgment induces the same people to ascribe the present discouraging appearance of trade in Germany to our return to those more advanced economic rules which Prussia, to her honour be it remembered, was the first to inaugurate so early as 1818."

Mr. Montgomery Stuart, in the course of an extremely interesting letter, dated Rome, 20th July, observes: "One has been so long accustomed to regard Italy as the classic land of free trade, that it is at first somewhat difficult to realise the fact of any strong protectionist movement in that country."

He then proceeds to explain that the only Italian state in which free-trade doctrines were not only generally accepted in theory, but embodied in legislation, under the old *régime*, was Tuscany. He then shows how Mr. Cobden's Italian tour of 1847 strengthened the hands of the advocates of the good cause, and how it was immensely advanced by the splendid energy of Cavour.

"No wonder then," he observes, "if the successive annexations to Sardinia of the other Italian states, and the immediate extension to these states of the commercial legislation sanctioned in the north, were regarded as the definitive victory in Italy of free trade over protectionism. Ancient historical traditions and recent political experience combined—at all events appeared to combine—in making a policy of commercial freedom a prominent element in the national programme. How comes it then, one is naturally tempted to inquire, that only fourteen years after the death of Count Cavour, the possibility of a protectionist reaction with any chance of success should be so much as dreamt of? I believe that the explanation must be sought in various and quite different causes."

These he finds in the reaction after the death of Cavour, in the ignorant protectionism which flourished like all other evil things, in the old kingdom of Naples, in the accident which brought into power a cabinet more or less dependent upon Piedmontese protectionist manufacturers, in the annexation of the Venetian provinces, which carried into the Italian Parliament some protec-

tionist theorists, and above all in the evil effect of the *octroi* duties throughout the Peninsula—every commune which is cursed with an *octroi* becoming, *ipso facto*, a stronghold of protectionism.

"One might," he says, "fill a volume with the calamitous results of the *octroi* on national production. In the first place, there is created an immense disproportion between the price of provisions in close and open communes, and between the town and the country. The causes creating this disproportion, whilst acting first and immediately on home, do not the less act with crushing effect on foreign trade. Take, for example, the product in which, from its geographical position and its territorial conformation, Italy seems, as it were, destined by Providence to be one of the world's great exporters, quite as much so as France, Germany, or Spain—I mean, of course, wine. By the *octroi* system almost every motive, so far as the home market is concerned, is taken away from the landed proprietor, and much more from the common peasant cultivator, to improve his wines. The law gives to the municipal councils the power of establishing a tariff with a minimum and a maximum duty. The minimum duty is constantly imposed for such articles as vegetables, which, most easily supplied from the immediate neighbourhood, are furnished by the local proprietors; whilst the maximum is just as regularly imposed on the wines, which may enter into competition with those grown by the same proprietors. The distant wine-grower has, therefore, to encounter the double obstacle of the cost of the carriage and the maximum duty."

Signor Peruzzi, in a speech made before the Political Economic Society in Paris, on the 6th of August last, spoke with a good deal of apprehension about the probable fate of the treaties of commerce with Italy, while

he at the same time promised that the banner of commercial freedom should be held high by his friends and himself. These warnings are quite sufficient to make us feel that it is not a time for those who believe that the commercial treaty network is of vast importance, in a thousand ways, to the future of Europe, to be negligent, or *sinere res vadere ut vadunt.*

As Mr. Max Wirth remarks: "Free traders should by no means be inactive; they must not allow their fire to extinguish, or even to flag, for they have found out, from this last attack of protectionism, that protectionists have certainly learned one thing from them and from our immortal friend, Richard Cobden—energetic and persevering defence of their own interests."

I believe, gentlemen, that if we are active in our respective countries, we shall not only succeed in keeping up the existing commercial treaties to a great extent, but that the result of the discussion which we can force on, all over Europe, will be to enable us to carry our commercial-treaty policy still farther. I draw great comfort even from the very letters which I have been reading to you, for they show that although we have many enemies, we have many allies, both from conviction and from interest. From interest, I say, because the astounding trade figures which I quoted to you as those of 1873, could not have been arrived at without calling into existence a great number of industries, which would be most grievously injured by any serious retrogression on the road upon which Europe has entered.

You will not have failed to observe that, when M. Thiers exerted all his power to overthrow the edifice which had been built up so bitterly against his will, between 1860 and the calamitous war which his writings did so much to bring about, his success was after all *extremely* partial. He had to fight, not only all the

wiser portion of his countrymen, but a great number of new interests which by no means enjoyed the idea of a return, or anything like a return, to the *status quo* of 1859.

The same phenomena which we see in France may be seen in other countries. Bremen asks for protection; Remscheid protests against protection. The Austrian Chambers of Commerce ask for protection; Hungary says, "No, no! That won't quite suit me."

In fact, all over the continent of Europe, the two parties are in presence, and the free traders are naturally anxious that the English Government and individual Englishmen should do all in their power to assist them.

Some months ago, a leading German free trader communicated with a member of the Cobden Club, and proposed that there should be in the later autumn of this year a conference of the friends of free exchange held at Berlin, for the purpose of taking council as to what should be done in order to prevent the overthrow of the treaties, when the time for their revision arrives. The overture was met very cordially by the person to whom it was addressed, and by some others; but it has since been ascertained by those gentlemen in Germany, who conceived the idea, that it would be impossible to make the necessary preparations before Easter, 1876. The conference, I trust, will then take place, for I have no doubt that it will do good; but a great many months lie between us and Easter, 1876.* If the patient is to be saved, we must not let the disease run its course, unchecked, till that time. I should like to see those who, whether from opinion or interest, are in favour of keeping up or extending existing commercial treaties, bring, in every country in Europe, as much pressure to bear in favour of their views as they possibly can, and

* Other difficulties arose, and the conference did not take place.

bring it without delay. In our own country, I should like to see all the centres of industry endeavouring to strengthen the hands of the Government in its negotiations with foreign powers, by enabling it to say, "We do not merely press our views upon you because we think them theoretically correct, but because the whole of our manufacturers and many others are up in arms, and the retention, if not the extension, of the commercial treaty network is looked upon by our commercial classes as the most important affair which can, at present, occupy the attention of English diplomatists."

If, gentlemen, we succeed in keeping the *status quo* of 1875—if, that is, we allow the mighty machine that has been working since 1875 to go on unchecked—I think we shall have done a great deal. It is a time of political slack-water all over Europe, and nowhere more than in our own country. Still, although this is so, I do not despair of seeing, I will not say, progress made, in the free exchange direction, but inquiries set on foot which may lead to future progress in that direction. It was therefore with much pleasure that I heard my friend Mr. Cartwright give notice, shortly before the end of the session, that he would move next year for a committee on the wine duties. It is, you know, alleged by the Portuguese and Spaniards that the way in which we levy our wine duties operates most cruelly to them. They say, "England, with its cold damp climate, is our natural market, and you English are also the people who have got most articles to sell which we want. If you would so alter the mode of levying your wine duties as to enable us to send you more wine, we should be a great deal richer and able to buy a great deal more from you. The moment you alter your wine duties, which operate so hardly against us, we will lower our duties upon a great many of the English things which we want to buy

from you, and you will gain, too, excellent new markets in the Peninsula."

I know that there are some people who would tell us that the proper way to meet those remonstrances would be to say, "You foolish Portuguese and Spaniards, don't you see that, whether our duties are, or are not, cruel in their operation with respect to you, you are merely making your position worse by laying heavy duties upon your goods which you confessedly want to buy?" That is a perfectly good answer, as far as it goes, but it is not a *practical* answer. The best of the Portuguese and Spaniards would rejoin: "We know that perfectly well; we know that it would be better for every country to take off all customs duties whatever, but our people have got it into their heads that England, reversing the old policy of the Methuen Treaty, under which she treated France unjustly, by keeping her wines out of the English market, in order to favour those of Portugal, is now treating *us* unjustly by keeping *our* wines out of her market, in order to favour those of France. They have got, we say, this idea into their heads, and we Peninsular free-traders may preach till we are hoarse without getting it out of their heads. Besides, even if our governments were able to take off the duties upon *all* your goods, in the teeth of their parliaments, however well it might be for *us*, it would not do you any *great amount* of good, because, if you won't take our wine, we have really nothing to buy your goods with."

These representations, gentlemen, appear to me worthy of very serious consideration, but in reply to them the custom-house officials have, I well know, a variety of arguments by which they think they can show that we could only accede to the requests of the Peninsula Governments, at the price of great inconvenience to them, the custom-house officials, and considerable loss to

the revenue. Well, this may be so, but it is highly desirable that both parties should have an opportunity of submitting their views to the judgment of a select committee, and I believe I am right in thinking that the irritation in the Peninsula would be very much diminished if there was a full and fair inquiry* before an impartial tribunal.

If Mr. Cartwright is able to show that the Department of the Board of Trade, and the great and powerful sub-department of the Customs are at issue on this question, as I think he will, the case for a Parliamentary inquiry will be certainly strong.

But the Portuguese and Spanish are not the only people who maintain that some of the English customs duties operate very harshly with regard to them.

The landed gentry of North Germany are, as Mr. von Bunsen tells us, and as is well known, essentially free-traders, but they think that the way in which the English spirit duties are raised operates very unfavourably to their interests, and that, if concessions were made to them in this particular, they would be able to persuade their countrymen to make certain concessions which would be highly favourable to the English manufacturer. Mr. Faucher, a well-known economist and free-trader, wrote a most elaborate paper upon this subject, which will be found in a volume published by the Cobden Club.

I am not going to express any opinion upon Mr. Faucher's views, any more than I have done upon those of the Portuguese and Spanish complaints, but I think he has made out a case that calls for an inquiry before an impartial tribunal.

If the Portuguese and Spanish, and if Mr. Faucher and his friends, can show that the arguments on their side of the case outweigh those which will be brought

* This is still refused.

against them, and *if* it by any chance becomes clear that it will be largely for the interest of English commerce that the changes which they suggest should be made, good and well, we shall have an extension of the commercial treaty system, which I for one shall be, in the absence of overwhelming reasons of convenience to the contrary, extremely glad to see; but the *pros* and *cons* of these proposals are matters for future inquiry. The success of the *existing* network of commercial treaties is, however, no longer a matter for inquiry. It has been proved by the experience of the last ten years, and while I hereby call your attention to the Portuguese, Spanish, and German allegations, I wish to urge each one of you, who has at heart the cause of free exchange and the binding closer together of the nations, to remember the critical position of the treaties, and to work for their support.*

* What has been gained, or, more properly speaking, *not lost*, since this address was delivered, is due rather to the interests that have sprung up amongst the ruled than to the wisdom of the rulers.

For a moment in the spring of 1877 the negotiations with France promised well, but they soon languished and died in the storms of the early summer.

Of late our ministers have been too much occupied with "high politics" to have time for the furtherance of so prosaic a blessing as commercial prosperity. Perhaps distress must bite a good deal sharper than it has yet done before the noisy crowd which cheered them on has once more learned that those who pursue a *spirited*, or, in other words, a *blustering foreign policy*, do but gather the apples of the Dead Sea shore.—Nov. 1878.

1847 AND 1876.

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YOUR head-master did me the honour, some little time ago, to ask me to address you on a political subject. I had great pleasure in agreeing to do this, for I hold with those who think that young Englishmen can hardly be led too early to take an interest in politics, if we understand the word politics in its higher and only true sense. For Englishmen, such as you, not to care about politics, implies one of two things: Either that they do not know their position in the State and their duties to others, or that they are supremely indifferent at least to the temporal welfare of their countrymen. That is not the frame of mind appropriate to an English public school, not the frame of mind which was encouraged by the study of the Greek and Latin writers, even when that study was prosecuted, as it used to be when I was a boy, and is far too often now, in a very narrow and exclusive way. Much less is it a frame of mind compatible with a really liberal system of education.

So then we shall talk of politics to-night—but of what politics? Not the English politics of the day, for many of you have brought from your homes, or have formed for yourselves, your own ideas as to at least the *personal* part of current English politics. You like this public

character, and you dislike that. It would not accordingly be possible for me, who, though I trust I am not an unfair or violent party man, am yet, as everyone who wishes to be of any sort of use in English public life must be, a decided party man, to talk frankly of current English politics without offending some of you; and I should be very sorry to do anything of the kind.

After thinking over the matter, then, I determined to take for my subject the only department of politics which had begun to interest me when I was as young as the oldest of you now are—that is, just before I went up to the University—and to try to put before you, of course in the roughest kind of outline, the changes that have taken place in Europe since that time.

The Europe in which you are beginning to take an interest is a very different one from that on which we, your predecessors, first opened our eyes in the latter half of the year 1847.

England had then been at peace for a generation, which might be divided into two pretty equal halves. During the first, she had been chiefly under the dominion of Conservative, during the second, of Liberal ideas. The statesmen who had most affected her destinies, during the fifteen years previous to 1847, had been largely occupied in redeeming the mistakes of their immediate predecessors, and in bringing the country to a point which it would doubtless have reached long before, if the follies of the friends, and the cowardice of the enemies, of the French Revolution had not by their action, reaction, and inter-action kept it for a long time from pursuing the one road that can lead to any good in politics, the road of cautious, but at the same time constant, progress. At length, however, the long bewildered land was fairly on the right track. Political power was pretty justly distributed, although voices,

asking for a wider distribution of the right of voting, here and there made themselves heard, and new classes began to knock at the door of the Constitution. The Corn Laws had been repealed, and the tariff much simplified. Free trade, in fact, was rapidly getting adopted, in theory, as the guide of all our commercial arrangements, although much remained, as something still remains, to be done, before the theory is made quite to square with the practice. Our colonial empire was beginning to take the outline which has been since so rapidly filled up, and the same may be said of India, although hardly one institution which then existed in connection with the government of that country is any more in being.

The England, however, of 1847 was a very small and weak power, compared to that on which we now look. How poor and small no one would believe, till he has looked a little carefully into statistics.

The remarkable movement to which Archbishop Whately gave the name of Newmania, and which created for a time so formidable a diversion to the spread of really liberal opinions, had spent much of its force. The finest minds which were formed by it had found their natural resting-place in the bosom of the Roman communion, and all that was best in England was gradually being drawn back into the main current of European liberal thought. Those who went up to Oxford in 1847 saw, I consider, just the turn of the tide, saw, in their three years of residence, the Oxford of the "Lyra Apostolica" slowly giving way to the Oxford whose spirit is best reflected by the poems of Clough and Matthew Arnold. I hope that someone in your generation who can appreciate all that was beautiful in that strange episode of English life, which lasted through the fourteen years previous to 1847, but who also sees that it was merely

an episode, a kind of enchanted island, will one day tell its story—*sine irâ et studio.*

France, our nearest neighbour, was ruled by a monarch whom it was the fashion of England to regard as wisdom personified. True it is that, at the time of which I speak, his conduct in the affair of the Spanish marriages had rudely shaken the confidence which many English politicians reposed in him, making them remember the Italian proverb, "More fox skins than asses' skins find their way to the furrier." But the vast majority of people in England, who cared about politics, still believed that he had found the best way to apply to France a system of constitutional or quasi-constitutional government, in spite of many ominous signs of uneasiness which from time to time appeared.

Italy was still, in the words of Metternich, a mere geographical expression. Parcelled out amongst a variety of petty sovereigns, she was politically powerless beyond her own frontiers, while within them every worthy aspiration had been, since the peace of 1815, most studiously repressed in every part of the country, except in the Grand Duchy of Tuscany, and, latterly, in the kingdom of Sardinia. Only just before the time of which I am speaking a new Pope had shown Liberal inclinations, and had manifested a disposition to put himself at the head of the Catholic Liberal party, which had found a voice in the eloquent, and in some respects enthusiastically Catholic, Gioberti.

The whole of the peninsula had been for many years undermined by moral fires as fierce as those which come to the surface in Campania and in Sicily, and far more widely spread. Every few months the police was on the track of some conspiracy, real or supposed, and from time to time there was an outbreak, which was invariably repressed, and as invariably ended in crowding

the prisons with political prisoners, and in adding a few more to the band of exiles who lived and plotted in London or in Paris.

Austria was to all intents and purposes mistress from Pontebba to Reggio. Venice and Lombardy were part of her own possessions. Parma and Modena were virtually the same; and she made no sort of scruple in letting nominally independent princes, who coquetted with Liberal opinions, understand that she was, and meant to be, supreme.

In Austria itself, the policy of systematic do-nothing which had been the life's work of the Emperor Francis, still slept on, under the nominal guidance of his well-meaning but incapable successor. Metternich was by this time a very old man, and although he was still, under the name of Prince Mitternacht (or midnight), the object of bitter hostility to the Liberal party, his influence, always immensely exaggerated so far as the internal affairs of the empire were concerned, had been long on the decline. Other men, however, who were in all ways inferior to him, really did the evil he was only supposed to do. Every transaction of life was hampered and hindered. No one could stir from his place of residence without the permission of the police in some shape or other. The press was subjected to the severest censorship. The books of travellers were closely examined, and constantly seized if they were supposed to bear in the slightest degree on any debated question of religion or politics. Everywhere the *mot d'ordre* of the Government was to prevent anything like movement of mind, in any direction whatever. The men who nominally advised, and really directed, the emperor—who used to occupy himself in counting the omnibuses which passed the window, while they discussed—would fain have surrounded his empire with a Chinese wall, over

which no rumour from the world beyond it could ever be allowed to come.

There was something imposing to the eyes of that outer world in this vast and gloomy mass, the realm of darkness and the giant Akinetos; but athwart the darkness strange forces were moving. Towards the close of the last century, Joseph II., an enlightened and able prince, but not a wise statesman, had tried to introduce into his dominions a variety of changes, many of which were of a highly salutary kind. He, went, however, far too fast, and stirred up almost in every province so formidable an opposition, that he was obliged to undo very much of his own work. Beneath the calm level of the Austria of Francis and of Ferdinand, the agitation which had been called forth by Joseph II. worked on, unobserved by Europe. Those, however, who chanced to have travelled in certain parts of the then little-visited empire, knew perfectly well that a crisis would ere long come. Here and there a warning voice was raised, as for instance, by Paget, in his excellent and never-sufficiently-appreciated book, "Hungary and Transylvania." It was at Carlsbad in Bohemia, in the summer of 1847, in the interval between my matriculating and going into residence at Balliol, that I first, from hearing discussed around me the then condition of Austria, began to take that strong interest in European politics which has been one of the greatest pleasures of my life. From Carlsbad I went down to have a look at the capital of Hungary, and the Danube valley, returning to England with the strongest possible impression that any spark falling anywhere would light up a conflagration all through central Europe. I not only thought so, but said so, speaking for the first time, where some of you will I hope soon be speaking, in that most admirable institution, the Union at Oxford, in February, 1848,

upon a motion made by Mr. Morier, our present representative at Lisbon, in favour of establishing diplomatic relations with Rome.

The spark which lit up the conflagration came, however, not, as had seemed likely for some weeks previous, from the south, but from the west; for, within a time to be counted by hours from that at which I spoke, came the news that the seventeen years' siege of the July monarchy—to use the happy phrase of a French publicist—had at length ended in its fall. Yet a few more hours, and the King of France was a fugitive on our shores, and the tremendous events of the great year of revolutions were running their fateful course.

In Prussia, something like a parliamentary system had been introduced early in 1847; but it was not a parliamentary system of the modern kind, such as the people had been led to expect. It was a strange, old-world resurrection, the offspring of the fantastic genius of Frederick William IV., whose mind was deeply dyed with that romanticism which made the round of Europe in his early days, producing the Waverley Novels in Scotland, Manzoni in Italy, Montalembert in France, and the movement of 1833 in the Church of England. Up to the date of the calling together of the assembly known as the "United Diet," on the 3rd of February, 1847, Prussia had been a despotic monarchy; a fact which you will do well to remember, when you hear people comment unfavourably upon some of the political phenomena which may be observed in that country at this moment; but it was a despotic monarchy, managed by an admirably-skilled, conscientious, and efficient body of functionaries, who were largely influenced by modern ideas, so that the saying which was frequently in the mouths of persons in high place at Berlin, "Nothing by the people, everything for the people," was a much

more accurate expression of the character of the government than it would have been in most of the other countries of which I have been speaking. Germany was governed by a body known as the Diet, which sat at Frankfort, and over which Austria and Prussia exercised vast influence, the first being considered more powerful than the second. They generally acted together, when there was any question of repressing popular movements; but they were extremely and increasingly jealous of each other. In none of the minor States of the Fatherland was there any real political activity, but in nearly all the German-speaking countries, always excepting Austria, popular education had spread very widely. Several of the smaller courts were most creditably distinguished by their patronage of literature and art, while almost everywhere there was a vigorous academical life. During the thirty years previous to 1847, Oxford and Cambridge acted as drags on the national coach; but it was quite otherwise with Berlin, and Leipsic, and Heidelberg, and the German universities generally. They were the fiery coursers, which drew the national coach, while her statesmen were occupied in putting on the drag. And of the two extremes, let me say in passing, that which was then seen in Germany is far the best. Of course, it is desirable that both professors and practical statesmen should be perfectly wise, each hitting the golden mean, and being anxious to go neither too fast nor too slow; but the state of things in which the professor, the man of theory, is anxious to make things perfect at once, while the politician has to say, "All in good time; but don't let us be in such a tremendous hurry," is much more healthy than its opposite.

Far off, beyond the Vistula and the little-known provinces of East Prussia, loomed the vast empire of the Czars. Hardly anyone in western Europe, out of

diplomatic circles, had any real knowledge about it. Haxthausen's admirable book had indeed appeared, but the information contained in it had scarcely begun to filter down into the minds of even professional politicians. Well-read men, like Dr. Arnold, represented Russia to themselves as something like that great hive of nations which overwhelmed of old the civilisation of Rome. She was believed, and she believed herself to be, enormously strong; and those who, like Mr. Cobden, saw that much of her prestige was founded in illusion, were too few and too loudly contradicted by appearances to produce much effect upon the public.

The Emperor Nicholas, a man of excellent intentions and many great qualities, had lived, ever since the conspiracy of 1825 which welcomed him to power in so terrible a way, under the influence of two all-absorbing prepossessions—first, that his position at home was extremly dangerous, that, to use his own words, he "sat upon a volcano;" and, secondly, that within certain limits and for certain purposes, he was verily and indeed the elect and anointed of heaven, commissioned to hold erect the principles of order and of faith, in a world which was becoming every day more unbelieving and revolutionary. The fearful inheritance of absolute power, which had come to him so contrary to his own wish, had gradually changed his character, and made him in many respects the tyrant which he was popularly, but quite erroneously, supposed to be in all. The most authentic descriptions of the state of society, even in Petersburg and Moscow, during his last years, read like a bad dream. An Argus-eyed police prevented even the most harmless discussions; spies swarmed in every company. The peasantry were serfs. A middle class did not exist; and although there were many isolated nobles whose lives had, no doubt, a very brilliant side, they were abso-

lutely without political power, and might at any moment, if they showed the smallest desire to obtain any, be hurled from their high estate into utter ruin. Communication with the West was put under every possible restriction that passport formalities and prohibitive duties could entail.

It was not only within his own dominions that the Czar was a dread and sinister power. It is true enough that the Holy Alliance, properly so called, never came to anything—was, indeed, a popular bugbear. But the three Great Powers of the East, holding firmly together, were always ready to help each other against their own subjects; and, at this time, the immense personal influence and strong will of the Russian ruler, taken into connection with his network of family ties in Germany, gave him a preponderant voice alike in Berlin, in Vienna, and in Frankfort. To every Liberal on the continent of Europe, and to every English Liberal who occupied himself about European politics, the Emperor Nicholas, in the end of the year 1847, was "he that letteth," a strong tower of defence for all that was most repugnant to reason and common sense.

Of the Northern Powers, Denmark, Sweden, and Norway, we heard little or nothing. The former was about to fill the thoughts of English statesmen a good deal more than was desirable; but the time had not yet quite come, although beyond the Rhine the discussion which was inaugurated by the famous pamphlet, "Who inherits in Schleswig?" was already in full career.

Belgium, under the guidance of a wise king, was quietly working out those reforms which enabled her to go so tranquilly through the stormy period that was near at hand, and the same may be said of her old enemy but by that time very good neighbour, Holland.

Spain had passed some eight years, since the Con-

vention of Vergara gave peace to her long-distracted provinces, and had for awhile been much quieter than Portugal, which was harassed by troubles arising from causes of a local character.

Switzerland was in the middle of a civil war, which happily terminated very quickly, without the effusion of much blood, not, however, without giving another warning to Europe.

The Eastern Peninsula had long attracted the anxious attention of diplomatists and statesmen, but Turkey and its affairs had not yet become an object of intense popular interest in the West, as it was soon to do. The Philhellenic enthusiasm, which had been called forth twenty years before, had long since burnt itself to ashes. People smiled to remember that there had been a time when they saw in the struggles of the Greek war of independence, full as they were on both sides of all that was ignoble and horrible, the resurrection of a people which was once more to gild the hills and isles of the Archipelago with all the glory of Athens. Otho was far from popular, and a few years before had been obliged to make great concessions to the movement party; but in Greece, as elsewhere, the general aspect of things was peaceful enough.

Such, in the broadest and briefest outline, was the outward aspect of that Europe in which men of my age first began to take an interest; but under its surface there were, as I have already hinted, some tremendous powers, which have had much to do with calling into life the very different Europe about which you are beginning to care; and I must now say a little more as to these.

First, there was the desire for constitutional government—the desire of the educated middle class for some share in the management of the State under which it

lived, and to whose prosperity it mainly contributed. This was originally an English, or, as it was called by its opponents, an Anglomaniac movement, which, having spread over the Continent through the writings of Voltaire, and other French authors, during the eighteenth century, was then wholly interrupted for a time by the Revolution, but reappeared, after the great peace, deeply dyed in many places by the colours of that Revolution.

Secondly, there was the passion for equality which, in so far as it is not the outcome of universally diffused human instincts, was chiefly of French growth; but had extended itself largely, especially amongst the artisans of most European countries.

Thirdly, and closely related to the last-mentioned, there were the dreams and aspirations which had found a voice now in St. Simon, now in Robert Owen, now in Fourier, now in Cabet—dreams and aspirations of men who saw that there was a great deal that was unreasonable and unjust in the apparently hap-hazard arrangements of society, and conceived that these hap-hazard arrangements could be set aside by sudden acts of power, so that the fruits of common weal, to which we look forward as the result of generations of labour, might be grasped all in a day.

Fourthly, there was the profound undermining of old ecclesiastical ideas which, commencing in England with Locke and his successors, had passed into Germany about the middle of the eighteenth century, and had led, there, to those gigantic philosophical and critical labours, the results of which are becoming the general inheritance of nearly all educated men under middle life—at least in Protestant countries.

Fifthly, there was the widely extended desire on the part of the rulers of the world to rule well, wisely, and

generously, if only they knew how; the same tendency which had shown itself in Peter Leopold of Tuscany, in Joseph II. of Austria, nay, even at Naples, before the French Revolution, and which had now revived with a generation which had forgotten, or begun to forget, that dreadful scare.

Sixthly, there was the passion for nationality—the desire that those who "resemble should assemble," an old and natural tendency which, having been long inoperative as a political force, had been for some time growing in strength, finding mouthpieces in the most diverse persons, and in the most diverse places—in Niebuhr one day, in Mazzini another, and in the obscure agitators of Agram or Debreczen on a third.

Now let us turn to the other side of the shield, and look at the world in which you are soon to take a part. England has become far more populous, far richer, far more powerful. Many of her colonies which were just beginning their life, thirty years ago, have grown into great and powerful states, such, for instance, as Victoria. Others which did not even exist, such as Queensland, are preparing to run the race of prosperity side by side with their elder sisters.

Great provinces in India, provinces which, like Oude, are as large as European kingdoms, have been added to our Eastern Empire; while over all of it our hold has become stronger as well as more beneficent. At home justice is better administered. There is less crime in proportion to the population, education is more extended, and great subjects are discussed with more toleration and openness of mind.

Two or three vessels of our present navy would sink all the vessels of our navy as it was in 1847, while a few thousands of our present army, far more numerous, be it observed, than that of thirty years ago, would hold their own against whole legions of their, according to our

present notions, hardly armed predecessors. Our manufactures have not only very much increased in amount, but the sense of beauty has been extensively developed amongst our workmen. You will often hear it said that money goes less far than it used to do in this country, but that, except as to articles of which the supply is very limited, such as the finest pictures and the rarest wines, is to a great extent a delusion, arising partly from one or two important items of housekeeping having become dearer, such as meat and servants' wages, but chiefly from the fact that we all live more expensively than people did a generation ago. A thousand sovereigns coming into any man's pocket, in the year 1876, will enable him to buy, if he knows how to employ them judiciously, many more of the pleasures and advantages of life than they would have done in the year 1847. Look round in every direction, and you will find that in all ways England is a better and pleasanter place to live in, for all classes, than it was in 1847. If the generation to which I belong and the generation to which you belong, do their duty and are wise, the historians of the last five-and-twenty years of this century will have even a more wonderful tale of prosperity to tell.

Next let us cross the Straits of Dover, and see what will meet our eyes there. France, like England, is more materially prosperous than she was in 1847, but on the other hand there is no certain indication that she has definitely passed out of her revolutionary period, and got to a point where the path stretches clear before her. If she would once for all forswear military ambition, once for all make up her mind to play the part of Athens, rather than of Rome, in Europe, if she would adopt a free-trade policy, if she would take real securities for individual liberty as against the State, it would make very little matter to the great mass of her citizens whether she was a monarchy or a republic; but unfortunately it looks

just at present as if she was far from prepared to do any of these things. She has, without any necessity, made all but universal the obligation of military service which her own folly and wickedness, two generations ago, forced upon Germany. She dreams of re-recovering from her great neighbour the provinces which that neighbour lately recovered from her, and which in another thirty years will be nearly as German as Cologne. An enormous mass of all that is best and most respectable in her society is bound, by its allegiance to the most extreme form of Ultramontanism, to be actively hostile to all modern ideas. In various stata of the community, on the other hand, the passion for equality has killed down all the old beliefs and reverences which kept the fabric together, while there has not been substituted for them anything like that devotion to the State which Hegel did so much to make a living creed beyond the Rhine. The false gods of Napoleonism, and of the ideas of 1793, have still countless worshippers, the one chiefly amongst the peasantry, the other amongst the masses of the towns.

I hope you will not see such sensational days in that in many respects attractive—nay, fascinating—country, as those which riveted our attention in the year 1848, but he would be indeed a bold man who would attempt to say whether you will or will not do so.*

Nowhere are the changes which a generation has produced more conspicuous than in the Italian peninsula. The kingdom of Sardinia is merged in the kingdom of Italy. The Austrian has vanished from Lombardy and Venice. Parma is gone; Modena is gone; Tuscany is gone. The kingdom of the Two Sicilies is gone. The temporal power of the Pope is gone. Railways extend, in an almost unbroken line, from the top to the toe of

* At this moment, November, 1878, things look far more promising; but the madness of the 16th of May might well have had a different issue, and may not be the last—on the Right or on the Left.

the boot. The shops in Rome, round the Collegio Romano, Propaganda, and the church of the Minerva, buildings associated respectively with the Jesuits, the Dominicans, and the Inquisition, are full of works on scientific subjects. Newspapers, few of them it must be admitted of any great merit, spread the intelligence of the day, which used often, when I first travelled in Italy, to be jealously kept back by the Governments. Nearly all the monasteries are suppressed. The general of the Jesuits has gone to live at Fiesole, and the Pope is pleased to consider himself a prisoner in the eleven thousand rooms of the Vatican.

Savoy and Nice have, on the other hand, been lost, to recompense a great nation for having made war for an idea; but their loss is of no political importance.

If any artist wished to do for historical painting what Turner did for landscape in his Ancient and Modern Italy, he could hardly do better than put on canvas two scenes which took place in the Capitol some weeks ago, within a few hundred feet of each other, and which I witnessed. The one was the distribution of prizes to the successful candidates at the girls' schools supported by the municipality of Rome, and the other was the procession of the wonder-working image known as the Bambino, in the church of Ara Celi. The contrast between the intelligence of the countenances which figured in the one, and the want of intelligence of the countenances which figured in the other, was extraordinarily interesting. As the great door of the church opened to re-admit the priests who had gone out to show the image to the people assembled on the gigantic flight of stairs which leads to the Piazza below, the level rays of the sun, which was sinking behind the Janiculan, struck far up the central aisle, and my companion, who

had been with me also at the other ceremony, said "You see light is penetrating even here."

The Italian army, it must be frankly admitted, did not do very much towards achieving the independence of Italy, which has come about rather by the assistance of foreign nations, and through a skilful use of political opportunities. Now, however, it is acting as an admirable school for the more backward parts of the population, and transmitting even to the most remote villages the sense of a great and common country. The representatives of the people have shown much more good sense and political tact than most persons expected. The finances, which have been, and are, the greatest difficulty, get gradually into better order, and Italy, if she does not go forth in the search for new adventures, which, I trust, she is very unlikely to do, has every chance of a future which will compensate her for the long miseries of the past.

Austria, which had more hand in these miseries than any other State, has herself gone through changes almost as remarkable as the fair land which stretches into the Mediterranean, from her southern border; but while the history of Italy in the last thirty years has been one of uniform success, the history of Austria during the same period has been one of uniform failure. When *we* began to interest ourselves in politics, Austria was the first power in Germany and the first power in Italy. Now she has neither part nor lot in either one or the other. Nevertheless, at this moment Austria is probably stronger than she was then, and the motto "*Viribus unitis*," which the Emperor Francis Joseph took, when he ascended the throne, is probably a more accurate description of the state of his empire than it was during the earlier years of his reign, when it might have seemed to a superficial observer that the policy represented by those famous

words, the policy of governing so many widely differing provinces as if they were an homogeneous kingdom like France, was going to succeed. I say *probably*, because there are many facts about Austria which ought to be known before we can give a confident opinion, which are *not* known to anyone, or hardly anyone, in the west of Europe. This, however, I will venture to assert—that the difficulties before and around the empire, at present, are difficulties arising from the force of circumstances and the conditions of history. They are difficulties which no wit of men now living could have prevented or avoided. The arrangement made a few years ago, by which the empire became a two-headed thing like its own eagle, one head being Austria on this side of the Leitha, and the other being the provinces of the Hungarian Crown, is obviously a most difficult one to work—one requiring tact, patience, and intelligence, not merely at the centre of affairs in Vienna or in Pesth, but in the capitals of most of the provinces—requiring, too, the aid of much good fortune, if it is to be conducted to a successful issue. All that I most freely admit, and I admit, too, that the frontier questions, the relation of the German provinces to Germany, of the Slave provinces to the Slavic provinces of Turkey, and of the Roumanian districts which belong to the Crown of Hungary to Roumania, are full of infinite complications and possibilities of mischief. The chief interest of the European drama between this and the end of the century, at least to those who like *les émotions fortes*, will be, as I have said before,* not west but east of Vienna. Still I maintain that the dominions of the House of Hapsburg are a much more desirable place to live in than they used to be, and that the efforts that House has made since 1866, to accommodate its Government to new exigencies, deserve

* Introduction to "Elgin Speeches." Edinburgh, 1871.

the greatest possible admiration and respect. Your feelings to Austria and her rulers ought to be diametrically the opposite of what ours very properly were, thirty years ago.

To those who followed the wonderful Hungarian drama from the time when, through Government influence, Francis Deak was not elected for the county of Szalad in 1847, down to the present hour, that scene which some of you probably saw described in the papers the other day, when the Empress herself brought the wreath to the room where he lay in state, was one of the most touching in recent history.

The position of Prussia and of all Germany has hardly less changed than that of Austria. The unity of Germany, for which patriots were sighing, as men who had no hope, in 1847, has now become to a great extent an accomplished fact. That it has become so in the best way, I am very far from asserting. Much that has been done cannot be defended, and will pave the way, I fear, to more trouble in the future; but although I am no worshipper of success, and cannot pretend to share the blind admiration which many of my German friends, who thought as I did in 1865, feel for the statesman who was chiefly instrumental in making the German Empire as we now see it, I cannot but allow that the disappearance of Hanover, Hesse, and the like, is an unmixed blessing, and that Germany has been put in the way of incomparably greater prosperity than she has ever known. In the natural order of things she must be drawing very near to the end of a period of her history—a storm and stress period, if ever there was one. God grant that the new period which is coming may be as unalloyed a blessing to Europe, and herself, as those who have the best means of knowing what are likely to be its determining influences and tendencies confidently expect.

Do you at least, Englishmen just entering upon life, grasp the idea, that while you wish no ill to any nation —while you see that the European concert is sadly imperfect if the voices of England, France, Italy, and Germany are not all heard in it—the natural ally of this country is the great State which has done and is doing so much for intellectual freedom?

You will have plenty of reason to be, from time to time, irritated with Germany; you will often be astounded at the *crassa ignorantia* about this country, its tendencies and methods of proceeding, exhibited by Germans who ought to know better. Look, for illustrations of what I mean, at such a book as Weber's "Contemporary History;" but the sympathies of the two countries are in the main at one, and they have absolutely no interests which can by any possibility become conflicting.

For some years after 1847 the position of Russia seemed to grow ever greater. In 1849 the Czar saved the Austrian empire. In 1850 his influence imposed upon Prussia the humiliation of Olmütz, when that rising state seemed once more to sink back into contented vassalage to the House of Hapsburg. The prosperity of the Emperor Nicholas, and the overweening self-confidence which it engendered, remind one of nothing so much as a Greek tragedy, which some of you know well. It was the story of the Œdipus Tyrannus acted over again, on a gigantic scale. Destiny, however, had not in store for the mighty autocrat any peaceful grove of Colonos. The Furies did not come to him in the form of the good goddesses, when his heart broke in the great agony of that terrible spring, and the proud head which had attracted the eyes of his contemporaries more than that of any other man, lay down to its long sleep in the gloomy church which rises above the citadel of Petersburg. Hardly were his eyes closed,

when the whole edifice of his policy crashed down. The great fortress which had so long resisted the efforts of four nations, and had by its resistance exhausted the empire, incomparably more than would have been the case if it had fallen immediately after the fight on the Alma, was taken at last. A disastrous peace was patched up, and Russia, ceasing for years to take an active part in Europe, set to work to reform, as best she could, her internal abuses, and to re-collect her strength. She had the good fortune to find, in the son of the Emperor Nicholas, a man very different from his father—a man who saw what his country wanted, and who, not having passed through any such fiery trial as that which befell his predecessor in 1825, did not think that every change meant the overthrow of all that he held most sacred. The reforms which he has made one after another are of the most gigantic kind; the abolition of serfdom, the amendment of the courts of justice, the diminution, and to a great extent the abolition, of the cruelties of the old Russian criminal code, and the drawing across the country of great trunk lines of railway, are only a few of the vast benefits which will make his reign famous for ages.

In forming a judgment of Russia, persons of your age will have an advantage which persons of my age have not. We grew up abhorring, and most justly abhorring, Russia; and a great number of people of my time of life have never yet found out that the young bear, as Herzen called the new empire, is a different kind of beast from the old one. Do not misunderstand me; do not suppose that I put Russia on anything like the same platform as the great nations of the West; but, whereas in 1847 she was a huge middle-thing between Asia and Europe, which affected to keep back progress in countries far more advanced than herself, she is now

allowing herself, sometimes unwillingly, no doubt, to be gradually drawn along the road of progress in Europe, while in Asia she has been, up to this moment, a good and not a bad influence.

You will hear a great deal, as time goes on, about the advances of Russia in Asia, and the dangers that may be expected to arise therefrom. It is very right that English statesmen should keep their eye upon these advances, and know exactly what is going on—it is, indeed, their bounden duty so to do; but so long as Russia does not meddle with territories which are under our protection, we cannot interfere with her proceedings, except by amicably pointing out the inconvenience that may arise to both of us, from a too near approach in Asia, before the two countries have sufficiently learned to understand each other in Europe. There is quite as much of cowardice as of wise precaution in the talk which is kept up in some quarters upon this subject. A conflict with Russia would be, of course, a great calamity to us, but Russia has incomparably more to lose by it than we have.

The situation of the Northern Powers has altered in many ways since 1847, and always for the better. Denmark has, indeed, lost a good deal of highly disaffected territory, but she is now a much more compact and much more prosperous state. Her greatest claim on the respectful consideration of Europe arises, not from her past history, which has little to recommend it, but from the extent to which she has recently developed the higher forms of popular education, through the excellent organisation of her great museums, and from the names of Thorwaldsen, Andersen, and a few others, who have been real benefactors to the human race.

The two sister-kingdoms beyond the Sound—Norway and Sweden—have been steadily growing wiser and

happier through the last thirty years. They have become more closely united with each other, while vast reforms have been made, alike in the constitutional life and in the laws of Sweden. The wholly artificial arrangement, by which the family of a soldier of fortune from the south of France was sent to rule under the Arctic Circle, has turned out an unbroken and triumphant success.

Leopold II. of Belgium has not been less fortunate than the descendants of Bernadotte, or than his own father, in fulfilling the difficult task which has fallen to his lot. Belgium is still exposed to the same dangers to which it was exposed in 1847, and to no more. Its two dangers are the bitter hatred that burns in the breasts of its Clericals and Liberals, and the ambition of France. The first of these has been stimulated to new fierceness by recent events, and the second, although it slumbers, by no means sleeps. Whether you will see the little kingdom pass safely through the next thirty years is a secret of the future, which no one can divine at present. The support of ourselves, and other Great Powers, make it safe enough under existing circumstances; but one could quite well conceive circumstances arising which might make it the interest of a large portion of its inhabitants to be annexed to France—a state of affairs which might complicate the situation extremely.

Holland has pursued, since 1847, a career of unbroken prosperity, thanks partly to the good sense of its people, partly to their firm attachment to the House of Orange, partly to the *bona fides* which that House has shown, and largely to the efforts of one very remarkable man, now dead, but who was long the moulder of its internal policy; I mean Mr. Thorbecke.

I returned the other day to its shores, after an absence of some years, and it was quite delightful to

see in how many respects the country had advanced. Everywhere I found great new works of public convenience and utility. Parliamentary government had become much stronger and more assured. The chief difficulties of the Colonial question, which had so long perplexed politicians, had been got over, while the position of the working-classes is so much amended, that one of the leaders of the Radical party, having been asked, in my presence, what changes the masses now wished for, replied, "Well, the fact of the matter is, they are doing so well that I can't honestly say they wish for any." Over all this prosperity, the labours of the great Dutch *savants*, the Cobets, Kuenens, and the like, combine with the splendid Asiatic empire of Holland to shed a ray of romance, which prevents its prosperity from being dull or commonplace.

Switzerland has made great progress in a democratic direction, in the last generation. She seems, to the foreign observer, well-ordered, well-defended, and comfortable. The wonder is that, with all her good institutions, her liberty, education, and what not, the out-turn from the whole country, if we except Geneva, which is one-third French, and one-third cosmopolitan, should be so very poor. If any of you, ten or twelve years hence, wish to do a useful piece of political work, and have a year to spare, go to Switzerland, and make a study, not of peaks, passes, and glaciers, but of the human beings you find there. You will tell your countrymen a great deal which they don't know, and you will learn a great deal yourselves about the future of Europe, for in that small area not a few experiments are being worked out, which may be tried one day for weal or woe, on a larger scale.

Portugal has had, since 1847, a fairly fortunate, if not brilliant existence; but her great neighbour has not

been so lucky. For the first few years after 1847 she had a troubled life, which came to a crisis in 1854. Then things took a better turn, and she had a great material revival. In 1868 a revolution occurred, which seemed at first likely to lead to good results; but with the murder of Prim a terribly agitated period set in, and up to this moment it seems as if that was one of the very few political murders that has had decisive results; not that it has been of the very smallest advantage to those who are suspected of having been at the bottom of it.

From that day, however, the course of things has been so perplexed that I, for one, do not venture to give you any hint as to where you should place your hopes. The one comfort is, that frightful as are the calamities that have fallen on some parts of the peninsula, others prosper more than would seem to be possible, to us who live in what I may call so highly organised a society. In this respect Spain certainly derives an advantage from the loose connection of her provinces, which, under ordinary circumstances, is a great inconvenience to her.

Of all European countries, she is certainly the one in which practice is in the most violent contrast with theory. Let any competent person take up a book of Spanish proverbs, and he will very soon come to the conclusion that good sense and mother-wit have never found such admirable expression. Let him go a step higher, and look for wise maxims for the conduct of human life in the most difficult and delicate circumstances; let him look out for the kind of book which Oxenstierna, when he dismissed his son with the memorable saying, "Knowest thou not with how little wisdom the affairs of the world are conducted?" might have given him to help him to better that world, while taking the best possible care of his own interests, and he will find it—strange to say—amongst the works of a Spanish Jesuit. He has

been dead for more than two hundred years, but I defy a conclave of the keenest men of the world, and the most experienced statesmen, to produce anything better in the year 1876.* And yet, though the people think in many respects so wisely, and though the country is full of good elements, every act it performs, for long periods together, seems more foolish than the one before.

The Eastern Peninsula has, during the past generation, been the scene of great events, and its condition has become the subject of very deep interest to all the nations of the West, and not least to our own. When this period is looked at from a distance, it will be seen to have been just one stage in the gradual emerging of the Christian races, of that part of the world, from the flood of Asiatic and Mohammedan invasion which overwhelmed them in the fifteenth century. Wallachia and Moldavia have at length attained the object of their desires, and become united into one country under a foreign prince, owing, indeed, allegiance to the Sultan, but practically very little interfered with by the authorities at Constantinople. Servia has got rid of the Turkish garrisons, which, when I was first in that country, in 1851, and for many years afterwards, occupied Belgrade and other strong places. The Bulgarian nationality, the most numerous, and perhaps in some respect the best, of the European races over which the waves of the Crescent still flow, is becoming more conscious of itself, and beginning to think that the day may come when it, too, will have a voice in its own future. It has got rid of the vassalage in which its national Church stood to the Greek ecclesiastical authorities of the Fanar, and begins to let its voice now and then be heard, faintly indeed, but so, at least, as to remind Europe that it is not dumb. Greece has not advanced any nearer to the fulfilment of the

* See the next paper.

grande idée, as it used to be called, which was to restore the Byzantine Empire, and to replace, through Greek agency, the cross on St. Sophia. It has done sadly little even for its own prosperity, and although within the last few years things have been mending, so far at least as the public security is concerned, the modern Hellas must be, up to this moment, pronounced to be a European failure. I say a European failure, because though a great deal that has gone wrong has been due to the folly of the Hellenes themselves, a considerable part of the responsibility for their want of success must weigh on the statesmen who started the vessel on her career, ill-found and badly commanded.

Now the papers are full of the insurrection in the north-western provinces of European Turkey, and some of you are, I daresay, inclined to take sides, either with the Turk or with the Christian. That the troubles will end in a considerable weakening of the authority of the Porte in these provinces there can be no doubt, and as that is a natural process—part of the gradual rising of the submerged Christian races, there is nothing to be said against it; but do not be misled by the gushing nonsense of the Anti-Turks, any more than by the too sanguine dreams of the Philo-Turks. Truth lies between the two extremes, and we, happily, in England have nothing to do with the matter, except to help other and nearer powers in diminishing the amount of human misery which all insurrections of the kind, however necessary, inevitably cause.

It is fortunate that this one has occurred at a moment when it was urgently the interest of all the Great Powers to keep the peace in the East.

When everyone is anxious to keep the peace there is little danger of war, and I hope and believe that the present crisis, which has already worked such wide

financial ruin, will not work widespread misery of another kind.

And now I think I have, of course in an excessively fragmentary way, noted most of the chief external differences between the Europe of my and the Europe of your youth, but remember that there are far greater and deeper differences which are not external. Whole new sciences have grown up, while old ones have been so completely revolutionised that they can hardly be called the same. Prehistoric archæology, for example, which has done so much to give us new thoughts about the vast progress man has already made, and the height to which he may yet attain, cannot be said to have existed in 1847, while Mr. Darwin's "Origin of Species," which not only formed a new point of departure in biology, but has extended its influence into so many other fields of research, belongs to a far later date.

The tone of society is infinitely more intelligent and liberal. Many opinions which, thirty years ago, were looked shyly on, have become so much a matter of course that people forget what even they themselves used to think about them. So fast are things changing before our eyes that, when you in your turn can look back over a generation, you will, I daresay, be able to note even greater revolutions in men's way of looking at their environment, though you will hardly see, I should think, purely political perturbations, in Europe, on so large a scale as we have done.

And now I have tasked your attention long enough, but before I sit down just let me mention that, if you want a commentary upon much that I have been saying, you cannot do better than read the summaries lately reprinted by *The Times*, and that portion of the life of Lord Palmerston which has lately been published by Mr. Evelyn Ashley. That gentleman was very closely

connected with Lord Palmerston, and takes a rather more favourable view of him than the generation to which you belong is likely to do. Still it is an excellent book, very sensible in its judgments, and full of authentic documents from end to end.

It was unfortunate for the fame of Lord Palmerston that he did not die immediately after the Crimean War, and had so been spared the criticism which he will undoubtedly receive from your generation for his conduct in 1864, when he so nearly involved England in a contest which would have done much to neutralise many of the benefits which Europe derived from the overthrow of the policy of Nicholas.

But justice will require you to remember that it is not fair to expect a statesman to be more than the man of his century. Of the very greatest kind of man it has been truly said, "If the century in which he lives is not his, a great many others will be;" but the statesman must be essentially the child of time and place. If he is not limited by the exigencies of time and place, and strictly limited, he may be a far greater thing than any statesman, but a statesman he cannot be. In Lord Palmerston's youth Germany and German were hardly known to Englishmen, and no man to whom Germany and German were a sealed book could have seen his way clearly through the difficulties which surrounded politicians during the Dano-German contest, which will hereafter be remembered as a turning-point in the history of English foreign policy. Would that I were able to say that a younger generation of statesmen than that to which Lord Palmerston belonged, has that full understanding of, and sympathy with Germany, which are essential to a right understanding of the Europe in which we are living.

Do you, such of you as may devote yourselves to

politics, take care that no narrowness of this kind can be brought against you. Be English first of all, and last of all; but be European—not to say cosmopolitan—into the bargain. Above all things get betimes such a grasp of the great *literatures* of the modern world, as may enable you, when you come to deal with the *politics* of the modern world, to find your bearings, where others grope as pitiably as the generation to which I belong saw many English politicians do, in 1864, in 1866, and in 1870.

BALTHASAR GRACIAN.

FROM THE "FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW" OF APRIL, 1877.

AMONGST the papers of Schopenhauer there was discovered by Dr. Julius Frauenstädt a manuscript quite ready for the printer. On examining it, he found that it contained three hundred maxims by Balthasar Gracian, translated by Schopenhauer himself from the Spanish, and accompanied by a short notice of that author and his work. From this notice it is evident that Schopenhauer attached great importance to the original, and prided himself upon having been the only person who ever made a readable translation of it. It is, he says, absolutely unique, and no book on exactly the same subject was ever written before, "nor could anyone but a Spaniard (*ein Individuum aus der feinsten aller Nationen*) have attempted it. It teaches the art which all would fain practise, and is therefore a book for everyone; but it is especially fitted to be the manual of those who live in the great world, and peculiarly of young people who wish to prosper in that world. To them it gives at once and beforehand that teaching which they could otherwise only obtain through long experience. To read it once through is obviously not enough; it is a book made for constant use as occasion serves—in short, to be a companion for life."

Schopenhauer's translation was published in 1862,

and a copy of it was given to me soon afterwards; but it is only within the last few weeks that I have succeeded, through the kindness of a friend at Madrid, in getting the Spanish original, and in comparing it with the translation, which I find to be absolutely faithful in every case to the spirit, and in all but a very few quite insignificant instances to the letter, of the original. It is, indeed, a most finished piece of work, and one can quite understand why its author, unwilling to be confounded with the tribe of ordinary translators, kept it by him for long years.

I do not think that anyone who takes the pains to become acquainted with the "Oraculo Manual," either in Schopenhauer's translation or in Spanish, will think that the words of commendation which I have quoted above are at all too strong. It would be easy to find, especially in the works of the great French maxim writers, higher truths, and truths more brilliantly expressed;* but, taking the book as a guide, especially for those who intend to enter public life, I have never chanced to meet with anything which seemed to me even distantly to approach it.

Balthasar Gracian was a Jesuit, who was born in

* Nay, there are certain merits in quite subordinate French writers of that class to which Gracian has little claim. I open, for example, almost at random the "Pensées Grises," by M. D'Yzarn Freissinet, and I find at once, "Il ne faut pas être trop incrédule : il y a des faits vrais quoiqu'ils soient dans l'histoire." "On se conduit comme étant certain de la mort des autres et doutant un peu de la sienne." "Une coquette, cet être élégamment féroce, torture des gens d'esprit quelquefois vengés par un imbécile." "Les diamants sur une tête laide sont comme un phare sur un écueil : ils avertissent." "Ceux dont la seule occupation est de tuer le temps doivent être des bourreaux bien malheureux." "Un titre dont les événements de notre époque ont dissous la valeur est celui d'homme d'Etat. A présent, un homme d'Etat n'est qu'un ministre dans un Etat."

"Vauvenargues a dit vrai : Les grandes pensées viennent du cœur, mais c'est l'esprit qui va les y chercher."

1584, at Calatayud, in Aragon. Calatayud, in spite of its Moorish name, which means the Castle of Ayub, or Job, is the modern representative of Roman Bilbilis; so that Gracian was a townsman, or nearly a townsman, of Martial, for the modern town is about two miles from the ruins of the ancient, which are at a place called Bambola.

He published his works, which are numerous, under the name of his brother Lorenzo, and died in 1658, at Tarragona, where he was rector of a school.

The "Oraculo Manual" was thrown into its present form by Don Vincencio Juan de Lastanosa. An English version of it seems to have appeared in 1694, but I have never been able to pick up either that, or the French translations or paraphrases by Amelot de la Houssaye and Courbeville.

Ticknor, in his "History of Spanish Literature," criticises at some length one of Gracian's books, "El Criticon," and just alludes to the "Oraculo Manual;" but it is clear that he had no very intimate acquaintance with the latter, and that Schopenhauer's strong language would have startled him not a little.

Gracian seems to have been the first important writer who introduced into prose the affected style which is identified in poetry with the name of Gongora, and is known in Spanish literature as "Cultismo." I have no doubt that a certain grudge against him, on this account, made Ticknor pass him by with too little notice.

The "Nouvelle Biographie Générale," speaking of Gracian's works, observes, "Les observations exactes qu'ils renferment, leur style élégant, n'ont pu compenser l'obscurité de quelques idées trop métaphysiques et la prolixité des réflexions morales."

Bouterwek seems to have given some little attention

to the "Oraculo Manual," and his opinion is as follows:

> This has been more read than any other of the author's works. It is intended to be a collection of maxims of general utility, but it exhibits good and bad precepts, sound judgments and refined sophisms, all confounded together. In this work Gracian has not forgotten to inculcate his practical principles of Jesuitism,* to be all things to all men (*'hacerse a todos'*), nor to recommend his favourite maxim, 'to be common in nothing' (*'en nada vulgar'*), which, in order to be valid, would require a totally different interpretation from that which he has given it.

The reader will judge for himself as to how far these criticisms are well founded; but it is clear, that from one cause or another, a writer who was once widely known has become practically forgotten. The last Spanish edition was published, as far as I can discover, in the year 1773, but I venture to think that Balthasar Gracian is decidedly not one of those people of whom we can say with Omar Khayyám:

> And those who husbanded the golden grain,
> And those who flung it to the winds like rain,
> Alike to no such aureate earth are turn'd.
> As, buried once, men want dug up again.

His manner is to begin with two or three pithy words, "*Saberse dexar gañando con la fortuna,*" "*Obrar con buenos instrumentos,*" and the like, explaining each phrase by a short Tacitean paragraph, in which the greatest possible number of ideas are packed into the smallest possible number of words.

* He might have added—of St. Paul, and of reasonable people everywhere.

I translate in full a few maxims as specimens.

38. *Leave off the game with fortune while you are in luck.*—That is what all the best players do. A fine retreat is worth just as much as a gallant attack. Let a man bring his deeds, when there are a great many and enough of them, into safety. Felicity which lasts very long was ever suspicious. That which is interrupted is safer, and in that it has a certain sour sweetness, is even pleasanter to the taste. The more happiness heaps itself upon happiness, the more danger is there that some part of it will slip out of its place and the whole pile crash down. The intensity of the favour of fortune is often balanced by the shortness of its duration, for Fortune gets tired of carrying anyone very long upon her shoulders.

81. *Renew your brilliance.*—It is the privilege of the Phœnix. Excellence is wont to grow old, and with it fame. The staleness of custom diminishes admiration, and a novelty which does not pass mediocrity often eclipses the greatest eminence grown old. Let a man then work to be born again in valour, in genius, in fortune, in all things. Let him connect himself with novelties of a gallant and startling kind, dawning and redawning, like the sun. He should alter, too, the theatre of his brilliance, that, if here the want of it excite longing, there the novelty of it may excite applause.

101. *One half of the world laughs at the other, and fools are they all.*—Everything is good or everything is bad, as the suffrages of the world will have it. What one man follows another man persecutes. He is an intolerable blockhead who wishes to order everything according to his own ideas. Perfection does not depend upon what pleases a single person. As many tastes as heads, and as different. There is no fault which has not someone enamoured of it, nor must we lose courage if what we do does not please some, for there are sure to be others who will value it; and yet we should not be made vain by their applause, for there are equally sure to be again others who will wholly disapprove. The real measure of true satisfaction is the applause of famous men, and men who have a right to speak about the matter in hand. One does not live dependent on one vote, or on one fashion, or on one century.

133. *Better be mad with everybody else than prudent alone.*—So say politicians. For if all are mad one is not behind anybody else, and if the prudent man is alone he will pass for mad, so important it is to follow the current. Sometimes the greatest wisdom lies in ignorance, or the affectation of it. We have got to live with others, and the ignorant are in the majority. To live alone one must be

very like a god or quite like a beast; yet I would modify the aphorism, and say, better be prudent with the majority than mad by oneself. There are some people who seek for originality in chimeras and crotchets.

138. *Have the art to let it alone,* and the more so the wilder as are the waves of public or private life. In human intercourse there are whirlwinds and storms of passion, and before them it is wise to retire into a secure haven. Remedies often make illnesses worse; let us then leave in such cases free course to physical and moral influences. The physician requires as much knowledge not to prescribe as to prescribe, and sometimes the highest art consists in not applying remedies. The way to still storms in great multitudes is to hold one's hand and let them go down of themselves. A timely giving way for the present assures victory later. A fountain gets turbid by a little movement, and does not become clear by our trying to make it so, but by our leaving it to itself. The best remedy against discord and confusion is to let them run their course, for so they quiet down.

278. *Contradict not the contradictor.*—One must observe whether the contradiction comes from craft or from vulgarity. It is not always conceit, but sometimes artifice. One should in the first case be careful not to get into difficulties, and in the other not to be ruined. Care is never better expended than in dealing with spies, and against the picklocks of the mind there is no better defence than to leave inside in the lock the key of caution.

196. *Know the star of your fortune.*—There is no one so infirm as not to have one, and if anyone is unfortunate it is because he knows it not. Some stand high in the favour of princes and of the powerful, without knowing why or wherefore, except just that good luck has facilitated their acquiring favour, helped, and only helped a little, by taking trouble. Others acquire the goodwill of the wise. Sometimes a man is more acceptable in one nation than in another, and better seen in this city than in that. Just in the same way he has more fortune in this office or profession than in others, and all this although his merits in these respective positions are equal, nay, absolutely identical. Fortune shuffles the cards as and when luck wishes. Let every man know his own luck as well as his own peculiar talent, for on this it depends whether he loses or wins. Let him know how to follow his fortune and to help it, by no means exchanging or missing it, for that would be to miss the north, though its neighbour calls us to it like a speaking-trumpet (*i.e.* to miss the north though the pole-star points to it).

276. *Understand how to renew your spirit by the help of Nature and of Art.*—They say that every seven years the disposition alters. Well, then, see that it does so by improving and making more noble the taste. Reason makes its appearance after the first seven years, so then let a new perfection be added with every *lustrum*. Man should observe this natural change, and help it on, and hope also for improvement in others. It comes from this, that many have changed their behaviour with their profession or their office. Sometimes no one perceives it till it appears in the highest degree. At twenty a man will be a peacock; at thirty, a lion; at forty, a camel; at fifty, a snake; at sixty, a dog; at seventy, an ape; and at eighty—nothing.

111. *Have friends.*—It is the second existence. Every friend is good and wise for his friend, and among them all gets well managed. Every man will be worth just so much as other people please, and in order that they may please, one has to gain their mouths by their hearts. There is no enchantment more powerful than to do a good turn, and the best way to gain friendships is to do friendly things. The most and best that we have depends upon others; we must live either amongst friends or amongst enemies. Try every day to acquire one, not exactly to be a near friend, yet to be a well-wisher. Some will later, after they have gone through a period of probation, remain behind as confidential friends.

99. *Reality and appearance.*—Things pass not for what they are, but for that which they appear. Few are they who see into the inside of things. Many are they who hold wholly to appearances. It is not enough to be right, if that right have an appearance of falsity and ill.

20. *Be a man of your century.*—Extraordinary men are dependent upon their time. Not all have found the century of which they were worthy, and many have found it indeed, but have not been able to profit by it. Some were worthy of a better century, for it is not always that every good thing triumphs. Things have their periods, and even the highest qualities are subject to fashion. The wise man has, nevertheless, this advantage, that he is immortal. If this is not his century, at least a great many others will be.

The above will give an idea of Gracian's method, and I now proceed to run through his maxims, translating none of the others, in their entirety, except the last,

but giving, I trust, enough of them to make some few people desire to possess the whole.

2. *Character and intellect.*—The two axes of the brilliance of our accomplishments. To possess one without the other is only to have half fortune. Understanding is not enough. There must be geniality.

3. *Leave people in uncertainty about your purposes.*— . . . Imitate the heavenly powers in keeping men full of speculation and unrest.

6. *Let a man reach his perfection.*—We are not born finished. With every day that passes we should perfect ourselves in ourselves and in our calling, till we reach the point of our completed being, when all our accomplishments and best qualities are at their highest.

7. *Take care not to attain victories over your superior.*—All conquest is detested, and to conquer your master is either a folly or a calamity. All superiority is abominated: how much more superiority over superiority!

9. *Avoid the faults of your nation.*—Water shares in the good or bad qualities of the veins through which it passes, and a man in those of the clime in which he is born. . . . There are many family faults and faults of position, faults of office and faults of age. If they all meet in one person, and are not opposed by attention, they make an intolerable monster.

10. *Fortune and fame.*—The one is as enduring as the other is inconstant—the first for life, the second for the after-time; the one against envy, the other against forgetfulness. Fortune is wished for, and sometimes helped. Fame is won by diligent search. . . . Fame was, and is, the sister of the giants.

11. *Live with those from whom you can learn. Let friendly intercourse be a school of knowledge, and conversation a teaching that may fashion the mind.*—Make teachers of your friends, and let the profit of learning and the pleasure of conversation interpenetrate one another. . . . . There be personages high in reputation for their discretion, who are not only themselves, by their example and their intercourse, oracles of all nobleness, but even the people about them form a very academy of good and noble discretion in every kind.

14. *The thing, and the way the thing is done.*—*Substance* is not enough, *circumstance* is important too. A bad manner spoils everything, even justice and reason; a good one, on the contrary, supplies everything; gilds No, sweetens truth, and reddens the very cheek of

age. The how is a mighty matter in affairs, and a good manner wins the affections like a lucky gamester.

15. *Keep ministering spirits.*—That is a privilege of the great ones of the earth which far transcends the barbarous taste of Tigranes, who had a fancy for having captive kings as his servants. . . . If, however, you cannot have sages in your service, have them for your friends.

18. *Application and ability* (Aplicacion y Minerva).—There is no attaining eminence without both, and when they unite there is the greatest eminence. With application a mediocrity goes farther than a superiority without it. Reputation is bought at the price of toil. What costs little is little worth. Even for the highest posts some have only wanted application. It is but rarely that they have failed from sheer lack of ability. To desire to be rather moderately successful in a great, than very successful in a humble employment, has the excuse of generosity of mind; but to be content with being moderately successful in the humblest employment, when one might be brilliant in the greatest, hath it not. Nature and art, then, are both wanted, and application sets on them the seal.

26. *Find every man's thumbscrew.*— . . . All are idolaters—some of honour, some of interest, some of pleasure. Have the knack of knowing what their idols are, so as to affect each through his idol.

28. *Be common in nothing, above all not in taste.*—Oh, what a great wise man he was who was wretched when what he said pleased the multitude!

29. *Be an upright man.*—Such a one stands always on the side of reason, with so much fixity of purpose that neither the passion of the masses nor the violence of tyrants forces him ever to cross the line of reason. Yet who is this Phœnix of rectitude, for uprightness has few adepts? Many praise it, but not for their own house.

30. *Have nothing to do with occupations which stand in ill repute,* and still less with crotchets which bring with them rather dishonour than credit. There are all sorts of fanciful sects from which the man of prudence keeps himself aloof. There are some exotic tastes which always take up with everything which the wise repudiate.

31. . . . Never open the door to an evil, however small, for other and greater ones will creep in after it from their ambush.

32. *Have the reputation of being gracious.*— . . . The only advantage of power is to be able to do more good than other people.

34. *A man should know in what he shines most*—his best accomplishment, so that he may cultivate that and improve his other qualities. Everyone would have been eminent in something if he

had known his vantage-ground. Each should observe his master attribute, and throw his energy in that direction. In some, judgment is the strong point; in others, valour. The majority do violence to their natural turn, and so in nothing become superior.

43. *Think with the few, and speak with the many.*

46. *Overcome your antipathies.*

48. *Thoroughness and depth.*—Only in so far as one has these can one play a part with honour. What is within must always be as big again as that which is without.

55. *Be able to wait.*— . . . First be master of yourself if you would be master of others. Only through the spaces of time do we come to the centre of opportunity. . . . He spake a great word who said, Time and I against any two.

56. *Have presence of mind*, the child of a happy promptitude of spirit. There are natures of antiperistasis,* who work best in an emergency. They are a kind of monster which can do everything successfully if they do it off-hand, and nothing successfully if they take time to consider of it. What does not strike them at first, they never find at all. In their heads there is no court of appeal.

58. *Know how to suit yourself to your company.*— . . . There should be no unnecessary expenditure either of knowledge or of power. The clever falconer does not allow more birds to fly than the sport requires.

59. *Think of ending well.*—When one enters into the house of

* This word is used both in the original and in Schopenhauer's translation. It seems to have tried in vain to become a settler in England. Johnson thus defines it: "Antiperistasis: The opposition of a contrary quality, by which the quality it opposes becomes heightened or intended; or the action by which a body attacked by another collects itself and becomes stronger by such opposition, or an intention of the activity of one quality caused by the opposition of another. Thus quicklime is set on fire by the effusion of cold water; so water becomes warmer in winter than in summer; and thunder and lightning are excited in the middle region of the air, which is continually cold, and all by Antiperistasis." This is an exploded principle in the Peripatetic philosophy.

> "Th' *antiperistasis* of age
> More inflamed his am'rous rage."—COWLEY.

"The riotous prodigal detests covetousness; yet let him find the springs grow dry which feed his luxury, covetousness shall be called in; and so by a strange *antiperistasis* prodigality shall beget rapine."—*Decay of Piety.*

fortune by the gate of pleasure, one leaves it by that of sorrow, and *vice versâ*. . . . The important thing is not the vulgar applause at the outset—that comes to all—but the general feeling at the exit; but few are those who are wished back, and seldom does fortune conduct a parting guest as far as the threshold.

62. *Work with good instruments.*—Some are anxious that the keenness and subtlety of their wits should be conspicuous through the meanness of their instruments—a perilous satisfaction which deserves a punishment from Fate. . . . Fame always holds to the first personage. She never says "he had good or he had bad assistants;" but "he was a good or he was a bad artificer."

63. *It is an excellence to be the first of the sort, and a double excellence to be eminent in so being.*— . . . Those who are first in any line are the eldest sons of fame, and go off with the entailed estates.

64. . . . Some people waste their ears on the sweetness of Flattery, others on the bitterness of Scandal, and there are people who cannot live without a daily annoyance, as Mithridates could not live without poison.

70. *Understand the art of refusing.*— . . . The No of some people is more esteemed than the Yes of others, for a gilded No satisfies more than a dry Yes. . . . Let courtesy fill up the vacuum left by the want of favour, and let good words supply the want of works. . . . No and Yes are short to say, but they ask much thinking.

74. *Do not be unsociable.*—In the most populous places live the true wild beasts.

75. *Choose a heroic ideal, but rather to emulate than to imitate.*

76. *Do not always be jesting.*— . . . Many people win themselves a reputation for being witty fellows, at the cost of their credit for being sensible. Jest may have its little hour, but let all the rest of time belong to seriousness.

77. *Know how to adapt yourself to all men.*—Be a discreet Proteus, learned with the learned, a saint with a saint.

79. *Be of genial disposition.*—If you are so with moderation, it is an accomplishment, not a defect. A grain of gaiety seasons all.

80. *Attention in informing yourself.*—We live chiefly by information. It is but little that we can see for ourselves. We live on the faith of others, and while the sense of hearing is the back door of truth, it is the front entrance of lies.

82. *Drain nothing to the dregs, neither good nor evil.*

83. *Allow yourself some venial fault.*— . . . Let Homer sleep

now and then, and affect a want of care either in intellect or in valour, but never in prudence, in order that you may lull malevolence, and so prevent it bursting with its own poison. That will be like throwing your cloak to the bull of Envy, so as to save your immortality.

84. . . . To the wise man his enemies are more useful than his friends to the foolish one.

90. *The art to live long is to live well.*—Two things soon make an end of life, folly and dissoluteness.

93. *Be a universal man.*—He who unites all perfection counts for many. He makes life very happy, by communicating the enjoyment of his gifts to those who live with him. Variety with perfection is the delight of life. . . . It is a great art to know how to assimilate to yourself all that is good.

100. *A man without illusions. A wise Christian, a philosophical denizen of Courts.*—Be these things, but do not appear to be them, let alone affecting to be them.

102. *Have a stomach able to digest great mouthfuls of fortune.*

104. . . . Have felt the pulse of various offices. It is a toilsome business to rule men, and especially madmen or boobies. It is necessary to have a double portion of wits, when one is with those who have none.

105. *Don't be a bore.*—The man of one occupation and one way of speaking is tiresome. Brevity is fascinating, and better suited for business. . . . What is well said is soon said.

110. *Wait not till you are a sinking sun.*—It is a maxim of the prudent to leave affairs before affairs leave them. . . . Let the beauty wisely break her glass in time, that she may not do so with impatience when she sees herself undeceived.

112. *Win affection and regard.*— . . . Some trust so much to their worth that they despise winning people's good-will, but the man of experience knows that the road of merit without favour is a very long one.

117. *Never speak of yourself.*—Either you will praise yourself, which is vanity, or blame yourself, which is poverty of spirit.

115. *Accustom yourself to the faults in the dispositions of those with whom you live*, as you do to ugly faces.

120. *Live practically, and accommodate yourself to the times.*— . . . The prudent man should live as he can, if he cannot live as he would. He should deem of more importance what fate has conceded to him than what it has denied.

121. *Do not make a business of what is no business.*— . . . Many

things which were really of some importance have become of none, because they were left alone; and other things, which were of no importance, have become grave because people have occupied themselves about them. At the beginning everything can be easily quieted down, but afterwards not. It is frequently the remedy that causes the disease, and not the worst rule of living is to let it alone.

123. *Be without affectation.*— . . . Do not, however, out of fear of affectation, fall into it by affecting to be unaffected.

125. *Do not be a green book* (*i.e.* a register of other men's sins).— It is a symptom of having tarnished your own fame to be much occupied with the bad fame of others.

130. *Act, and let your own acts be seen.*— . . . A good exterior is the best recommendation of the perfection within.

141. *Do not listen to yourself.*— . . . It is a weakness of the great to speak with a ground tone of "I say something worth hearing," to the torture of their hearers.

142. *Never out of obstinacy take the wrong side, because your opponent has got before you and taken the right one.*

143. *Do not, in trying to escape from the trite, become paradoxical.*

146. *Look into the inside of things.*—They are usually very different from what they seem.— . . . Lies always come first in everything, dragging blockheads after them by the chain of their continued vulgarity. Truth comes in the last, and very late, limping along on the arm of Time.

148. *Have the art of conversation,* in which the perfected man shows himself. It is the commonest thing in life, and yet there is no human exercise that requires more attention.

151. *Think by anticipation* to-day for to-morrow, and even for many days. . . . The pillow is a silent sibyl, and it is better to sleep on things before they are begun than to lie awake about them afterwards.

153. *Avoid entering there where there is a great gap to be filled.*

154. *Do not believe, and do not love, lightly.*

155. *Understand the art of getting discreetly into a passion.*— . . . To master a passion you must always have the bridle in the hand of attention. If you do, you will be the first person who was ever prudent on horseback, not to say the last.

156. *Let your friends be the friends of your deliberate choice.*

158. *Know how to use your friends.*— . . . Some are good to be near, and some to be far. Many are useless for conversation, excellent as correspondents.

161. *Know your pet faults.*— . . . Even the most perfect man does not escape them, and lives with them either as a wife or as a mistress.

159. *Suffer fools.*— . . . Out of patience comes forth peace the priceless, which is the happiness of the world.

167. *Know how to take your own part.*— . . . In great dangers there is no better companion than a bold heart. . . . One must not surrender to evil fortune, for then it becomes intolerable. . . . The prudent man comes victoriously out of everything, and triumphs over even the stars.

165. *Be an honourable opponent.*— . . . Be able to boast that, if gallantry and generosity were lost out of the world, men might look for and find them in your breast.

51. *Know how to choose well.*—It is the most important thing in life. It needs good taste and a most accurate judgment, for neither study nor natural intelligence is enough. Without choice there is no perfection. . . . There are many of fruitful and subtle spirit, and keen judgment, and sharp intelligence, and learning and circumspection, who nevertheless, when they come to choose, go to wreck and ruin—they always choose the worst course, as if they tried to be wrong.

170. *Keep always something behind in store.*— . . . Even in one's knowledge there should be a force in reserve.

172. *Do not get into a contest with one who has nothing to lose.*

173. *Do not be like glass for fragility in your intercourse with others, and still less in your friendship.*— . . . Some people have a disposition more sensitive than the eye itself, and cannot be touched either in jest or earnest. . . . The disposition of the lover (*amante*) is half that of the diamond (*diamante*) in its power of duration and resistance.

178. *Believe your heart, especially when it has been proved.*

179. *Reticence is the seal of capacity.*—A breast without a secret is an open letter.

182. *A grain of boldness in everything is an important requisite of prudence.*—We should moderate our conceptions of others so as not to think so highly of them as to fear them. The imagination should never overmaster the heart. . . . No one overpasses the narrow limits of humanity. All have their imperfections, some in the intellect, some in the disposition.

183. *Do not hold your opinions all too firmly.*—Every blockhead is thoroughly persuaded that he is in the right, and everyone who is

all too firmly persuaded is a blockhead, and the more erroneous is his judgment the greater is the tenacity with which he holds it.

184. *Do not be devoted to ceremonies and etiquette.*— . . . The robe of folly is woven of such things.

185. *Never stake your credit on one single cast.*— . . . Things depend upon all sorts of chances. That is why the felicity of success is so rare.

186. *Know faults when you see them, however high they may stand in public estimation.*—Rectitude should not mistake vice, even when it clothes itself in brocade—nay, it will sometimes even wear a crown of gold, and not be able the more for that to hide its evil. . . . Vices may well be highly placed, but that will not make them high and splendid.

190. *Find some consolation in everything.*—Even useless people may find it in the fact of their being immortal. There is no trouble without its comfort. The stupid have the advantage of being fortunate, and the ugly woman is proverbially so. The best means to live long is to be worth little. It is the cracked vessel which never gets broken. . . . To the unfortunate man it seems that both good luck and death (*la suerte e la muerte*) conspire to forget him.

191. *Do not be carried away by excessive courtesy, for it is a kind of deceit.*—There are some people who, in order to bewitch, do not need the herbs of Thessaly, for they enchant and turn the head of the stupid by the mere grace with which they take off their caps.

192. *A man of great peace, a man of long life.*— . . . The peaceful-minded do not only live, they reign. Hear, see, but be silent. The day that passes without dispute brings peaceful sleep in the night.

194. *Have reasonable views about yourself and your affairs, especially at the commencement of life.*

195. *Understand how to value.*—There is no one who cannot be the teacher of another in something. . . . To understand how to pluck the fruits of everyone is a useful science.

198. *Know how to transplant yourself.*— . . . Their native land is everywhere stepmotherly towards extraordinary talents. . . . The statue on the altar is never properly reverenced by him who has known it as a trunk in the garden.

200. *Have something left to wish for, so as not to be unhappy from very happiness.*— . . . If there is nothing to desire, there is everything to fear.

201. *They are all fools who seem to be so, and half of those who*

do not.— . . . Yet the greatest fool is he who thinks that he is not one, and that everybody else is.

202. *Words and deeds make a perfected man.*— . . . Words are the shadows of deeds, the first feminine, the second masculine, in their nature.

203. *Know the great men of your century.*—There are not many of them. There is one Phœnix in a whole world. You have a great captain, a consummate orator, a sage, in a century; a really illustrious king in many centuries. . . . Many have taken the title of "the Great" from Cæsar and Alexander, but in vain, for, without deeds, words are nothing but a little air. There have been but few Senecas, and fame has told but of one Apelles.

204. *The easy should be undertaken as if it were difficult, and the difficult as if it were easy*; in the one case in order that Confidence should not be put off her guard, in the other that she may not become faint of heart.

205. *Know how to play the card of contempt.*— . . . It is a firm maxim of the wise never to defend themselves with the pen, for such a defence leaves a mark, and tends more to the glorification of the opponent than to the punishment of his boldness. . . . Presumptuous persons dream of making themselves eternal by setting fire to the wonders of the world and of the centuries.

206. *Know that there are vile and vulgar natures everywhere, even in Corinth.*— . . . All folly is vulgarity, and the vulgar is composed of fools.

210. *Know how to play the card of truth.*—It is a dangerous thing, yet the honest man cannot omit to speak it, but in saying it art is wanted.

213. *Understand the art of contradiction.*— . . . An affected doubt is the most subtle picklock which curiosity can employ to find out what it wants to know.

214. *Do not turn one piece of stupidity into two.*—It is very common in remedying one to commit four others.

218. . . . There are people who out of everything make a little war—the very brigands of social intercourse. . . . The only way to manage with monsters of this kind is to flee from them, even to the Antipodes, for the barbarism of the people there is better than their wild-beastishness.

223. *Neither from affectation nor carelessness be all too individual and eccentric.*

224. *Understand how not to take things against the grain, however they come.*

227. *Do not be the slave of first impressions.*—There are people who marry the very first account they hear, so that all the accounts that follow come to them only as concubines.

229. *Know how to divide your life prudently: not as chance would have it, but with foresight and choice.*— . . . The first day's journey of a noble life should be passed in conversing with the dead. We live to know and to know ourselves, and books faithfully used make us men. The second day's journey should be passed with the living, in seeing and noting all that is good in the world. Everything is not found in one country. The Father of all has divided His gifts, and sometimes has most richly dowered a land which is ugly. On the third day's journey a man should belong wholly to himself. The last felicity is to philosophise.

232. *Have just a touch of the trader about you.*—Life should not be all contemplation; there should be action as well. . . . Let the prudent man accordingly take care to have something of the trader, just enough not to be cheated, and so to become a laughing-stock.

235. *Know how to ask.*—There are some people in dealing with whom nothing is so difficult, and some in dealing with whom nothing is so easy.

237. *Never share the secrets of your superiors.*—You may think that you are going to share pears with them, but you will only share pebbles. Many have perished because they were confidants. Such people are like spoons made of bread, and run the same risk afterwards that these do. It is no favour in a prince to communicate to you a secret; he does so to relieve the fulness of his heart. Many have broken the mirror because it has made them aware of their ugliness. We do not like to see a person who has had an opportunity to see through us, and he is not seen with pleasure who has seen evil in him that sees him.

238. *We should know what quality we want.*

239. *Do not be intensely acute and subtle.*—It is more important to be prudent. . . . Better is a good solid head, which does not invent and imagine more than just what the matter in hand amounts to.

241. *Bear raillery; but do not practise it.*— . . . The very gravest matters have constantly arisen out of a jest.

242. *Push advantages.*— . . . Let the prudent man strike down his quarry, and not be satisfied merely with flushing it.

243. . . . . Unite in yourself the dove and the serpent, not as a monster, but as a prodigy.

248. *Do not let the last person who speaks to you always carry you with him.*—There are people ever dependent on the last report, whose

folly goes beyond all bounds. Their thinking and willing is of wax; the last person who approaches them fixes his seal on them and obliterates all his predecessors.

250. . . . Not all praise of a thing is speaking well of it, for some praise likewise the bad in order that they may not praise the good. For him for whom nothing is bad, nothing will be good either.

251. *Procure and use human remedies as if there were no divine ones, and divine remedies as if there were no human ones.*

252. *Do not belong wholly to yourself nor wholly to other people.*— . . . He who holds a public office must be a public slave.

254. *Do not despise an evil because it is small*; they never come alone, but are linked together just like happiness. Fortune and misfortune usually go thither where there is already the most of either.

255. *Know how to do good to people a little at a time and often.*

257. *Never let matters come to a breach with anyone*, for our reputation always comes injured out of anything of the kind. Everyone is of importance as an enemy, though not as a friend. Few can do good to us, and almost all can do harm. The eagle himself does not nestle securely in the very bosom of Jove, the day on which he has quarrelled with a beetle.

258. *Look out for some one who may assist you in bearing misfortune.*— . . . It is for that reason that the sagacious physician, if he has failed in the cure, does not fail in looking out for some one who, under the name of a consultation, may help him to carry out the coffin.

262. *Be able to forget; it is more a piece of good fortune than an art.*—We remember best the things adapted to be forgotten. . . . Often the only remedy for our ills consists in forgetting them; and we forget the remedy. It is well, however, to fashion ourselves to so convenient a habit, for it is enough to give happiness or hell.

264. *Have no days of carelessness.*—Destiny loves to play tricks, and will pile chance on chance to take us unawares.

266. *Do not become bad out of pure goodness.*—He is so who never gets angry.

269. *Know how to make use of your novelty*; for so long as anyone is new he is prized. . . . Observe, however, that this glory of novelty is of short duration. After four days people will lose their respect for it.

273. *Comprehend the dispositions of those with whom you have to deal.* . . .— Know how to decipher a countenance and to spell out the soul from the features. Recognise in him who always laughs a

fool, and in him who never laughs a knave (*conozca al que siempre rie por* falto, *y al que nunca por* falso).

281. *Know how to obtain the favour of men of understanding.*—The lukewarm Yes of a remarkable man is more to be esteemed than all the applause of the multitude. . . . The judicious Antigonus reduced the theatre of his fame to Zeno alone, and Plato called Aristotle his whole school.

292. *Use absence to make yourself more respected or valued.*— . . . Even the Phœnix avails itself of its retirement to be admired, and of the desire which its absence creates to be highly prized.

297. *Always act as if you were full in view.*—He is a man of insight who sees that he is seen, or that he will be seen.

286. . . . Some people are born more fortunate than others. Such are able to do good, while others can only receive it. . . . The sole real convenience of power is to be able to do more good.

288. . . . The wise man knows that the very pole-star of prudence consists in conforming to the occasion.

298. *Three things make a prodigy and are the highest gift of Heaven's liberality.*—A fruitful intellect, a profound judgment, a pleasant and elevated taste. . . . At twenty years of age the will rules; at thirty the intellect; at forty the judgment. There are intelligences which ray out light like the eyes of the lynx, and always are clearest where there is the greatest darkness.

300. *In one word be a saint.*—So is all said at once. Virtue is the common bond of all perfections, and the centre of all felicities. She makes a man discreet, circumspect, sagacious, prudent, sage, brave, reflective, honest, happy, accommodating, truthful, and a universal hero. Three SSS render a man happy, Sanctity, Soundness of body, and Sageness. Virtue is the sun of the microcosm or lesser world, and has for hemisphere a good conscience. She is so beautiful that she finds favour with God and man. Nothing is lovable but virtue, and nothing detestable but vice. Virtue alone is serious, and all else is but jest. One should measure capacity and greatness according to virtue, and not according to the circumstances of fortune. Virtue alone is sufficient to herself; she makes men lovable in life, and memorable in death.

From the above, the reader may form a perfectly just idea of the teaching of Gracian.

Mr. Buckle, who devotes to him two lines, observes that he was once considered a great writer; and it is

just possible that in spite of his extraordinarily compressed style, more avaricious of words than any I know, some may think, that they who considered him to be a great writer, were not quite wrong.

Those who look into his book for themselves will find here and there a maxim which will remind them of the age in which he lived, as the subject of Philip II., Philip III., and Philip IV., but such exceptional cases are rare, and most people will rise from the perusal of the work understanding much better how Spain became great, than how she fell. It ought to be remembered, too, that, as I have already said, the maxims were not collected into one whole by Gracian himself, but by his friend, Lastanosa, to whom also is to be attributed the proud, though perhaps not too proud, title.

It would possibly be rather difficult to disprove the thesis that the Spanish nation has produced the best maxims of practical wisdom, the best proverbs, the best epitaph, and the best motto in the world.

If I had to sustain it, I would point with reference to the first head to the "Oraculo Manual." For the second, anyone who knows Ford's Handbook would hardly require me to produce a proof. In support of the third I would quote the epitaph of Columbus:

> A Castilla y a Leon
> Mundo nuevo dió Colon;

while, in support of the fourth, I would adduce the cognisance which was given to Sebastian de Elcano, who brought back to the ports of Spain Magellan's Expedition, viz. the globe with the motto, "*Primus circumdedisti me.*" Unless, indeed, I chose that of St. Francis Borgia, who took the same cognisance with the words, "*Todo es poco.*"

A PLEA FOR A RATIONAL EDUCATION.

FROM THE "FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW" OF AUGUST, 1877.

We have endless talk, in Parliament and out of it, about the *machinery* of education, higher, secondary, and primary. We have a certain amount of talk about the *subjects* in which the children of the less wealthy classes should be instructed; but far too little attention is paid to the question, not less important assuredly than any which we do debate—"What sort of education should be given to those *who can have all the chances*—to those who, in the nature of things, must be the most influential portion of the community in the next generation?" We provided some improved machinery by the Public Schools Act a decade ago; we shall provide some improved machinery under the Universities Act of this session; but that is not enough. Our machinery is, indeed, only too apt to become overstrong for us—to impose its will instead of being subject to ours.

I need not dwell on the defects of our present system. We feel them every day. Mr. Matthew Arnold sums them up by dividing us all into Barbarians and Philistines; while other writers, and our own consciences, make remarks which are not much more complimentary.

Would it, then, be quite impossible, without reopening the weary discussion about machinery, to make

some suggestions for the improvement of our present system—suggestions addressed to that class so much despised by the authorities of our great schools, but which, nevertheless, has, as has been observed, a right to exist—the parents, that is, of the boys who fill those schools?

And to save time, and the endless qualifications that would be necessary, I will address myself only to those parents who intend that the *general*, as distinguished from the professional, education of their children should continue to the age of twenty-one or twenty-two at least, thereby excluding from consideration the case of all those youths whose callings require an exceptionally early commencement, or a particularly long period of special education. What I have to say is not primarily addressed, for example, to those who mean their sons to go into the army or navy, to become civil engineers, or artists, or physicians. I think that the course, which I propose, would be very suitable for many boys who are intended to begin their technical or professional studies at eighteen, provided always that the reading of Greek and Latin authors in the original, and the History of Philosophy, were omitted; but I can anticipate objections, and do not wish to complicate my task by combating them. On the other hand, it is addressed to those who mean their sons to be politicians, or diplomatists, or country gentlemen, or members of the higher walks of the Civil Service and the Bar, or bankers or merchants in a large way of business, or men of letters of the highest kind.

If in expressing views which may be startling to many, I may seem to be rather curt and dogmatic, I would plead the necessity of compression, if one is to put into a single article conclusions on so large a subject; and I beg to refer those who would wish to see the

positions I shall take up, defended more at length, to a speech in the House of Commons in Hansard for May, 1864; to another at University College in 1865; to a Rectorial Address at Aberdeen in 1867; to an address in the University Court there on the Bursary Competition, in 1868; to another Rectorial Address in 1870; to a speech at St. Mary's Hospital in 1875; to a speech in the House of Commons on the University of Cambridge Bill, and an Address at the Liverpool Institute in 1876. The conclusions at which I have arrived may be right or may be wrong, but they are certainly not promulgated prematurely, for I had arrived at them before 1861, when I was so fortunate as to induce the Palmerston Government to appoint the Public Schools Commission.

What, then, is the object of all general education? To enable people, I presume, to make the most of their lives, or, in other words: 1, to improve their own faculties to the uttermost; 2, to do as much good as possible to other people; 3, to enjoy as much as they can, due regard being had to the first two objects.

A good general education must, accordingly, comprise physical, moral, and intellectual training.* I will

* "The more many-sided the more original," said one of the wisest of men. We ought to imitate the diamond-cutter, in turning to the polishing material one surface after another, until the stone has attained the utmost degree of beauty of which it is capable—until, in fact, it has become a perfectly-cut brilliant.

Educators have in general got no farther in their art than Louis de Berghem had in his. Louis de Berghem was a lapidary of Bruges, who first in Europe attained to cutting the diamond at all, and worked for Charles the Bold. The best he could do was to cut the "table diamond," which does no justice to the stone, and is, I think, never seen in modern European jewellery. Later came others, who invented the "rose," which has the surface cut into twenty-four sides or facets, while the base remains flat. The ordinary educator has never got so far, or nearly so far, as this. Still less has he attained to the art of cutting the "brilliant," which has thirty-two sides or facets above, and twenty-four below, the broadest part, and which alone does justice to the

say nothing about the first, because space is of consequence; because it is already well, if not too wisely, attended to; and because, by calling the attention of any of those who do not already know it to Mr. Archibald Maclaren's work on Physical Education, I am likely to do much more good than I could by any observations of my own. Neither will I dwell upon the second, partly because the general moral tone of the better English

most exquisite of stones, reflecting the light in all directions, beautiful itself, and making beautiful. There are many stones very fit for the purposes of life, and some very fit for ornament, which are not diamonds. Primary education deals with the first; secondary education with these and some of the second. None who are not precious or semi-precious stones should be submitted to the higher education at all; but then in the human race there are, I maintain, a great many more precious and semi-precious stones than is usually supposed. The saying that "*le talent court les rues*" may seem a hard one out of great cities; but in the dullest country neighbourhood it is not natural ability that is wanting. Even the diamond as it comes from the gravel is an ugly octahedron enough.

The analogy between the operations of the lapidary and of the educator might be carried a good deal farther. It would be easy, for example, to show, that just as the former had succeeded in cutting stones most exquisitely so that they should bear and transmit some particular impression, long ages before he understood to cut stones in the way to show their own beauties to most advantage, so the educator had again and again succeeded to admiration in getting some particular impress cut on the mind.

From Lycurgus and his Spartans to Loyola or Lainez and the Great Order, the art of educational gem-engraving has flourished and produced results constantly wonderful and often enchanting. Not unfrequently far better results may have been produced by engraving this or that stone as a gem, than could be produced by another treatment, but it is not a method applicable to the finest stones. The diamond has hardly ever submitted to it, and it becomes rarer and rarer in the ascend ng scale of the harder and more precious stones. Sometimes in the process of cutting, the stone will be found not a precious stone at all, or a very badly-flawed one. Who does not remember the case of Philip Stanhope, to whom Chesterfield's Letters were addressed? But then accidents are inevitable in any system, and Philip Stanhope—submitted to the usual school and college routine of his day—would have been far inferior even to what he turned out.—*Higher and Secondary Education. An Address delivered in the Liverpool Institute, November 8th*, 1876.

schools is, on the whole, exceedingly good; and partly because it is so easy, in discussing matters of this kind, to cross the border-land of religion, and to get into regions where differences of opinion are rarely removed by argument. I will keep myself wholly to intellectual training, the intellectual training, as I have said above, of those who *can have all the chances.* If, in doing so, I seem to have more in view the wants of those who are to make politics their principal pursuit, it is only natural—"out of the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh." But, after all, Englishmen *who can have all the chances* sadly neglect their opportunities if they are not at least potential politicians; and I shall not say a word about the special or professional trainings through which the politician or diplomatist ought to pass.

During the first seven years of life the development of the physical frame and the formation of character should engross nearly the whole of our attention. If a child, at seven years old, can read English, has picked up French from his *bonne,* and has a lively, not wholly uninformed, interest in the objects about him, he has got as much in the way of intellectual training as should be asked. The last of these requirements is the one which is most neglected, while great mistakes are sometimes made by attempting to teach the rudiments of other things, for which the mind, at this stage of its development, is very unfit. Thanks to the progress of education among the humbler classes, it will soon be far less difficult than it has hitherto been, to find persons to put about children who have some little acquaintance with the common objects encountered in a country walk. In spite of the unintelligent policy of the Privy Council Office, against which Sir John Lubbock has led so many attacks, which discourages natural science, and brings

into undue prominence the study of all others least suitable for children—the study of grammar—the excellent example of Professor Henslow, in teaching the elements of botany to his school children, must be, one would think, being followed in many places; and even if it is not, a demand on the part of the upper classes for nursery governesses and nurses who know a little about the plants of the wayside, and such everyday matters, would soon produce the very slight amount of knowledge required. There is nothing which awakes so soon in children as a curiosity with regard to the objects by which they are surrounded. That curiosity has been hitherto usually suppressed by the prejudices or ignorance of those in charge of them. The usual attitude towards a child curious about natural history has too often been that of the French governess, who, on being asked by her pupil what the Pyrenees were, replied, "*Ma petite, quand vous serez plus agée vous saurez tout cela. En attendant, priez le bon Dieu.*"

The years from seven to fourteen are of immense importance. During these the power of reading English acquired in the first period of life should have developed into a power of reading aloud well, and a fair acquaintance with so much of English literature as is at once supremely good and suitable to that early age. The power of prattling a little French with a nice accent should have expanded into a thorough mastery of the language for the everyday purposes of life, together with an acquaintance with that portion of French literature which corresponds with the portion of English literature which I have indicated above. The capacity of reading with ease an ordinary German book should also have been acquired. Of course, to effect these last two objects easily, it would be necessary that some time should be spent on the Continent; but

that is, even for other reasons, at present a *sine quâ non*, since I hold that it is impossible in the present state of our schools to obtain what can be fairly called a good education without pursuing it partly out of England. Those well-to-do parents who will not take the amount of trouble which is no doubt necessary if they mean to educate their children to some extent abroad, had better give up the idea of educating them well at all, and, sending them to some approved preparatory school, let them go through the usual mill, with the usual notable success, well described by the Public Schools Commission which reported in 1864, in the following passage—one that can hardly be quoted too often, since in it, oh fathers and mothers of England, you have, as in a glass, the reflection of what those of your sons who went up to the university, without the intention of taking honours there, were a few years ago, and a pretty fair representation of what they are now :

If a youth, after four or five years spent at school, quits it at nineteen, unable to construe an easy bit of Latin or Greek without the help of a dictionary, or to write Latin grammatically, almost ignorant of geography and of the history of his own country, unacquainted with any modern language but his own, and hardly competent to write English correctly, to do a simple sum, or stumble through an easy proposition of Euclid, a total stranger to the laws which govern the physical world, and to its structure, with an eye and hand unpractised in drawing, and without knowing a note of music, with an uncultivated mind and no taste for reading or observation, his intellectual education must certainly be accounted a failure, though there may be no fault to find with his principles, character, or manners. We by no means intend to represent this as a type of the ordinary product of English public-school education ; but, speaking both from the evidence we have received and from opportunities of observation open to all, we must say that it is a type much more common than it ought to be, making ample allowance for the difficulties that have to be contended with, and that the proportion of failures is therefore unduly large.

Put down this description on one side of the account, and the total of your school bills on the other, and see how you like the result.

You console yourselves, perhaps, with the reflection that your sons are at least gentlemen, and that that is something. Of course it is. Gentlemen they went into the mill, and gentlemen they have come out. The splendid foundations of mediæval piety or benevolence, and the stream of gold which you have poured into the pockets of masters, tutors, and other officials, have so far worked together for good that they have neither injured the physical health nor the moral character of the young persons in whom you are interested—always excepting the failures, and failures there will be in all systems. Well, that is a fine result, doubtless, but it will not enable your sons to keep their place in society in these pushing democratic days. When will the lesson, into learning which one revolution after another has startled the great ones of the earth, be taken to heart by you also, that, namely, you must make your children worthy of the position into which they are born? Take, choosing them by lot, a certain number of the members of the European royal and semi-royal families under five-and-twenty, and an equal number of men, educated at our public schools, of the same age, also chosen by lot, submit them to an examination on the subjects which men and women of the world care to know, and just see what a miserable figure will be made by the representatives of our much be-praised education.

Your children have sometimes a better idea of what it all comes to than you have. Some years ago a boy was reproached by his master for not being able to answer a simple question. "Why," said his tutor, "your younger brother knows that." "Oh yes, sir," was the reply, "but then he has been at Eton a much shorter

time than I have. When he has been here as long, you will find he knows as little as I do."

But to return. While the victims of parental laziness are at their preparatory school, at work on the Public School Latin Primer, under this or that orthodox practitioner, the children of people who will condescend to take a little more trouble will be learning the things which I have already mentioned; will have acquired the power of writing a legible hand, an acquaintance with the commonest rules of arithmetic, and, above all, a much larger knowledge of geography than is now usually possessed by fully-grown and so-called well-educated men. Meanwhile, the elementary notions about trees and plants, or other familiar objects, picked up from the nurse or the nursery governess, will have grown into a real elementary knowledge of some branch of natural history. I do not very much care to which of these attention is given, but probably botany is the one which it is most convenient to teach in most places. A boy who, at fourteen, was pretty well acquainted with Mr. Oliver's little manual, and knew well the plants of his immediate neighbourhood, would possess all the botanical acquirements which I should think it necessary for him to have; and if, from circumstances, physiology, or, indeed, any study which trains the observing faculties, was more convenient than botany, I have nothing to say against it. The only other purely scientific study in which I should wish a boy to make some progress, before fourteen, is physics; and, as to that, I should be quite satisfied if he had mastered Professor Balfour Stewart's Primer, a small shilling book, which is a perfect model of what an elementary book ought to be.

It must be understood, however, that I include under geography a great deal more than a mere list of

names and places. A training in geography would be miserably incomplete which did not give equal prominence to the physical and political sides of the science; and a teacher of geography would be indeed useless who had not conveyed to his pupil's mind, by the time he was fourteen, a great many accurate and well-assorted ideas about geology and history, nay, even about astronomy. Those who want to see the lines on which I would work, at the outset, should look at the two manuals by Mr. Grove and Professor Geikie, in Messrs. Macmillan's series.

During this period, too, the foundations of some little acquaintance with music and drawing* should be laid. The acquaintance with these arts need be very moderate, for the object is not to make children either artists or musicians, but to enable them to take more pleasure than they otherwise would in art and music; and, in the case of drawing, to assist in sharpening their powers of observation.

I cannot make it too clear that, while I would utterly banish from education, before fourteen, the studies which are generally, but often quite falsely, relied upon to give accuracy, I attach to accuracy the greatest possible importance, and would make it an iron

* To those who feel inclined to doubt the expediency of giving instruction during at least part of the school course, in drawing or music, I would, without dwelling on the more obvious arguments in favour of these studies, recommend the perusal of some of the evidence given by that eminent scholar, Dr. Kennedy, of Shrewsbury, with regard to the bearing which they have upon classical scholarship. Nothing is more curious, indeed, than the little effect which our present classical training has in disposing the minds of those who go through it, to the study of ancient art. Turn the six best Cambridge men and the six best Oxford men of their year loose in the Vatican, and you will find them hardly, if at all, more capable of understanding and appreciating what they see, than any tolerably educated person.—*Speech upon the Report of the Public Schools Commission in the House of Commons, May 6th*, 1864.

rule never, on any account or consideration, to pass over anything until it was thoroughly mastered. To pretend that studies other than the ordinary ones cannot be mastered as thoroughly as ever was the Greek grammar by some wretched boy who had to learn it by heart in Latin, is to talk sheer nonsense. A superficial smattering of knowledge is one thing, a real though only general and elementary knowledge is another. The first is useless, the second is often of the greatest importance.

We have, then, a child at fourteen possessed of the following moderate, but highly useful, acquirements :

1. He can read aloud clearly and agreeably.
2. He can write a large distinct round hand.
3. He knows the ordinary rules of arithmetic, especially compound addition—a by no means universal accomplishment.
4. He can speak and write French with ease and correctness, and has some slight acquaintance with French literature.
5. He can translate *ad aperturam libri* from an ordinary French or German book.
6. He has a thoroughly good elementary knowledge of geography, under which are comprehended some notions of astronomy, enough to excite his curiosity ; a knowledge of the very broadest facts of geology and of history, enough to make him understand, in a clear but perfectly general way, how the larger features of the world he lives in, physical and political, came to be like what they are.
7. He has been trained from earliest infancy to use his powers of observation on plants or animals, or rocks or other natural objects ; and has gathered a general acquaintance with what is most supremely good in that portion of the more important English classics which is suitable to his time of life.

8. He has some rudimentary acquaintance with drawing and music.

Now, there is not one of these acquirements which is not of vast moment to every educated man; and the whole is a *sine quâ non* as a foundation for the other subjects with which an accomplished man of the world should be acquainted. Thus much, I think, should be part of the mental assets of anyone who goes into any of the higher callings of life, always excepting the navy, for which the special training must nowadays begin so early. After fourteen, however, things are very different; and it is at that age that boys should diverge into what are commonly called the classical and modern sides. We are, it will be remembered, considering only the case of those who *can have all the chances*; that is, I repeat, those who have at once the leisure and the ability to go through a thoroughly good general education, till they are one or two and twenty. I shall confine myself accordingly to boys who are to go to what is known as the classical side.

No one, with whom I can attempt to argue in the limited space at my disposal, will deny that it is most desirable, at this particular stage of our civilisation, that young men who can afford to prolong their *general* education at least to one-and-twenty, and who have literary aptitudes, should obtain, before they go out into the world, such a hold of the Latin and Greek languages as may enable them throughout life to read Latin and Greek books with ease, if it happens to be convenient or agreeable for them to occupy themselves in that way. Very few, however, do that now; partly because the standard of "scholarship" kept up at English schools and colleges is so high, that those who were good "scholars" in their day are the first to lay their classical books aside, since they know that it is quite impossible,

for men who have other work to do, to keep, so to speak, abreast of themselves, as they were when they went in for the "Ireland," or found their names in the first class of the Classical Tripos, and partly because the ideal of "classical" attainment which is set up by tutors and schoolmasters is one which has little attraction for a great many boys, who are quite as well calculated to derive pleasure from the ancient classics as their neighbours.

How, then, are we to remedy this state of things? By drawing, I reply, a broad distinction between the classical studies of those who aspire to be classical scholars in the true sense, and of those who aspire only to be well-educated men of the world.

By classical scholars in the true sense, I mean persons who devote themselves either to increasing the knowledge of the Greek and Roman world possessed by the learned, or persons who desire to make that knowledge more accessible to the unlearned. For both these orders of scholars I have the profoundest respect. But it is not with reference to them, or their wants, that I am at present writing. I am thinking solely of men who make no pretensions to help on the knowledge of classical literature, but who desire to have that insight into classical ideas which is an indispensable element in the highest education, though it forms but a very small part of that education. How, then, are they to be taught Latin and Greek? In the first place, they should not give any attention to either language before they are fourteen, save and except that, in learning any modern language whatever, they should always be taught to trace back to its Latin or Greek root every single word which has a Latin or Greek root. At fourteen they would have, by that means, acquired a very respectable stock of words, both in Greek and Latin, and might begin the study of either language.

The first step should be to master the very broadest outlines of the grammar. The most intelligent method of teaching a language that I have seen, is that which is called the Robertsonian, a modification of the Hamiltonian method. It is set forth in certain very cheap and humble little books called "Latin without a Master," "French without a Master," and so forth. There may be, however, for all I know to the contrary, many better, as it is conceivable that there may be things less to be respected than the Public School Latin Primer, and the common sense of those who devised it as "milk for babes."

When the very first notions of the grammar have been acquired, and a capacity for translating the easiest sentences has been attained, the study of the recognised classical course should be commenced. Now, what should that course be? The existing one is obviously quite unadapted to the shortness of human life. It includes a great deal too much, although it excludes some things which should not be omitted. It is founded, too, on the heresy that there is some sacramental efficacy in the study of the "Classics," and that, after a certain number of years spent therein, ingenuous youth is to come forth peculiarly well fitted for the battle of life. That is a delusion. Classical literature is a portion of general literature. Its study brings to the mind many ideas different from those which are brought by the study of the other great literatures; but there is nothing magical or mystic about it. That which differentiates it most from the other great literatures is, that it is but slightly affected by those Christian influences which have coloured so deeply all modern thought—a peculiarity which makes the fact that its most ardent defenders, as the great subject of English education, should be the Anglican priesthood, as amusing as it is convenient.

If a boy is obliged to end his education at eighteen, he had much better sacrifice a knowledge of Greek and Latin classical literature *in the original*, rather than sacrifice a knowledge of French and German literature in the original. But I am writing for those who need sacrifice nothing. What, then, should the classical course be for them? Even for them it must be far shorter than the present one; but, on the other hand, they must become more familiar with the languages, because the study of the classics in youth is not to be in their case an *opus operatum*, which is to produce certain disciplining and ennobling effects, but simply a means of living on pleasant terms with Latin and Greek authors to the end of their days—a means, in short, of enlarging their pleasures.

First, then, all the farrago of grammatical exercises and composition, in prose or verse, must be entirely thrown overboard, at least as regards Latin. Next, so far from the learner being shut up with grammar and dictionary, every conceivable help must be given. The best translations, the best illustrations from classical art, must always be at hand; while Greek, whenever circumstances permit, must be taught as what it is—a living language—and by a scholar who has been partly trained at Athens. Here, then, is the course which I would, with the utmost diffidence, suggest as a minimum. I am quite aware that I am leaving out a great deal that ought to be read, and that certainly will be read, in after years, by everyone who takes kindly to the study of classical literature; that is, by all except the failures; by all except those who should never have been advanced to the dignity of a classical training at all.

We will take Greek first. The groundwork of the whole course should be some good short history and geography of Greece. I know none which exactly fulfils

all requirements, but if I had to put anyone through such a course, I would take a good Atlas, Dawson Turner's "Heads of an Analysis," with a short school history, and supplement them by selected passages from Grote and Curtius.

In the original I would read—

The first and last books of the Iliad.

The sixth book of the Odyssey.

Wright's Golden Treasury of Ancient Greek Poetry.

Thackeray's "Anthologia," if there existed an edition in print that would not try the eyes.

The second book of Herodotus.

The Prometheus and the Persæ, or

The Agamemnon.

The Œdipus Coloneus.

The Medea, or

The Bacchæ.

The Birds or Frogs of Aristophanes.

The first, second, and seventh books of Thucydides.

The first book of the Anabasis.

The Phædo of Plato.

The fourth book of Aristotle's Ethics.

The second book of Aristotle's Politics.

Demosthenes' De Coronâ.

The first book of Polybius.

One or more lives from Plutarch.

Extracts from Lucian.

The Manual of Epictetus.

The latter part of the Book of Isaiah, that known as the later Isaiah, in the Septuagint.

Parts of the Apocrypha.

The Gospel of St. John.

A small volume of selections from the Fathers, and

A short book of Extracts taken from Greek literature at different times right down to the present year.

In translations I would read at least—

The remainder of the Iliad and Odyssey in Worsley and Conington.

The whole of the rest of Herodotus.

The whole of the rest of Thucydides, and

Marcus Aurelius.

The course should be completed by "Müller's History of Greek Literature,"* read for the purpose of making it clear to the learner that he had obtained nothing more than a view from the mountain-top, of a country in which it was hoped that, in after years, he would make many excursions.

To this list there are, of course, a number of quite obvious objections. It will be asked, for example, why so little Homer should be read? The answer is simply that there is not time for more without neglecting other things; and boys who have any turn for poetry will be quite sufficiently taken hold of by Homer if they read him in the best available translation. I have known women who had only read Pope's translation who had a far greater feeling for the Iliad than many men who could have passed an excellent examination in the original. Then it should be observed that both in Mr. Wright's and Mr. Thackeray's collections there are a large number of extremely well-selected extracts from the Homeric poems. I make no doubt that anyone who goes through the amount of Homeric reading I propose will have a very fair knowledge of the great poet, and every inducement to learn to know him better in after life.

Then, as to the omission of a great many names of poets whom everyone would expect to find, such as Theocritus, it must be remembered that all of them

* To which might be added Mr. Geldart's admirable little book on the modern Greek language, printed at the Clarendon Press.

are represented in the two collections to which I have called attention.

Next, as to Æschylus, many would prefer the Trilogy to the plays I have suggested. That is a mere matter of taste, about which it is vain to argue; and the same may be said of the choice which I have made amongst the works of Sophocles, Euripides, and Aristophanes. I think that both Herodotus and Thucydides should be read through in the best available translation, and that an examination should be passed in each, such an examination being directed to bring out a general acquaintance with the broader facts and larger features of each writer, rather than to the minutiæ on which so much time used, in former days, to be wasted at Oxford.

I have selected the Phædo of Plato as probably that one of his dialogues which has most world-wide fame. Many will exclaim at my including only one book of the Ethics and one of the Politics of Aristotle. If either work were to be read through as part of the regular course, I should suggest the second, which I humbly venture to think the more valuable of the two. But the mastering of these books belongs to a totally separate study—a study of great importance and dignity—the study of the history of philosophy; but not a study which should, except in its merest outlines, be attempted to be made any part of *general education.* The worship that used to be paid to Aristotle at Oxford thirty years ago was simply childish; but it was childish not so much because it was excessive, as because it was ill-directed. I suppose it would be hardly possible to overrate the greatness of Aristotle. If anyone were to assert that no more powerful human intellect ever appeared in the world, it would, perhaps, not be very easy to dispute the proposition; but the very greatness of Aristotle makes it unnecessary to read much of him

as part of a *general education.* So much that he said has become a portion of our ordinary mental furniture, that it is unnecessary to spend time over him. Before we come to read him he has been absorbed at every pore; and Aristotle, if now living, would be, I am sure, the very first to deprecate the use of his works as any considerable part of the ordinary training of youth.

I have included a book of Polybius, an author who, I think, is too much neglected; and one or two lives from Plutarch, who, overrated once, is now, perhaps, unjustly depreciated. Marcus Aurelius may well be read mostly in Mr. Long's admirable translation; and the ancient world has left little, indeed, that is more valuable. M. Martha's book, "Les Moralistes sous l'Empire Romain," in the hands of an intelligent teacher, would be illustrated by passages from various writers at whom no one now looks, amongst whom I must be allowed to ask a few hours for Dion Chrysostom, a too much forgotten, though doubtless only secondary, personage. Then I think that there are good reasons for not wholly overlooking the Greek of the Septuagint and of the Apocrypha. Very well-educated persons may go through their whole lives, nowadays, without finding out what magnificent things there are in Ecclesiasticus and the Wisdom of the Son of Sirach.

Without a volume of short selections from the Fathers, and another small volume connecting the Greek of Byzantium with the Greek that is written by the best modern Greek authors now, it will be difficult to impress sufficiently deeply and early on the mind the fact, important from a political as well as a literary point of view, that Greek is not, and has never been, a dead language.

Latin should be begun precisely in the same way as Greek, by the easiest possible grammar, and the learner, who would be provided already with a very large stock

of words, should begin here, too, to translate on his very first day. Much time would be gained by leaving on one side various books which are of little or no importance, such as Cornelius Nepos. The minimum course might then be—

A good short history, say Duruy's, illustrated by copious extracts from Arnold, Mommsen, Merivale, and Gibbon, read with good maps.

One play of Terence and one of Plautus.

The part of Cæsar's Commentaries which relates to Britain.

Virgil's first, fourth, and tenth Eclogues.

The Georgics.

The second, fourth, and sixth Æneid.

About forty odes of Horace, carefully leaving untouched all except the very best.

Two or three of the Satires and Epistles, including the Ars Poetica.

Thackeray's Anthologia Latina.

The third, fourth, and tenth Satires of Juvenal.

The twenty-first book of Livy.

A book of Cicero's Letters.

Two or three of his Orations.

A book of Pliny's Letters.

The best parts of Lucan.

Agricola and Germania of Tacitus.

Illustrations of M. Martha's book as above.

The Story of Psyche in Apuleius.

A selection containing the most striking passages in the writings of the Latin Fathers; and

Another selection from the best modern Latin, prose or verse, Erasmus, Owen, &c.

The whole should be accompanied by the very best account of Latin literature that may be procurable. The fullest I know, that of Teuffel, is far too dryly written for

the purpose; but if the necessity for reading a good history of Roman literature, as a part of education, were duly recognised, we should soon have the necessary treatise—if, indeed, it does not already exist. There is room, too, for a much fuller book of extracts from Latin poetry than Mr. Thackeray's very excellent one; and it should extend so far down as to include the most famous hymns of the Western Church.

Nothing would be easier than to show that this list, like the corresponding Greek one, is sadly imperfect; but for that matter so is the usual list. It leaves out, as I have said, a great deal that should be included, though it includes a great deal that might well be omitted.

Again I must reiterate the obvious but constantly forgotten remarks that "life is short," and that Latin literature and Greek literature are merely portions of general literature. No man can now be considered a thoroughly well-educated human creature who has not, in addition to a fair knowledge of Latin and Greek literature, a fair knowledge of several other literatures, which are even more important; and if by twenty-one or twenty-two general education is to be finished, and the mind is to have been brought in contact with most of the supremely and quintessentially good things that men have said in all time, it is absolutely necessary to throw over something which, however valuable in itself, is not so valuable as something else for which room must be found.

It must always be kept in mind that, if it is not intended that a man is to find pleasure during his whole life in the reading of English, French, German, Italian, Greek, and Latin literature, he had better leave wholly alone that one of them which he does not mean to pursue. Because I only suggest the reading of the Agricola and Germania, I do not mean to say that I do not think every page that Tacitus has left deserves to be

read and re-read, and I should speak in almost as unqualified a way about Juvenal. Because I propose to read only the second, fourth, and sixth books of the Æneid, as part of the regular course, I do not mean to say that, sooner or later, the whole should not be read, and read, by preference, amongst the scenes in which the poem is chiefly laid. Where there is not present a very strong love of literature for its own sake, it is idle to encourage anyone to read Latin or Greek at all. In such cases a fair acquaintance with English and French literature is all that you can reasonably expect. But by fourteen—the age at which I propose that the study of the ancient classics should begin—the mind is quite sufficiently developed to enable a teacher who knows his business to say whether a real taste for literature is present or not. If it is not, there is no good in losing time, over the ancient classics, which had much better be given to other things. The truth is, that from the accident of there having been little or nothing else to read in the sixteenth century, from which period our present school arrangements chiefly date, schoolmasters have come to identify Greek and Latin literature with literature itself, and they have turned into the daily bread of our youth what is only fit for dessert. There are numbers of persons who could derive a real literary culture from certain forms of poetry and from good novels, but to whom the higher literary productions of the human mind must always remain inaccessible. It may be right, nay necessary, to make them approach these, if only to prove that they have no taste for them; but this should be done in their own language or in French, the only other indispensable language.

In connection with this subject, I cannot too much insist on the importance of the use of really good translations. Seldom, indeed, is it that you find one so good,

even of a prose work, that it can be recommended in its entirety; but there are many which, in the hands of a good tutor, may be turned to excellent account; and so may such books as the capital, though, of course, unequal, series of "Ancient Classics for English Readers," published by Messrs. Blackwood. I may be asked if I would absolutely banish from education the practice of Latin composition. I reply, From *education*, no; from *general education*, yes.* I should as soon think of pro-

* Let us look at it as a matter of common sense. How much Latin prose have these boys or young men read when, at fifteen, sixteen, or seventeen, they come up to compete for our Bursaries? A book or two of Cæsar—a book or two of Livy—not much more. Now, is it humanly possible for anyone who has read so little as this to write good Latin prose? Will not the best exercise of the cleverest student, who has gone through merely such a training as this, be simply a *cento* of phrases from Cæsar or Livy? And is any composition worthy of the name unless it rises far beyond this, and is the product of a mind working freely, with the command of a large store of reading in the best authors of the language in which it is wished to compose? If we wanted to teach English, without the aid of conversation, to a young Russian, should we make him read exclusively some half-dozen chapters of Hume and a book of Robertson, and then drill him in translating small paragraphs of Russian into English, bringing in as many of the phrases of one or other of these writers as possible? Should we not rather encourage him to read a greater variety of authors, taking care that he understood thoroughly the grammar and construction as he went along, and leaving composition alone until he had made some real progress in the language? A wise teacher would do this with a language which is in itself useful as a medium of communication. How much more then with a language which is now absolutely useless as a medium of communication? If Latin were still useful as a medium of communication, I should be strongly in favour of boys learning first to speak it and then to write it. That was what they did in the days of the *Renaissance*. That is what our forefathers did, when they too were, even in this far-off corner, drawn into the stream of the literary revival which heralded and followed the awakening of the human mind at the Reformation. Our forefathers were quite right. It is we who are wrong, in keeping up one practice which they introduced, long after vital portions of their educational system have been laid aside, and long after the state of things, with a view to which they made their arrangements, has passed utterly away. Erasmus and our own Buchanan would, if they were alive now, be the leaders of educational change.

scribing fencing as of proscribing Latin composition. They are both mighty pretty pastimes, and very much upon a level. Far from discouraging either, I should encourage both by considerable prizes, and be as sorry to think that the day would ever come when no man could turn out a copy of verses which might have been worthy of a corner in the Anthologia Oxoniensis, as that the day would come when no man could draw a fine rapier more. But in order that we may have a few good

Look at our practice again in another light. Can it be defended as laying a good foundation in what is technically called "Scholarship?" Do these boys, who write Latin prose good enough to entitle them to win our Bursaries, at sixteen or seventeen, write *first-rate* Latin prose at one or two and twenty? Of all the numerous young men and middle-aged men who, educated within the last twenty years in the University of Aberdeen, are now distinguishing themselves in all parts of the world, and in all sorts of callings, are there ten—are there five—are there two—is there one who has distinguished, or is distinguishing himself as a brilliant composer? Of the boys who are put through the classical mill in, say, the thirty leading Schools of England, a vast proportion get uncommonly little good from it, but a percentage become fair scholars—that is to say, when they leave school, between eighteen and nineteen, they have read pretty widely both in Greek and Latin, and they can write very fair Latin prose, very fair Latin Elegiacs, Hexameters, Alcaics, as well as Greek Iambics; and sometimes, though more rarely, very fair Greek prose. Of those who can do this at eighteen or nineteen, a good many turn to other pursuits when they go up to the University, but a few keep up the practice of composition in all its forms, and these men become the crack composers of England. I should be the last man in the world to disparage their performances. To say nothing of the very best verse compositions, I am free to admit that to hear, say, for example, some of the finest passages of Ruskin turned into Ciceronian Latin, worthy of the original, is a very high intellectual pleasure, and in a rich country, where many persons have abundance of leisure, it is of course desirable that the fine art of Latin composition should be cultivated by those who have a genius for it, like other fine arts. We, however, do not even aim at producing this kind of man. We aim at producing men who will do honestly and well some of the hard intellectual work of the world. We aim at this, and we succeed in our aim, because our aim is consonant with the genius of the inhabitants of this north-eastern district. Ask our Professor of Mathematics, and he will tell you that the average of mathematical and scientific ability in this part of the country is quite

fencers, we do not make almost everyone throw away years of life in the practice of fencing, and it is just as little reasonable to make almost everyone throw them away in the practice of Latin composition, with the result of turning out a few Jebbs or Coningtons. Greek composition stands on a different footing. To write Greek verse is, of course, useless; but if we could import scholars, trained at Athens, who could teach old

unusually high. Ask our Professor of Logic, and he will tell you the same about the logical and speculative faculties of the people of this district. Do I then mean that we should neglect the teaching of Classics? Far indeed from that, but I think that the kind of classical knowledge which we ought to encourage should be of that robust and manly sort, which alone nowadays obtains for the classical scholar recognition and importance. There is plenty of such work to be done. We still, for example, want in our language good translations of far the greater number of even the commoner classical authors. To translate the Politics of Aristotle supremely well—there would be a worthy object for a modern English scholar. To make Tacitus an English classic—there would be another object, the execution of which would hand down a man's name to posterity more effectually than any work of original genius that did not rise to the very first rank. How much, again, has still to be done for Classical History, nay, even for Classical Geography. Is there, for instance, a single really good book of Classical Travels in Italy? One of the best tourist books on Italy was written by an Elgin man, Mr. Forsyth, whose excellent brother died only a few years ago, surrounded by the love and respect of his fellow-citizens. What is to prevent us, if we give a really robust and manly direction to the studies of the district, producing some modern Cluverius, who will take away by a book, as good, say, as those of Leake about Greece, this great European reproach? Then, as to Ancient Philosophy, is there not something still to be done in that field, and is not the best classical book which has issued from Aberdeen the Phaedo of Professor Geddes? If that is an accident, it seems to me, when taken in connection with the ability shown by so many youths in Professor Bain's classes, a very significant accident.

As it is, we fall between two stools. We encourage boys to begin Latin as if we intended to make them, when they were three-and-twenty, able to compete successfully with the men who wrote in the "Arundines Cami," or in the "Anthologia Oxoniensis." And then, long before they have arrived at any proficiency worth speaking about, we call them off to other and, as I think, worthier studies.—*Address with regard to the Bursary Competition, delivered in the University of Aberdeen, October 9th*, 1868.

Greek as a living language, it is quite possible that some time given to the writing of Greek prose might not be ill bestowed, especially by those who could arrange to spend a few months in Greece before their *general education* came to an end. And that at least three months spent in studying Latin history and literature in Italy, and a like time spent in studying Greek history and literature in Greece, will become a regular

In this matter of composition the Commissioners make concessions, but they do not make sufficient concessions. I confess that I am on this one point thoroughly revolutionary. I feel that every hour which I myself ever took from reading good Latin and Greek, and gave to writing bad Latin and Greek, was an hour lost, and I defy anyone to prove that such hours are ever employed to advantage, except by perhaps three or four boys out of a hundred, who happen to have the peculiar knack of writing what is called brilliant composition; and when you have attained to this pinnacle, when you can write Greek verses like Mr. Riddell in the Anthologia Oxoniensis, or Latin verses like Professor Conington or Professor Goldwin Smith, in the same volume, have you done anything better than gain an accomplishment entitled to rank amongst intellectual acquirements, pretty much as fencing does amongst physical acquirements? No amount of sophistry can prove that there is any one important gift of the human intellect which is at all more brought out by Latin and Greek composition than by composition in other languages. In discussing the question, there is an everlasting application of the argument *post hoc ergo propter hoc*. We are told, for example, that such and such a person wrote good Latin verses before he made good speeches or wrote good leading articles, and then it is quietly assumed that he had the power to do the one only because he had done the other. I will not raise the question whether it is in the nature of things possible for a modern to write really well in Greek or Latin at all, although I fully believe that the least successful contemporary imitators of Cicero would have smiled at our Ciceronian Latin, and the weakest poet who ever failed at Athens would have found little to admire even in the "Greek Verses of Shrewsbury School." The Vice-Chancellor of the University of Calcutta told the young Bengalees the other day:

"Depend upon it, no man ever wrote well by striving too hard to write well. English can only be well written by following the golden rule which Englishmen follow, or ought to follow, and that rule is never to try deliberately to write it well."—*Speech upon the Report of the Public Schools Commission in the House of Commons, May 6th*, 1864.

part of our curriculum for those who want to have *all the chances*, I make no doubt. I do not speak of to-day or to-morrow, but of the end of the century, when many practical difficulties—the typhoid fevers, which are temporarily adding a new danger to the great cities of Italy, the brigandage of Greece, and many other inconveniences—have become things of the past.

Some of my readers have, perhaps, not seen Professor Blackie's very useful little book of Greek Dialogues on Modern Subjects, which I venture to recommend to their attention. I apprehend that a cultivated Athenian would perfectly understand an Englishman speaking Xenophontic Greek if only he pronounced it in the modern way, which is not difficult to learn; and the tendency of political events, if Russia does not get to Constantinople, will be, I think, to strengthen, not weaken, the artificial but very powerful movement towards bringing back the language to something very like the ancient.*

It is necessary to point out that, however childish a pursuit "scholarship" may be, in the sense of the imitation of the Latin and Greek authors, however absurd it may be to encourage in boys who are intended to be busy men of the *modern*, not professional students of the *ancient*, world, any intense application to the niceties of Greek

* I cannot understand, now that the position of Greek in education is threatened, why the heads of the great schools have not the wit to see that they would immensely strengthen the position of Greek in education if they could say to parents—You are much in favour of modern languages. Well, now, by teaching Greek I not only give your son a key to some of the finest literature that has ever been composed, but I increase his efficiency as a practical man—a man of the world. The Greeks of the Kingdom have certainly made a mess of their political affairs, but they have succeeded in purifying their language, and there can be no doubt that that language has a very considerable future in the Eastern Mediterranean. Already politicians begin to speculate upon changes in the Balkan peninsula which will one way or

and Latin grammar, it is difficult to attach too much importance to perfectly accurate translation into English. Whatever is read for educational purposes, in any language, should be read with the utmost care, and no difficulty should be slurred over. If this caution be neglected, we shall sacrifice the one good thing in the old training—the accuracy to which it accustomed those with whom it succeeded. One of its many faults was that it did not succeed, but failed, with nine out of ten; and that it trained those with whom it succeeded chiefly to be accurate in nonsense, to the destruction of the time and energy which should have been bestowed upon studies at once more educative and more instructive.

I must protest in the most emphatic way against my being called an enemy of classical education. I maintain that the classical education which I would give would be of an infinitely higher and better kind than the present, while it would occupy far less time. I think that we should exhaust every device of ingenuity to make this and all other studies as easy, and even as pleasant, as possible. I utterly abhor that "doctrine and position," that difficulty is a good in itself. It is quite impossible to learn anything well, without encountering much and serious difficulty; but while

other greatly increase the importance of the Greeks. You won't have the *grande idée* realised—that is a dream; but the Greeks stand to win a good deal, whatever happens. This very day you might speak and write the Greek of, say, Dion Chrysostom, and be perfectly well understood at Athens, if only you pronounced it as the Greeks do; and by the time your son is in middle life a thorough acquaintance with Greek will be a real advantage, for the class of persons who are sufficiently educated to speak the language purely is rapidly increasing, as it is sure to do in a country—the only one, I believe, in Europe—where school-boys like learning their lessons.—*An Address delivered in the Liverpool Institute, November 8th*, 1876: *Higher and Secondary Education.*

he who shirks difficulty where it must be faced is a coward, he who goes out of his way to seek difficulty is a fool.

Before passing from this portion of the subject I wish to observe that there is no reason why persons who cannot carry on their education to one or two and twenty should be shut out from the influences of ancient classical literature and art. A far more real acquaintance with the ancient world than is now possessed by ninety out of a hundred who go through the usual classical mill, could be obtained by translations read, under the guidance of a good teacher, in a course which need not extend over more than two years—say from sixteen to eighteen—and could be fitted in very well with technical or professional studies. Further, I would add that if it is good for highly-educated men to come under the influences of the ancient world, it is good for women who wish to carry on their education till one or two and twenty, and to become highly educated, to do the same. There is no reason why the classics should be more educative or instructive to one sex than to the other.*

* But, for that matter, it seems to me that the education which is good for boys is, with few exceptions, up to seventeen or eighteen, equally good for girls. It is only after that age that you should begin to make great differences. Some educational reformers are, I think, quite wrong in their treatment of this subject; but they are wrong chiefly because they a great deal overrate the goodness of the education given to boys and young men in this country. A well-brought-up girl of eighteen, in an English home, is generally, I should say, better educated than her brother who has been to one of our great schools and is just going up to Oxford. I am not speaking, of course, of the boys who take scholarships or other high distinctions at school or on entering college, but of the average clergyman's or country gentleman's son who goes up as a commoner and will eventually take a pass degree. To put a girl through his curriculum, with its poor jejune Latin learning and even jejuner Greek and Mathematics, instead of what she now learns, would be a sad mistake; but when Latin and Greek have been put in their proper place, not as beggarly elements but as studies to be

I return, however, to the main line of my paper. Even the longer classical course I suggest will afford room for the introduction of various other subjects which are now entirely excluded. I take it for granted that a very slight amount of attention will enable a boy to keep up and gradually extend the acquirements which I have supposed him to possess at fourteen. The only one which would call for daily attention would be geography, in the sense in which I have explained it. What, then, are the new studies, in addition to Greek and Latin, for which time must be found before the usual age of going up to the university? They are, I should say—

1. Mathematics.
2. Chemistry.

pursued as a kind of reward for success in more obviously necessary studies, then it will seem just as natural for girls to work at them as for boys. When general education is done and the boy enters upon those studies which are to form a sort of bridge between general education and professional or special studies, then is the time to begin to make a great difference in the training of the sexes. If it is desirable, for example, that men should have read whatever the Romans said that was quintessentially good and beautiful, it appears to me just as desirable that women should have read it too But supposing a young man is going to the Bar, he will, after his general education in Latin is done, and before he begins to study English Law, read, if he is to be well-founded in English Law, more fully in Roman History than he has done before, and superadd to that some knowledge of Roman law. Now, into that training I should think it absurd that his sister should follow him. If, as ought to be the case, she carried on her education, usually of course at home, as long as her brother did his at the university, she could spend her time far more usefully in studies which would prepare her to be what she is meant by Nature to be—not the rival of the other sex, but the great consoler, ornament, and purifier of Society. Of course, in a girl's education you should do all you can to cultivate the taste for what is best in art and most beautiful in nature, but you should do the same in the case of boys. It would only be after the purely general part of education was over that you ought to give more prominence to æsthetic cultivation in the woman than in the man.—*An Address delivered in the Liverpool Institute, November 8th*, 1876: *Higher and Secondary Education.*

3. Italian.
4. Book-keeping.
5. English Essay-writing.

As to the study of mathematics, the part it should bear in *general* education seems to me very small indeed. It is of the utmost importance to the community to encourage mathematical acquirement, and those who have the charge of boys should be always on the outlook to discover and foster any promise of great mathematical ability. But for the general purposes of life the study of mathematics is the most barren of all studies. No statement can be less true than that it trains the reasoning powers for the common pursuits of men. Nothing can be less like the problems of life than the problems of mathematics, and the aptitudes required for the two kinds of problems are wholly distinct. An acquaintance with the very rudiments of mathematics, a little geometry, and a little algebra, are all that should be required as a part of *general* education. Any intelligent teacher would see fast enough, by the time his pupil had got through the first four books of Euclid, or arrived at quadratic equations, whether he had any mathematical turn whatsoever, and, if so, whether it was a sufficiently marked one to make it worth while to sacrifice any other part of *general* education to it.

I would pursue much the same course with regard to chemistry, though chemistry has over mathematics this advantage, that while it, too, is a good training for the mind, it cannot be pursued without the acquisition of a great deal of very useful knowledge. Still, once more I repeat, "life is short," and the amount of chemistry contained in a small book, such as that of Sir Ughtred Kay-Shuttleworth, used under the guidance of a sensible teacher in a good laboratory, would be quite enough to give a sufficient amount of knowledge, and to betray to

an observant eye any remarkable aptitude which it might be prudent to develope.

The only other modern language, besides those already specified, which should, I think, form part of general education, is Italian,* and it is a matter of indifference whether that is acquired during the years

* It seems to me that the Commissioners have exercised a very wise discretion in postponing the claims of Italian to those of German. True it is that in favour of the first may be urged its affinity to Latin and to French, rendering it, as they do, singularly easy to teach in conjunction with these two languages. Then it is undoubtedly, in the Mediterranean and the East, extremely useful; nor must it be forgotten that the growing political importance of Italy, and the great awakening which is taking place there, will make it increasingly desirable to be acquainted with the language which is spoken by a great and powerful people. The atmosphere, so to speak, which we breathe in the writings of Goethe is the same as that in which we all live. It is essentially modern When we turn, however, to the Divina Commedia, we breathe another atmosphere. The world of Dante was a world almost as different from ours as the world of Sophocles. It is perhaps a hasty generalisation from Milton, but one cannot help thinking that the early and deep study of Italian literature is calculated to bring out in a very singular degree some of the finest characteristics of the English mind. The arguments, however, in favour of German are irresistible. It is at least as useful as Italian, not only from the number of people who speak it, but from the number of languages to which it is the key. The two reasons, however, which seem to me conclusive in its favour are the following. In the first place, the difficulty of really mastering it is so great and so serious that the most bigoted adherent of the present system cannot afford, if, that is to say, he has himself acquired it, to treat it as an inadequate substitute for part of that Greek and Latin training, the difficulty of which is, to the minds of such people, its peculiar charm; and secondly, because the literature of Germany is to such an extent a reservoir of knowledge and of ideas, that with the exception of the exact sciences, there is no one subject of human research upon which anyone can thoroughly inform himself without being driven to German sources. Take the very subject of classics. I do not ask, Are there not many German books which are indispensable?—But are there any books of much importance in use in our schools or universities which are not either wholly German or taken to a great extent from German sources? So it is with history, so with philosophy. Open any book on the theological controversies now raging in this country, and, strange to say, neither on the orthodox nor heterodox side is there almost a single authority cited which is not either German or wearing the

which immediately precede a university course or during the years spent at the university. The power of speaking Italian well is one possessed by very few Englishmen, and, although it is a most charming accomplishment, I should even less think of considering it as a part of general education, than I should facility in German; but not to be able to read both languages, with perfect ease, is to expose oneself to great, and, as the number of books in each increases, ever-multiplying inconveniences. Italian could, I need hardly say, be learned *pari passu* with Latin, with the greatest advantage.

Some people may be surprised to see anyone give a prominent place in general education to so special a subject as book-keeping, and, of course, I do not desire that ordinary people should have the technical skill of a book-keeper, but a sufficient knowledge of that humble art, to make accounts easily intelligible, would be vastly convenient to every man of the world, and it is for men of the world that I am writing, men who have to be shareholders, trustees, executors, to examine farm books and estate accounts.

Many who will smile at my last recommendation, will have much more favour for my next, viz. that English composition, which up to sixteen or thereabouts should be chiefly cultivated by perpetual translation from dead or foreign languages, and by writing concisely reports of things seen, should, after that age, be carried farther, by the practice of frequently writing English essays.

uniform of one or the other widely divided schools of German opinion. A suggestion is made by Professor Müller respecting the assistance which might be derived in teaching both Latin and French from comparative philology, and he mentions a grammar, that of M. Egger, the well-known Professor in Paris, which is founded upon this principle. I am glad to see that the Commissioners think that the suggestion may be turned to practical use.—*Speech upon the Report of the Public Schools Commission, in the House of Commons, May 6th*, 1864.

It is surely unnecessary to argue at any length in favour of devoting some little trouble, between fourteen and eighteen, to understanding the ordinary laws of health, together with as much of the very elements of physiology as is necessary for their comprehension. No one arrives at middle life without knowing many cases amongst his contemporaries where a little knowledge of this subject would have prevented errors in matters of exercise, food, and a variety of other things which have produced quite disastrous results.

The possession of all the requirements that I have specified should be tested by an examination, which should take place at the age at which boys now go to the university, and which might be held either at school or college. In saying this, I do not wish to imply that no one should enter the university who could not pass a fair examination in the subjects I have enumerated. The course which I am describing is susceptible of infinite modification, where peculiar aptitudes or circumstances have to be considered. If, for instance, I found that a boy who could *have all the chances* had great mathematical and no literary ability, I would omit Latin and Greek from his education altogether, and only require so much knowledge of German and Italian as would be necessary to enable him to read books on his own subject. The university, while welcoming to her those youths who only wish for a first-rate general education, should also welcome every kind of specialist.* If, for example, a young man who could

* It is to the last degree disgraceful that at such a university as Oxford any branch of human knowledge which is recognised by the other great universities of the world should not be taught, excepting always branches of learning which have merely a local importance, or which there is some good reason for not teaching—as for instance, from there being a place in the immediate neighbourhood where they are specially well taught. Why should Oxford strike her flag to Berlin or Heidelberg, or any other university on the face of the earth? Are

do nothing more than read his own language, and to whom French, German, Italian, Latin, and Greek were inscrutable mysteries, had a real genius for entomology, I should think it was pedantry gone mad to bar his entrance to Professor Westwood's Lectures by a matriculation examination. If a man desired to study nothing at Oxford but Tamil and Telugu, to Oxford he should go with my blessing, provided only he could satisfy the authorities that he could attend, with profit, prelections on those interesting tongues.

I am merely suggesting an everyday course for everyday people. If a man is fortunate enough to have sons with a great and real turn for anything—a sufficient turn to make them, in that particular walk, useful to their generation—I would be the last person to ask him to stand in the way of a natural bent. So few of us, however, have the luck to be fathers of heaven-born artists,

they richer than she? Are they more dignified than she? Have they to minister to a nation which has more world-wide interests than ours? A noble lord recently used as an illustration of useless Professorships —Professorships of Chinese and Slavonic. Sir, it seems to me difficult to speak with sufficient shame of a nation which has our position in Asia not having had, till the other day, a Professorship of Chinese in the wealthiest of its universities. Did the noble lord forget that China is inhabited by some three hundred and sixty millions of men? that she has the oldest and most extraordinary civilisation in the world; that we have commercial relations with her of great importance; and that a change that might at any time come about in the policy of that country might increase these relations quite enormously. Is there anyone who has given attention to the subject who will deny that it is possible that within the next fifty years the Chinese race may be playing a part of first-rate importance in the world? So much for the direct importance of Chinese; but is that all? Just listen to what one of the leading philologists in Oxford says on this very subject:

"The importance of Chinese," says Mr. Sayce, "to the science of language need not be pointed out, nor the mass of literature described which its study has called forth; and yet those only who have devoted their attention to the science of language can have any idea of the loss occasioned to it at Oxford by the absence there of a Chair of Chinese. How much would not the Oxford students of language have given for

or poets, or musicians, or engineers, or geologists, or astronomers, or anything else, that what I have to say must have an application to the case of many.

During the years spent at the university in England or abroad, and, better than either, in England *and* abroad, the acquirements already possessed should be kept up, and some new ones added. The leading study should still be the knowledge of the ball on which we live, alike in its physical and political aspects. The acquaintance with the modern languages of which I have spoken should become ever more and more the knowledge of the flower of their literature. The acquaintance with Greek and Latin should become ever more and more a transfusion into the mind of classical ideas. Of new studies, the chief should be, first, an elementary knowledge of English law, and of the outlines at once of our Constitution and of our administrative system, imperial and local.

an opportunity of questioning and listening to a Professor of Chinese, whom it has been left to the far-sightedness of some Liverpool merchants to call to the university."

And Slavonic. I only wish that we had had for many years back Professorships of more than one of the Slavonic languages. Perhaps if we had had them, the present difficulties in the East would not be so perplexing as they are. I entreat anyone to whom such a remark may appear strange to turn to the collected works of one of the most brilliant and gifted of English scholars, the late Lord Strangford, a most devoted son of Oxford, and read the masterly, the admirable paper entitled "Chaos," which deals with this very subject. People, who talk as the noble lord talked, have surely not the faintest idea, either of the vastness of the field over which human knowledge extends, or of what other nations are doing in cultivating that field. Some time ago, Professor Max Müller was asked what Chairs should be founded in Oxford in connection with his own subject. To this question he replied, *inter alia*, as follows:

"If it were wished to establish at Oxford a real School of Comparative Philology, the following Professorships would be necessary:—1. A Professorship of the Teutonic languages; 2. A Professorship of the Celtic languages; 3. A Professorship of the Neo-Latin languages; 4. A Professorship of the Semitic languages, independent of the Professorship of Hebrew and Old Testament Exegesis; 5. A Professorship of Persian,

I know of no book that gives exactly the kind of information of which I am thinking; but supposing any one were to take Stephen's Blackstone and Dr. Gneist's formidable volumes, along with May's Constitutional History, and boil them down into a work not larger than the last mentioned, he would produce the kind of text-book I should suggest. Then the broadest, and only the broadest, principles of political economy should be studied in one of the approved manuals; Stephen's Digest of the Law of Evidence, some of Bentham, in the form of Dumont, with a few selected "Leading Cases," and a good deal of Wheaton's International Law should be added; and, lastly, the pupil should go through a long course of lectures intended to give him a good general idea of the history of speculation, from the

including Zend; 6. A Professorship of the language and antiquities of Egypt; 7. A Professorship of Chinese, coupled, if possible, with Tartaric and Mongolic."

[Laughter.] Hon. members laugh, and very naturally; but we are dealing with University affairs, and we must introduce words and subjects very unfamiliar to our usual debates. Mr. Max Müller goes on to observe:

"Such a Staff, though it may seem large, exists in almost every university in France, Germany, and even Russia, the Professor being expected not only to teach and prepare pupils for examination, but to inspire them with a love of special subjects, to carry on the work handed down by former generations, and to increase as much as possible the inherited capital of knowledge by means of original research."

Now, I beg the House to consider this statement. It sounds strange to us, but if other great nations act thus, can it be so very unreasonable? Mr. Max Müller proceeds to say:

"Considering the peculiar duties which England has undertaken to fulfil in India, a Professorship of the Neo-Sanscritic languages (Bengali, Hindustani, Mahratti, &c.), and of the Dravidian languages (Tamil, Telugu, Canarese, &c.), would likewise seem to be required in the first university of the English Empire."

The non-existence at Oxford of any adequate representation of the various branches of knowledge which are specially Indian, is surely one of the very strangest phenomena observable in Europe. There died the other day a great Persian scholar who had made his fame in a land not his own. If an English student wanted to attend the lectures

earliest days down to Comte, Schopenhauer, Hartmann, and Mill. I need hardly say that the more the various opinions could be represented as so many well-painted slides in a magic-lantern, and the less subjective the lecturer was, the better he would do his work.

The only other study I would suggest is that of public speaking, for which there are now great facilities at most universities. The Union was decidedly the most valuable institution at Oxford, in my day, for I belong, alas! to the old barbarous time before the First Commission, when there was no Modern History School, no University Museum, no Taylor Scholarships for Modern Languages.

If the course I am proposing were substituted for the

of M. Jules Mohl, whither had he to go—to an English university? No—to the Collége de France. Yet, what interests has France in Persia, or Persian, at all comparable to ours? The noble lord the Under Secretary for India will correct me if I am wrong when I say that the decay of Persian learning amongst Indian officers is a serious practical inconvenience—an inconvenience which has attracted the attention of Government and to which it is not easy to apply a remedy. Quite recently several of the Indian languages have become recognised at Oxford; but I remember when there was not even a teacher of Hindustani; and, to this hour, if anyone wants to have a notion of what is doing in current Indian literature, he must turn again to the Collége de France and read the annual statement of one of its Professors, M. Garcin de Tassy. Let anyone who cares for the good name of Oxford look at what the Orientalists have done since the days of Sir William Jones, and then count up what share Oxford has had in that splendid page of human history. It is getting late, but it is not yet too late for her still to take her part. Can the present generation of her children really wish that her historians in the end of next century shall not have a very different tale to tell from what could be told of her now? What should we think of any other nation which had such an appanage as India and did not recognise it in its greatest national university? Do the Dutch at Leyden ignore their Eastern possessions? Very far from it. The mere fact that Haileybury was created far away from either Oxford or Cambridge, speaks volumes as to the melancholy state in which they were in those days.—*Speech on the Second Reading of the University of Cambridge Bill in the House of Commons, July 6th*, 187c.

ordinary one, we might, in thinking over the future of a son at one or two and twenty, calculate—

1. That he had a general acquaintance with the laws of health.

2. That he could read aloud clearly and agreeably.

3. That he could put a few sentences together in public without undue nervousness.

4. That he could write a large, clear, round hand.

5. That he knew the ordinary rules of arithmetic.

6. That he knew enough of book-keeping to understand accounts submitted to him.

7. That he could speak and write French with ease and correctness.

8. That he could translate *ad aperturam libri* from French, German, Italian, Greek, and Latin, and had some insight into what is best in their literatures. Further, that he knew the derivation of every word whose derivation is undisputed, that he came across in each of these languages, and was acquainted with the *broadest* results of the labours of the comparative philologist and comparative grammarian.

9. That he had a very wide knowledge of geography, *understood in the largest sense of the term, together with all the bigger and more obvious facts of history*, by which I do not for a moment mean to imply that he should have given any very great attention to history. History is one of the noblest of studies, and a man who has the requisite means and inclination cannot do better than devote himself to it, after his general education is finished; but I am speaking now only of general education. Perhaps I could best express my meaning by saying that I think an Englishman of the class for whom I am writing should know, at one or two and twenty, all the leading facts about every important country, which a man who now passes for well-educated, but has given no special attention to

history or geography, knows about his own country. The amount of knowledge which would put an Englishman on a level with a fairly well-informed Italian, or Brazilian, or Russian, or Greek, or Dutch gentleman, in the matter of the history and geography of their own countries, is not, I conceive, by any means colossal. Still, it would be enough to promote a vast deal of good feeling, and to prevent much folly being talked and done. I most fully believe, for example, that if we knew the commonest facts, geographical and historical, about our own colonies, we should hear far less than we do of colonial discontent and heart-burnings, which usually have their origin, when they have their origin on our side at all, in the *sancta simplicitas* of our admirable intentions, and absolute Nescience at once of their past and of their present. Let it, then, be distinctly understood that, when I maintained that knowledge of the ball on which we find ourselves is the most important branch of knowledge for those who govern directly so large a portion of its surface, and influence indirectly what is done in nearly all the rest, I do not wish to exchange the duodecimo Porsons, whom we now turn out of our universities, for duodecimo Humboldts. Of the two articles I should vastly prefer the second, but it is not what I want.

If a boy knew thoroughly well at fourteen two such books as Mrs. Somerville's "Physical Geography," and "La Terre à vol d'Oiseau," by Reclus, and then went on adding to the knowledge therein contained by reading, under good guidance, say as much as would fill three octavo volumes a year, he would, by one or two and twenty, have the kind of knowledge of geography in its highest sense which should form the most important part of every English gentleman's education. Geography of this kind is inseparable from history, and is the best vehicle for conveying it to the mind, since facts sink

much deeper if they come to us as an explanation of what now exists, than they do if they are read without any relation to the present; and not even the narrowest pedant would be able to speak of history thus acquired as "cram."

But to continue.

10. We might, if the course I suggest were followed, fully calculate that our son had been trained, from earliest infancy, to use his powers of observation on plants or animals, or rocks, or other natural objects.

11. That he knew as much mathematics, physics, and chemistry as are required to pass the matriculation of the London University, which many boys now pass at sixteen.

12. That he could write a fair English essay.

13. That he had a good general acquaintance with the more important English classics.

14. That he had some knowledge of the broad principles of the laws under which he lives, and of the way in which the imperial and local administration of his country is carried on.

15. That he had some notions, correct as far as they went, about what the greatest men have thought with reference to the leading controversies, religious, political, and philosophical, which have divided the world, *considered purely objectively.*

16. That he knew the rudiments of political economy and of international law.

It will be seen that I omit many things which are in high favour now in various circles—much fiddling over arithmetic, all mathematics except the very elements, a great deal of grammar in various tongues, all Latin and nearly all Greek composition, much moral science, a great deal of controversial theology, endless learning by heart of prose and verse for the purpose of "improving our

composition,"* logic—I leave them all out without a pang, as not forming any portion of general education, except the last, which I leave out because life is short, and because I think that the careful study of such books as Bentham's Principles of Legislation, of a Civil Code, and of a Criminal Code in Dumont's edition, Stephen's Digest of the Law of Evidence, a selection from Smith's Leading Cases, as suggested by Mr. Morley at Birmingham, and other books which would have to be studied in order to pass well under heads 14, 15, and 16, would serve the same purpose as a good treatise on logic.

Just consider the difference between a young man who had gone through this training, and, I do not say the failures, but the successes of the present system. Yet the course I propose requires a considerably smaller amount of work, and leaves more time for amusement, than the usual one, while it could be so arranged as to make "cramming" in its bad sense quite impossible. It should be remembered that the efforts of your best tutors are now used to turn away the best men from the more valuable studies to mere classics and mathematics. "How is —— ?" said, lately, a friend of mine to one of the most influential, and deservedly influential, guides of youth in England. "Ah, poor fellow," was the reply, "he has gone in for modern history. You know his health broke down!" As if modern history were not a far nobler, and manlier study than the charming, but comparatively trifling, pursuits of the "scholar," with his pretty copies of Iambics, and all the rest of it, or the still more barren pursuits of the Speculatist who weaves and unweaves the web of Metaphysics.

An examination should be held, I think, in all the

* I am in favour of a moderate amount of learning by heart, but nothing should be learnt by heart which is not supremely good. To oblige a boy to repeat a Greek play straight off is an absurd folly.

subjects I have enumerated, in the last year of the university course; and the successful candidates might be classed, as they now are at Oxford, in five great divisions. There should be no attempt to arrange them within each of the five classes in their exact order of merit; and a good place in the examination should carry with it much consideration, but no pecuniary reward. It is absurd to pay people for allowing you to give them a good general education. Pecuniary rewards should be almost entirely reserved for those who intend to devote themselves to the service of the university, and to those who take up studies which will not encourage themselves. Devotion to the service of the university and special attainments should, however, be rewarded with no grudging hand. The less suitable a study is for the purposes of general education, the more proper it is for encouragement by prizes, scholarships, and money grants.

It would not be easy to pitch upon two studies less suitable for general education than the abstruser parts of mathematics, and Chinese, but I should say that a rich university which did not encourage these two studies by liberal payments grossly neglected its duty. To examine a man for his degree in Athenæus would be a piece of absurd pedantry; to give a prize of fifty guineas for a good examination in Athenæus would be a meritorious proceeding. In no way, perhaps, could the University of Oxford so well encourage the study of the ancient classics as by offering handsome rewards for really good translations into English, like Mr. Jowett's Plato, for good editions of Latin or Greek authors, like Mr. Bywater's Heraclitus, for essays on classical subjects, which either add to the knowledge of scholars, like Müller's Eumenides, or make classical ideas accessible to the many, like Mr. Symonds's delightful book on the Greek Poets.

Educational endowments may be used with great propriety to help struggling merit up to the university —to put the son of the poorest man, provided he has great ability and application, in the position of the son of the man of moderate fortune; but it would be an abuse of endowments to carry him on for three or four years more, while you give him an education which, however admirable, presupposes the possession of considerable private means to use it to advantage.

By all means let the son of the poorest man obtain easy access to the university, but if he has not a special turn for some of the branches which it is worth the while of the public to foster by money payments, because they are not so obviously useful as to foster themselves, he had much better devote himself as soon as possible to professional and money-making studies, to which the application of any large amount of endowment would be highly improper.

We ought never to lose sight, in arranging our educational institutions, either of the man who aspires only to the highest general cultivation of his age, or of the man who desires to be a specialist—to carry knowledge farther. Both are to be encouraged to the utmost: the first by providing him with the very best teaching, by enabling him to test his measure of success, and by sending him forth with the stamp of public recognition; the other by ample pecuniary rewards, given as much as possible, but by no means always, in return for definite work done.

Those who say that universities are to be mere places of education—upper schools, in fact—and those who say that they are to be mere machines for research, and retreats for learned leisure, are equally wrong. A great university like Oxford should aim at being at once the best place of education, the greatest machine for

research, and the most delicious retreat for learned leisure in the whole world. Her advantages in the struggle for the *Primato* in all these ways are absolutely overwhelming. If she is not all that, before the century is done, it is only because she wills to be false to herself. But we must keep wide apart these two questions: "What should the university be ready to *teach*?" and "What should the ordinary English gentleman *learn* during that period of his general education which closes with the university?"

I have still to reply to two opposite kinds of objection.

It will be remarked by some that my list is pretty long, and that it would be impossible to attain by one or two and twenty any great skill in the arts, or wide knowledge of most of the subjects, included in it. I am quite aware of this, but I ask for nothing of the kind. I ask for a wide knowledge of only one subject —Geography in the sense of Earth Knowledge and History. A very moderate amount of knowledge of the others, thoroughly accurate so far as it goes, is all I dream of; and it must be recollected that I would allow no subject to be commenced as a part of general education, the study of which might not with great advantage be continued through the whole of life. Some subjects would, of course, be pursued in after life by one, some by another; but the kind of general education which approves itself to my mind would at least oblige those who passed through it to have looked at all the great divisions of human knowledge, and to have satisfied themselves whether they had or had not a turn for them.

The line which bounds general education is, after all, only an imaginary one. General education should only end with life; but men who are to be busy with

the world's work, and to give a due place to the second of the objects of life which I set out by enumerating, will, after one or two and twenty, begin to find the time they can give, in the course of the day, to general education, much shorter than it used to be. Still, so great are the facilities which our modern life affords, that those who are now just beginning their general education, with the prospect of having *all the chances*, may well hope, if they live out their years, and retain their energies, not only to know all the most important facts which man has found out about himself and the universe of which he forms part, but to have seen, heard, and read, before they die, all that is best and most beautiful in that portion of the universe which serves as man's habitation. In order to do this they must from the very first be carefully prevented wasting their time on second or third rate things. The real use of teachers, properly so called, after the very first youth has been passed, would be chiefly to keep us within the limits of the really valuable and excellent. Not the least desirable professor in any university would be he who would tell us faithfully and wisely what famous books we had better leave on the bookshelves, what famous places we need not visit, what famous theories are cinders, ashes, dust. I am not aware, however, that the appointment of so useful a person falls within even the very extensive powers which are to be acquired by the University Commissioners under the Act of this year. We must be content to make many mistakes; but if there once arises amongst men and women of the world a real demand for the help necessary to such an educational course for their children as I have sketched, there will be found persons to supply the want.

And is it possible that such a demand should not arise? Into what company of people, who know the

world, does one enter without hearing lamentations over the miserable results of our present schools? their wonderful powers of boobyising the inferior, their scant success in making much of the superior boy?

Another set of critics will take exception to my proposals upon quite different grounds. They will ask that many more and severer studies should be made a part of general education, and they will point with admiration to Mr. Mill's address at St. Andrews. I decline the contest with a giant. I have no doubt that the methods proposed by him are excellent for the purpose of making men of science, and great thinkers. My object, however, is far more humble. I am writing in the interest of those who wish to learn from the seminal minds of the age, not to rival them. I am thinking not of the education suitable for a hundred or two of picked intelligences, but for many thousand very good sort of young men with fair brains and fair powers of application, but by no means Admirable Crichtons. I appeal for support not to the great philosophers and educationists of the day, but to cultivated men and women, persons of ordinary common sense, who know something of the world of affairs, something of the world of books, and something of society. I ask them whether the kind of youth I propose to turn out at one or two and twenty would not have had a pleasanter boyhood than the *successful products* of the existing system—would not be more likely to be useful to his fellow-creatures, and to develope his own faculties to the utmost?

Many of us who were not, alas! so old then as we are now, fondly imagined, when the Palmerston Government appointed the Commission to inquire into the nine great schools, in 1861, that when we ourselves had children fit to go to those schools, they would be able to obtain a

really good education there.* Now, however, in 1877, although doubtless many improvements have been made, it

* Make these schools in every respect what they should be, and improve your universities proportionably, and the demand to enter such a school as Eton will become so great, that you will be able to dictate what conditions you please. You will be able, for instance, to say, that you do not care to receive anyone who does not come to be prepared for the university, and you will be able to decline modifying what you have deliberately determined to be the best system of training for the mind, in deference to the requirements of this or that competitive examination. Make Eton what it ought to be, and it will be a school not only for England, but, within twenty years, for the upper classes of the whole of Europe.

Such are the principal points which are brought out in the Commissioners' general Report; but before I pass to notice some of the more important suggestions which they make with regard to the several schools which have come under their review, I may be allowed to quote the passage in which they sum up their general impressions of the system:

"It is not easy to estimate the degree in which the English people are indebted to these schools for the qualities on which they pique themselves most—for their capacity to govern others and control themselves, their aptitude for combining freedom with order, their public spirit, their vigour and manliness of character, their strong but not slavish respect for public opinion, their love for healthy sports and exercise. These schools have been the chief nurseries of our statesmen; in them, and in schools modelled after them, men of all the various classes that make up English society, destined for every profession and career, have been brought up on a footing of social equality, and have contracted the most enduring friendships, and some of the ruling habits of their lives; and they have had, perhaps, the largest share in moulding the character of an English gentleman. The system, like other systems, has its blots and imperfections; there have been times when it was at once too lax and too severe—severe in punishments, but lax in superintendence and prevention; it has permitted, if not encouraged, some roughness, tyranny, and licence, but these defects have not seriously marred its wholesome operation, and it appears to have gradually purged itself from them in a remarkable degree. Its growth, no doubt, is largely due to those very qualities in our national character which it has itself contributed to form; but justice bids us add that it is due likewise to the wise munificence which founded the institutions under whose shelter it has been enabled to take root, and to the good sense, temper, and ability of the men by whom, during successive generations, they have been governed."

This is true, but there is another and a sadder side to the picture. Go back fifty years, and read Sydney Smith's articles in the early numbers of the "Edinburgh." What are the most important recom-

would be mere flattery to say that anything which deserves to be called a good education, for the ordinary purposes

mendations of this Report but an echo of his words to which so few listened? But his doctrines were not new doctrines. You will find them in Locke's treatise on Education. You will find them farther back still in Milton's noble paper. Nay, some of them you will find even in the writings of Ascham. If our fathers had only listened to those great men, what a waste of power would have been saved, and how much further advanced in all true civilisation this England of ours would have been.

The Commissioners say that the people of Shrewsbury should turn their attention rather to creating a good proprietary school in the town, than to making the present school fulfil the purpose of an institution for giving what is loosely called middle-class education. The demand, however, for that kind of education throughout the country is becoming so loud that I think we must determine ere long to break up and remodel our utterly inefficient network of endowed schools. In the year 1861, when I first proposed a Commission to inquire into the higher school education to the then Home Secretary, I contemplated a Commission which should inquire at once into the public schools and the grammar schools. Sir George Lewis wisely, however, thought that that was too large a scheme. I trust, however, that the Government will not lose sight of the truth that thirty good schools for the middle classes dotted over the face of England would be an enormous boon to them, and would do five times more to advance education than all the second and third rate grammar schools put together. We have not on this side of the Channel committed the folly which Burke so well exposed in the case of our neighbours, when they swept away the splendid foundations of mediæval munificence; but we certainly in many cases by gross neglect do our best to make them as useless as possible.

And now, sir, I have but one word more. Throughout I have wished to address myself to those who think that the Commissioners have gone too far, rather than to those who think that they have not gone far enough; and yet I know that there will be many who will feel this, and who will say that the Report would be less favourable if it had been drawn up by less friendly hands; for let it not be forgotten, the Lion has been for once painted by himself. To those, however, I would say, that all times in England belong more or less to the men of half measures, and of compromises; but this time, perhaps, even more than most other times. Perhaps, however, in educational matters, and not in them alone, we are approaching the end of an epoch. A more logical and consequent generation will, I trust, carry reform farther, when we have crumbled into dust. Sir, I beg to move the Resolution which stands in my name.—*Speech upon the Report of the Public Schools Commission in the House of Commons, May 6th*, 1864.

of a man of the world, is to be obtained at any one of them. The schools throw the blame on the universities, and the universities on the schools; I throw the blame on no one—I merely register an unpleasant state of facts. I do not even say that a good education may not be obtained at our great schools *for some purposes or other*. I only venture to affirm that, for any purposes with which I am acquainted, the education is a very miserable one; and that I see its bad effects in the world of English politics at every turn. Let those who are satisfied with it by all means retain their happy contentment; but many people whom I meet are not satisfied, and perhaps some of the foregoing remarks may be of aid or comfort to a few of them.

Train the Admirable Crichtons as you please, they cannot be spoiled irretrievably. Sooner or later they will fight their way to the front; but the sensible cleverish boys, who might have made valuable men, are turned into Barbarians or Philistines by the dozen, and that at a cost to their parents, between seven and twenty-one, of from two thousand five hundred to four thousand pounds.

EMILIO CASTELAR.

FROM THE "FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW" OF JUNE AND JULY, 1878

As there is some reason to hope that this remarkable man will visit England in the course of the present year, and as few Englishmen have any very clear notions about him, it may perhaps not be amiss to put together a sketch of his life and writings.

Most people are aware that he is the most prominent of Spanish republicans, that he is a great orator, and was for a short time invested with dictatorial powers; but not many have realised that he is extremely unlike most of the distinguished republicans about whom they have heard—so unlike as almost to mark the end of an old and the commencement of a new era.

No one can read many pages of his writings without finding out that he is a democrat of the democrats, the mortal enemy of kings and aristocracies and priests. In the world of which he dreams, and for the advent of which he steadily labours, there will be none of these things. He has ever before him the vision of a time—

When the Monarch and the Anarch alike shall pass away,
And the morn shall break and man awake, in the light of a fairer day.

But towards this consummation he will only work, at least in this his maturer phase, by peaceful methods.

Whatever may have been the case earlier in his life, he is now convinced that spasmodic efforts, street-fighting, barricades, and scaffolds do not help on but retard the transformation to which, as he holds, all things are tending in this old Europe of ours.

"No cause loses so much," he says in one of his latest books, "by violence and excesses, as the party which represents Liberty and Right. A stain of blood is not visible upon the purple of kings; but it is only too visible on the immaculate banner of William Tell and of Washington."

This way of thinking he has succeeded to a great extent, it would seem, in making that of his party. And one hears, while moving about in Spain, the echoes of his moderate counsels coming back from many quarters. "It is you whom we should imitate in your political methods," said to me a prominent partisan of Señor Castelar's at Valencia last autumn; "you English understand the art of political progress."

We English must not, however, make to ourselves any illusions. Señor Castelar will wait long and patiently; he will rely only upon the written and spoken word; but "*Delenda est Carthago*" is his message to all that is not republican.

It is his very moderation that makes him most formidable to all those who think that kings and aristocracies and priests will be essential to human well-being through all the future. The coarse and raging iconoclast, who flies in the face of history and denounces the most cherished recollections of a nation—

> Scares off his clients and bawls down his cause;

but it is more difficult to deal with one who allows, to the fullest extent, all that reasonable persons can claim

for kings and aristocracies and priests in the past, who meets panegyrics upon them by saying—"That is all true enough, but"

> The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
> And God fulfils himself in many ways.

It is a good deal easier, for those who wish to stand on the old paths, to answer the regulation democrat of the Continent, who believes that the world was created, for all practical purposes, in 1789, that Christianity in general, and the Catholic Church in particular, were mere devices of the powerful to gull the weak, than to find arguments equally available against an orator who intersperses his most powerful denunciations of the connection between Church and State with such passages as the following, which occurs in a grand speech delivered in the Cortes of 1876, in favour of perfect religious freedom:

> I, gentlemen, although I belong to the party of philosophy, of democracy, of liberty, have been a pilgrim amongst the valleys of Umbria at the monastery of Assisi; I have seemed to hear, amongst the sculptures in the transept of the Cathedral of Toledo, the Te Deum sung for the victory of Navas de Tolosa. I have beheld, seated in the gardens of Sallust, on the stones of the ruins, in the shade of the cypresses, the sun go down like a consecrated wafer behind the Basilica of St. Peter. I have descended into the Catacombs, and have touched, in the darkness, the stones graven with religious symbols by the hands of the martyrs; and if I am not capable of sharing, I am at least capable of understanding and admiring your faith.

But while Señor Castelar is distinguished from the old-fashioned democrat by his perfect fairness to the past, he is distinguished from most if not from all the statesmen of Europe who have already attained positions of supreme eminence in their respective countries not only by his

youth but by having grown up under the influences of the new time. M. Dufaure, Mr. Gladstone, Lord Beaconsfield, Prince Bismarck, Prince Gortchakoff, and indeed every European statesman who has been at the very head of affairs, were reared in a world totally different from that in which we now live. The influences which moulded them were very various, but they were alike in this—they were not those which have most shaped the thoughts of the men who are now in middle life. I shall have to return to this feature in Señor Castelar before I have done, but for the present it is enough just to notice it, and I will now proceed to give a brief account of his history and to call attention to his principal works.

Emilio Castelar was born at Cadiz on the 8th of September, 1832. His father was a mercantile man and a strong Liberal, who had officiated as commandant of the National Militia and as Secretary to the Revolutionary Junta of Cadiz at the time of the entry of the Duke of Angoulême. He died, however, when his son was not quite seven years old, and his widow having soon after transferred her residence from Andalusia to Murcia, it is that somewhat backward province that has a right to claim the honour of having educated the most brilliant of living Spaniards.

He was brought up at Elda, a village not very far from the famous Elche—Elche of the Palms—and his latest works still bear traces of his affection for the Murcian landscape, which it may be observed in passing is as unlike that which Lewis has sung in his "Spanish Exile" as sun and rock can make it.

From Elda young Castelar passed to Alicante to continue his studies in that provincial capital. Here he remained till he was sixteen, a studious boy with little inclination for the ordinary amusements of youth, fond of the classics, passionately attached to history, and

giving early proof of imagination and literary power. In October, 1848, he went to Madrid, where he spent six years, attracting great attention by his splendid abilities, and beginning to try his wings in newspapers and reviews. His biographers mention as amongst his more successful performances certain articles which appeared in the *Eco Universitario*, a novel called "Ernesto," &c. &c.

His political *début* was made in 1854. That year, famous in Europe for the invasion of the Crimea, is famous in what someone called that portion of Africa which begins with the Pyrenees for one of its numerous revolutions. In the month of June, the Court having become, as it periodically did during the reign of Queen Isabella, wicked over much, a military insurrection broke out. As the present writer has said elsewhere:

The last months of 1853 and the first of 1854 passed uneasily. Every day the scandals of the Court and of the Ministry became more flagrant, and the measures of repression more severe. General after general was sent out of Madrid, and the persecutions of the Government fell, be it observed, not on the Progresistas, who were keeping quite aloof from public affairs, but upon all the sections of the Moderado party, except the immediate followers of Sartorius. Accusations of the grossest pecuniary corruption against many persons in high places were bruited about and almost universally believed. The crisis came in June, 1854. "Will you not come with us?" cried General Dulce to the Minister of War, as he rode in the gray of the morning out of Madrid, to try, as was supposed, a new cavalry saddle. "I should like nothing better," answered General Blaser, "but I am too busy." In a few hours it was known that Dulce had been joined by O'Donnell, and that the long-expected revolt had broken out. An indecisive action took place between the Queen's troops and the revolted generals at Vicalvaro, whence the name Vicalvarist, which is now very generally given to the followers of O'Donnell; and that commander issued a proclamation at Manzanares, explaining that the *pronunciamento* was made in favour of constitutional government and of morality. Up to this point the rising, it cannot be too distinctly understood, was a Moderado rising, and Narvaez himself, as afterwards appeared, was deeply implicated in the conspiracy. But on the

17th of July the whole aspect of affairs changed. An *émeute* took place in Madrid, and the revolt of O'Donnell was swallowed up in a revolution. After a very agitated period things began to settle down. The Moderado *régime* of eleven years was fairly at an end, and the Queen, with the Counts of Lucena and Luchana, O'Donnell and Espartero, was awaiting the meeting of a constituent Cortes.*

In the midst of this period of suspense, on the 22nd of September, a great electoral meeting was announced to be held in the Teatro del Oriente at Madrid, and to this Señor Castelar went, apparently by a kind of accident. After many orators had spoken, and when already the audience was getting tired, he rose to address it. An eyewitness has described the electric effect which he produced. The assemblage was dispersing, annoyed at being addressed by a new speaker at so late an hour. Before, however, he had uttered many sentences, a few began to hesitate and to call "Hush!"—then gradually the mass became agitated and moved by enthusiasm, till at last it burst into a perfect frenzy of applause. In an hour the hardly known young democrat had become a celebrity. Hundreds of thousands of copies of his speech were printed, and the Liberal papers fought for his co-operation.

Soon after this he further increased his reputation by several speeches made in defence of various newspapers which had been prosecuted for political articles. In one of these he, with rare prescience as well as admirable oratorical power, defended the idea of a free and united Italy, which was then only beginning to dawn upon the minds of men, as he with justifiable pride told an Italian audience at a great dinner given to him in Rome, in a speech which has been republished in his "Recuerdos de Italia," of which I shall have to speak farther on.

* "Studies in European Politics." Edinburgh: 1866.

About this same time, too, he read a discourse for his doctoral degree upon Lucan, who, himself an Andalusian, and of a genius not wholly alien, on one side, to that of his critic or panegyrist, formed an admirable subject for such a performance.

Señor Castelar's first book, however, of any considerable size, was the republication of a series of lectures delivered at the Madrid Ateneo, on "Civilisation during the First Five Centuries of Christianity." Of course no one would expect to find in the lectures of a professor who was still in the earlier twenties a work of original research or of balanced judgment, and this in truth is neither; but it is written with a great deal of knowledge and a rare amount of vigour and eloquence. It is difficult to lay it down, even for one who does not agree with the views set forth—as indeed for that matter no one well could, seeing that the views which are set forth in the earlier lectures are by no means those which inspire the later ones. When Señor Castelar began his course at the Ateneo he was not far from the standpoint of Ozanam—was in fact a Liberal Catholic; when he came to the end he was climbing the hurdles and already halfway out of the orthodox fold.

The first four volumes and part of the fifth are occupied by the reprinted lectures, but the second and larger half of the last is formed of articles and letters in reply to or in defence of the leading thoughts of the book, the first of which is that Christianity represents the religious ideas of modern democracy, the second that the Church should have nothing to do with the civil power.

The keynote of the whole is struck by a sentence in the last lecture of all:

> I am convinced that without religious liberty there can only be

fanatics and hypocrites, without the liberty of teaching there can only be obscure oracles or immovable sophists, without political liberty there can only be tyrants and slaves, without economical liberty there can only be those who use others for their own purposes and those who are so used.

These are admirable opinions, but the merit of the work lies not in its learning, in which I doubt not that a competent critic would pick many holes, not in a maturity of thought to which it has no pretensions, but in the rushing splendour of its rhetoric. I will quote only two passages, which are very much like all the rest in their merits and defects, the one as an example of Señor Castelar's youthful eloquence when he has his Pegasus well in hand; the other as a specimen of it when the animal has fairly taken the bit in its teeth and run away with its rider.

Here is the first:

As a wave passes over another wave, as a new leaf comes forth upon the naked branch, as new stars shine forth in the immensity of the heavens, so do new generations awake to life and change the scene of the world, and raise altars to the ideas for which their fathers raised scaffolds, and convert the victims of yesterday into priests, and open the fancy to the breath of new illusions, the sentiment to the love of new hopes, the spirit to the faith in new ideas; and each age says to the previous age, Get thee gone for that thou preventest me seeing the sun of truth. Get thee gone, said Christianity to Paganism, and Paganism disappeared. Get thee gone, said the barbarians to Rome, and Rome fell. Get you gone, said the feudal chivalry armed with their lances to the last shadows of empire on the broken walls of Rome, and they went, with Theodoric, and Justinian, and Charles the Great. Get thee gone, said the kings to feudalism, and the castles were blown up with gunpowder. Get thee gone, philosophy kept saying, from the days of Abelard to the days of Descartes, and faith returned to heaven. Get thee gone, said the Renaissance to the Middle Age, and over the penitent virgins of Giotto and Fra Angelico rose the virgins of Raphael, with the smile of Greece upon their lips. Get thee gone, said the jurisconsults from the royal law courts to

the political power of the Pope, and that power fell into ruin. Get thee gone, said the middle class to absolute monarchy, and the absolute kings passed away on the wings of the revolutionary hurricane.

And here is the second:

From each of the centuries through which humanity has lived there rises an everlasting hymn, which like the echoes of the organ beneath the vaults of a Gothic cathedral inspires a strong religious sentiment. Bless with me, gentlemen, bless with me all the ages. Just as in the great laboratory of nature our body is formed out of all the substances of the earth, so in the great laboratory of history our intellect is formed out of all the ideas of the centuries. Bless them, then, with me, gentlemen; bless all the centuries; bless the prehistoric ages, for they were your cradle; bless the tribes, for they were your mothers; bless theocracy, in that it made secure the first religious sentiment in the human heart; bless the heroic peoples and the labouring peoples, in that the first made you lords of society, and the second lords of nature; bless the philosophers, in that they opened your reason to the infinite, and made you hear in your spirit the voice of conscience; bless the conquerors, in that they with their swords blotted out frontiers and united races; bless the first century, because it was the century in which human unity cemented by war, and divine unity cemented by revelation, gave each other an immortal embrace in the bosom of your spirit; bless the second century, because it turned all ideas into that law which still guards the paradise of your hearth.

And so all the centuries get blessed one after another in this modern Song of the Three Children, which may well raise a smile on the countenance of the reader who studies it calmly, but which was received with the "frenetic applause" which usually greets Señor Castelar when his genius, overmastering both him and his audience, hurries them off into space on a whirlwind of startling thoughts and gorgeous words.

To tell the reader who has accompanied me through these extracts that he is making acquaintance with one of the most diffuse of writers, is to tell him that the sun

shines at noon. Señor Castelar's diffuseness will, however, seldom weary those who make acquaintance with him in Spanish. As soon would they be likely to weary of a southern spring and its divine abundance. It would be impossible to imagine a stronger contrast than that which is presented by his style and that of another Spaniard of whom I said something a few months ago in the pages of this "Review." While Balthasar Gracian, who as a stylist is Castelar's *bête noire*, tortures himself to put, as Joubert would have said, a paragraph into a sentence, and a sentence into a phrase, and a phrase into a word, Castelar places no more constraint upon his writing than the nightingale does upon her song. His books are one long cascade of images and ideas, repeating themselves doubtless not unfrequently like the stars and flowers of his great countryman Calderon, but usually with a certain difference, which prevents our having a feeling of satiety. Not but that he slips every now and then into strange faults of taste, as when he describes his pen as "the condensation of the electricity of his soul upon a point of steel;" but he knows how to put his readers upon such good terms with him that they only laugh and like him the better for such eccentricities. I would by no means, however, advise anyone to try the experiment of reading any great amount of him in English.

To return, however, to the "Lectures." The whole tendency of the book is democratic, but it is not primarily political at all. Señor Castelar's first purely political work was, so far as I am aware, his "Formula del Progreso."

This little treatise is a sort of manual of democratic principles divided into some twenty chapters, in which Señor Castelar reviews the opinions and history of the Old Absolutists, of their successors, the Neo-Catholics,

whose ideas are entirely different from and far less liberal than those of the fraction of French politicians who have been sometimes known by that name, of the Moderado or Conservative, the Union Liberal (shall we say Conservative Liberal, or Liberal Conservative ?) and of the Progresista parties.

After describing the great achievements of this last political connection, he shows how, in his opinion, it became in 1837 false to its original convictions, and made the formation of a democratic party a necessity. He then states with his usual clearness, and illustrates with his usual skill, the ideas of that new party.

Arrived at the end of his survey and exposition, Señor Castelar sums up his conclusions in a sort of epilogue, which contains the following table of the ideas which he defends in the "Formula del Progreso":

1. Right as the basis of the sovereignty of the people. 2. Equality of political rights for all citizens. 3. Liberty of the press. 4. Liberty of association for all the ends of human activity. 5. Universal suffrage. 6. The jury. 7. Inviolability of the domestic hearth and of the person. 8. Administrative decentralisation. 9. Independence within their defined spheres of the municipality and the province. 10. Irremovability of public officers. 11. The "*impôt unique.*" 12. Abolition of monopolies and of all indirect taxes. 13. Liberty of commerce. 14. Liberty of credit. 15. Equal consideration and respect for all manifestations of the human spirit. 16. Elevation of all classes and of all citizens to public life. 17. Abolition of the punishment of death. 18. Abolition of the conscription, making the service of arms a true profession for the soldier, as for the officer. 19. Abolition of all exceptional privileges and jurisdictions. 20. The consecration, in a word, of human responsibility with all its rights and all its faculties.

Against the great majority of these principles, as explained by Señor Castelar, few sincere and strong Liberals in this country would have much to advance.

As to the fifth, they would probably ask whether a

country so ignorant as Spain is really fit for universal suffrage?

The eleventh they would regard as a "pious wish;" and while entirely agreeing with the latter part of the twelfth, they would be content to approach its realisation by very gradual steps.

Señor Castelar must, one would think, have been led by the horrors of Alcoy and Cartagena to reconsider the seventeenth; while with regard to the eighteenth it is to be feared, from some of his later utterances, that he is a convert to a system far more hateful even than the conscription—the system of universal military service.

While, however, there are many details in the book to which exception might be taken, it was, at the time when it was written, as well as in 1870, when it was republished, calculated to do much good. It is free from any vestige of hostility to property, of social envy, or, indeed, of any of those evil passions which are so often associated with democracy, and it is most emphatic in its denunciation of one of the worst heresies which foreign Liberals have inherited from an unhappy past—a desire to exalt the State at the expense of the just rights of the individual.

When he wrote it, Señor Castelar was a fervent though an extremely liberal Catholic. He has seen reason to alter his views now, but his change of religious opinion has left his political ideas just where they were. On the whole, we think that every fair-minded Liberal will admit the "Formula del Progreso" to be the work of an able and virtuous if somewhat enthusiastic mind. Its faults are only those of five-and-twenty.

The publication of the "Formula del Progreso" led to a violent controversy in the Madrid press, all sections of opinion joining in the fray. Conspicuous amongst the combatants on the anti-democratic side were Carlos

Rubio and Campoamor, a poet whose name is, we suspect, hardly more known in London than it is in Bokhara, but who deserves better treatment at our hands. The first of these, a personal friend of Castelar's, attacked, from the Progresista point of view, chiefly the fundamental doctrines of the book; while the second, from the Moderado point of view, appears to have made a personal attack upon its author. Señor Castelar replied to both; in a calm philosophical tone to Rubio, and somewhat more sharply to Campoamor, whom he treats as a typical *doctrinaire*, using that phrase, of course, not as it is often used by ignorant persons in England, as a term of abuse for any politician who rises above mere clap-trap and empiricism, but as the designation of a particular school of thinkers, the school which, in the words of Señor Castelar, "had Guizot for its pontiff, Cousin for its priest, Villemain for its oracle in the University, and Louis Philippe for its god."

These controversial writings, with some pieces by other combatants on the same side of the question, are bound up in a volume called the "Defensa de la Formula del Progreso," and to them are added a democratic catechism explaining, expanding, illustrating, and enforcing the ideas briefly set forth in the table which I have given above. The democratic catechism is probably the only thing in this volume which would have any interest for those who are not very well acquainted with the recent history of Spain.

By this time Señor Castelar was already one of the most important journalists in Madrid, and some of the articles belonging to this period of his career have been collected in a volume called "Historia, Religion, Arte y Politica," on which, however, I must not linger.

Meantime the late Mr. Buckle was busily engaged in his study, reading or writing I know not how many

hours a day, and coming to those wonderful conclusions about the state of Spain which he later gave to mankind, representing that country as "sleeping on untroubled, unheeding, impassive—receiving no impressions from the rest of the world, and making no impressions upon it—a huge and torpid mass, the sole representative now remaining of the feelings and knowledge of the Middle Ages."

Spain, however, was going her own way, and that way was not the one of which Mr. Buckle was dreaming in his study. Spain was manifesting a fresh and vigorous life in more than one direction. She had in these years a campaign in Morocco, which was a foolish business enough, but she had also a great outburst of material prosperity and no small amount of intellectual life, as anyone who read her newspapers would soon have found out. It seemed to more than one foreign observer, in the first half of the sixties, that if the Court would only show a little common sense, the Queen might arrive at the end of her reign without a catastrophe. The strong hand of O'Donnell held the helm in a firm grasp, and he was supported by a party which looked none the less powerful because Señor Castelar and his friends thundered against its want of definite principles.

It was not, however, written that the Court should be wise. Things went from bad to worse, and those Englishmen who watched the affairs of Spain began to see that the vessel would soon be upon the rocks.

Señor Castelar was all this time occupied in doing his best to send it thither; and from his point of view quite rightly, for he held that with the Bourbons, or any other royal race, Spain could come to no good. Their disappearance was to him a condition precedent of all good government and real national well-being. His means of acting upon public opinion were twofold: first,

indirectly, as professor of History in the University of Madrid; and, secondly, as Director of the *Democracia*. At length, in an evil hour, some imprudent adviser suggested to Isabella II. the unhappy idea of helping the public treasury by handing over to the nation, to be disposed of by public auction, the domains of the Crown, reserving to herself twenty-five per cent. out of the proceeds. These domains, however, unfortunately, according to the view of the Liberal party, were already the property of the nation, so that the proposal of the Queen appeared to it not a "noble sacrifice," but an attempt to take the fourth part of the value of certain national property out of the national pocket. A perfect tempest arose, and over all that tempest, louder than any, was heard the voice of Señor Castelar. An article by him in the *Democracia* gave so much offence to the Government of Narvaez, who was then in power, that it suspended the writer from his professorial rights and duties, and dismissed the high-minded rector who had refused to proceed academically against him, thereby occasioning an *émeute* amongst the students, which was put down by force.

The articles written by Señor Castelar during these years have been collected in three volumes called "Cuestiones Politicas y Sociales," the last in the first volume being the one which cost him, for a time, his position in the university.

It became ever more and more clear that only violence could put an end to a state of armed peace between the people and their rulers, and at last, in January, 1866, Prim raised the banner of insurrection at Aranjuez. His attempt, however, was premature, and he had to escape for his life. Meanwhile Señor Castelar was continuing the struggle in the press, and the record of his share in it will be found in the second volume of

the work to which I have just called attention, while the third sets forth his aspirations and those of the party of which he was the ablest mouthpiece.

In the month of June, 1866, there occurred a rising of a portion of the artillery in Madrid, which was supported by a popular insurrection. This affair attracted very little attention in England, probably because we were ourselves at the time in the midst of one of our innocent little political crises. None the less was it very bloody and desperate, and nothing was more natural than that the Government which had been threatened by it should let fall a heavy hand upon all concerned. Señor Castelar, who was one of them, was extremely fortunate in being allowed to escape to the frontier, aided by some of the victorious party. He made Paris the head-quarters of his exile, and was able, thanks to the astonishing fertility of his pen, to make a good livelihood, and to assist not a little some of his less lucky companions.

Among the works which he composed at this time were a long series of "Semblanzas," the only one of which I have read is a far from successful portrait of Byron.

Another work was "Un Año en Paris," consisting of a series of notes and articles which appeared originally in American periodicals. This is not one of its author's books which we should like anyone to read who did not know many of his other writings; but nevertheless it throws a good deal of light upon his character, and is a most curious description of the "Capital of Pleasure," as it looked to a grave and high-minded Spaniard in the last days of the Second Empire, when Liberty, to use his own words, "seemed to have disappeared for ever, and Democracy to be falsified into Cesarism."

Another production of this time was the first volume

of his "Recuerdos de Italia," which it is impossible to pass by with a single sentence, for this is the one of Señor Castelar's works which will probably be the most popular in this country when it comes to be known. It consists of a series of sketches put together in no particular order, and the result of more than one visit to the peninsula. The book is characterised throughout by the richest and most abounding eloquence, an eloquence somewhat too Corinthian for a severe taste, but very admirable in its own kind.

The first paper records its author's arrival in Rome while the temporal power was still in existence, and while almost every conceivable administrative error was flourishing under its shade. Speaking of the pontifical army, Señor Castelar observes that those nations who, if one might have drawn an inference from their history, should have given the most soldiers, really gave the fewest.

> Spain committed suicide to save Catholicism. The bones of her sons have, since the sixteenth century, whitened every field of battle on which it was necessary to defend that religion. We gave for it all the life-blood of our veins, all the vital breath of our spirit. Well, then, there are only eight-and-thirty Spanish soldiers in the pontifical army! On the other hand Holland, which with its House of Orange saved the Reformation and initiated liberty of thought in the modern world, has sent a great number of volunteers. This is a proof that while religious freedom has maintained the faith of Catholics in Protestant countries, intolerance has extinguished their faith in the countries where it appeared most alive and most *exaltée*.

From St. Peter's we pass to the Colosseum, the great ruin which has inspired so many eloquent pages, but not many, I think, more eloquent than this:

> In the brightness of the moon as it rose, in the echoes of the bells which sounded amid the uncertain shadows, it seemed to me that I saw the souls of departed generations rising from the dust, and coming in

a flight silent as the flight of the bats, to review and visit the sites consecrated by their memories and beloved even in the regions of the tomb. I longed to detain the dead, and to tell them—ah, to tell them ! —that which passes in our world. "If ye are the souls of tribunes, of senators, of Cæsars, know that the centuries have wasted away even the steps of the altars, which were the heirs of your altars—by force of kissing them. All the gods which ye believed immortal are dead, and the ideas which animated them whirl round in the abyss of history like dry leaves loosened in the course of the continuous development of the human mind. Now the Nereids no longer float softly in the sea-foam, now the nymphs of marble whiteness sigh no more in the whispering groves. The god Pan has let fall the pipe which filled the woods with melody. To the drunkenness of the Bacchante has succeeded maceration, penitence, and a horror of nature. A son of the Jews, of the slaves, of that race who with the whip in their faces and the chain on their feet raised the masses of the Colosseum, has slain and buried the gods who inspired Horace and Virgil, who sustained Scipio on the plains of Carthage and Marius on the Campi Putridi, who engendered art and led victory captive. In vain Tacitus looked with contempt on the obscure youth, the poor carpenter of Judæa; in vain Apuleius ridiculed him in his apologues and fables. Not even the immortal laugh of Lucian could avail anything against the breath that was breathed from those lips, against the ideas which were exhaled from that conscience. The gods are dead, and Rome has fallen dead on their corses. The Colosseum is a mass of ruins, where the Romans adore the gallows of their former slaves. In the Capitol are celebrated the ceremonies of the Nazarenes. They whom ye believed to be disturbers of the public peace have their altars and sacrifices where the gods of Camillus and Cato had theirs. Barbarous races from the north stifled the oracles, interrupted the sacred ceremonies, giving up, as it were a prey, the human conscience to the crowds of cenobites who rose from the sewers and the catacombs. And when the new belief had taken possession of all souls, when it had placed its altars in the place of the old altars, as if the mind of man were condemned perpetually to weave and unweave the same web of ideas, new combatants, new tribunes, new apostles, new martyrs arose to destroy the faith which their predecessors begat. And the conscience passes through new phases, the heart through new sorrows, this blood-stained world through fresh agonies of grief.

A paper on the Catacombs is followed by one on the Sistine Chapel, which has never, so far as I know, been

better described. The following passage contains its quintessence :

Read all the treatises that have been written on the Sublime, and you will find it very hard to grasp the conception. It is difficult to explain a thrill which is felt twice or thrice in a lifetime; an idea of which there are only some half-a-dozen examples in history. But lift your eyes to the vault of the Sistine! there is the Sublime—there is the disproportion between our weak being and the infinite forces of an idea which oppresses and reduces us to nothing under its incommensurable grandeur. That is the Sublime—a pleasure in a pain.

The next paper is on the Campo Santo of Pisa, which is succeeded by two on Venice, from the second of which I quote the following :

The beliefs which five centuries of faith and of martyrdom had raised have fallen in three centuries of analysis. The ancient day of the soul is set, and we are not sure that a new day will rise. The bell which now tolls the Ave Maria, the organ which still accompanies the chant of the monks, the image which is still venerated by the sailors of the Adriatic, are on their way to be like the Greek hymns, like the bas-reliefs of the Parthenon—objects of artistic but not objects of religious worship. Here, too, one catches arising from the waters an elegiac lament to be compared only with the lament of the ancient Sirens when they heard that the world was called to a new faith.

This passage forms the introduction to a conversation held, or supposed to have been held, with a young monk of the Armenian monastery of St. Lazzaro, which thus concludes :

Do not be like the Jew who shuts himself up in the prayers of his Bible and believes that since that early day the human race has not been able to add one religious truth to the Jewish idea.

Christianity, more human, and more divine at the same time, has added the Gospel. Why should we not add to the Gospel, the Renaissance, Philosophy, the Revolution, which have raised to the sphere of social life those three Christian words—Liberty, Equality Fraternity?

The next paper is on the Pope—"El Dios del Vaticano." Consummately wise and just, as well as nobly eloquent, it gives all due credit to the Popes for what they did, in long bygone days, for Italy and the world; nor does it fail to do justice to the many good qualities and good intentions of Pius IX., while it shows how the Papacy has been gradually sinking ever since the thirteenth century, which began as an age of faith and ended as an age of heresy.

The following paragraph is characteristic:

Every sect shuts itself up in itself, and does more than ignore the history of its opponents. It calumniates them, dishonours them, speaks ill of them, believing that it thereby realises a good, and an eternal good. Imagine what the history of Christianity would be like if recounted by a Jew. Imagine what the history of modern Judaism would be like if recounted by a ferocious Inquisitor. The Catholic hardly understands the development of the Protestant peoples. The Protestant calls the Pope Anti-Christ. Read an orthodox Greek, and he will demonstrate to you that Byzantinism, which we consider to be the very extreme of moral degradation, would have saved the world by its metaphysics if it had not fallen into the power of the lawyers, that is to say, of the Roman canonists.

The following likewise seems to deserve citation:

All the harmonies of the Middle Age arise from this enmity between the Papacy and the Empire. Without the first, Europe would have been but a camp; without the second, she would have been but a monastery. Their mutual opposition saves human culture in its entirety.

And the spirit overflows in Europe, and the East rises like a magical enchantment to set bounds to it, and the monks preach and the populations agitate themselves, feeling new life awake in their breast, and the roads fill with crusaders, and the multitudes know not whence they came nor whither they go, yet they know that some mystery envelopes and sustains them, and they believe every city to be Jerusalem and every monument to be the Holy Sepulchre, and every wild plain to be the Desert, until a great portion of the ancient

ignorance vanishes away, and a great portion of modern equality comes, thanks to a common struggle and common sufferings, which reveal the identity and unity of nature in each man and in all men, who go forth slaves of theocracy, of feudalism, and return prepared to enter as free men into the municipalities. They pass from Europe as believers, and come back from the Desert with the doubt of Job in their souls, disposed to enter upon another phase of civilisation. The Pope has believed that by agitating Europe he would save the faith, but by doing so he has awoke reason in Europe.

Farther on we have the following striking words on the utter failure of the Popes, in spite of their long political supremacy, and their careful shutting out of modern influences from the States of the Church, to revive the Middle Age in Rome.

Ah, Pontiffs! the gods whom you tried to annihilate have raised themselves, if not to the heaven of religion, at least to another most beautiful heaven, the heaven of art; while the spirit of the Middle Age which you strive to resuscitate sinks every day deeper into the past. All that you curse is born again; all that you would fain vivify is dying. Does that say nothing to the infallible Pope, to the god of the Vatican?

But it is not I who will sin by exclusiveness and intolerance. The eighteenth century in its work of destruction might, looking at life on one of its aspects only, believe in the necessity of destroying all the Middle Age. The nineteenth century in its labour of reconstruction, of reconciliation, cannot say that ten centuries, a thousand years, have been useless to human progress, and have left nothing planted deep in our civilisation and culture. That spiritual tendency, that idealist tendency of the Middle Age, must revive in ours, without its exclusive character, reconciling itself with nature and with science.

The last three chapters of Vol. I. are on the Ghetto and on Naples. I will only quote one or two lines which occur in the first of these.

We must have an end of all persecution of ideas. I condemn the Government of Rome when it oppresses the Jews, and the Government of Prussia when it proscribes the Jesuits. I affirm that to

persecute ideas is like persecuting light, air, electricity, or the magnetic fluid, because ideas escape from all persecution, and raise themselves above all power.

The second volume, which was published some years later, but is too nearly allied to the first to be separated from it, begins with an interesting preface followed by two papers of only secondary merit, on the Engadine and the principality of Monaco, which are brought, of course, into strong contrast. The first of them contains, at page 11, a passage which may be commended to the attention of some of our German friends who, new even to the theory, and still more to the practice, of political liberty, have carried into their *Culturkampf* not a little of that intolerance which they so justly condemn, and which, appropriate enough to those whom they persecute, does scant credit to the liberal principles which they think they have adopted, but do not yet quite understand.

In the Lower Engadine all the villages are Protestant with the exception of the jurisdiction of Tarasp; but the old intolerance has given way and religious liberty has taken root. In the midst of a population whose religious practices are confined almost exclusively to the reading of the Bible and to attending on Sunday the services of the Church, the Capuchin friars pass with their vestments of serge and their rosary at their girdle, murmuring prayers which in other times the Protestants would have forcibly smothered as intolerable superstitions, and everyone now looks on with calm curiosity and salutes them with religious respect.

See how democratic institutions by their marvellous flexibility, by their tendency to renovation and progress, by their harmony with human reason, serve to the development of the modern spirit and the completion of pacific reforms.

Next comes a better paper on "Florence the Beautiful," and another upon "Mantua and Virgil," whom Señor Castelar thoroughly appreciates and understands, alike on his ancient and his modern side.

Of delicate nature, of nervous temperament, of tender heart, of exquisite sensibility, Virgil would have been in the Middle Ages a monk consecrated to the mystical adoration of God in the cloister, and in antiquity he was a poet consecrated to the fervent adoration of nature.

He has from the ancients their perfection of form, their austere sobriety, their perfectly pure taste, their verses cut as if in marble of Paros, the art of materialising ideas so as to place them before the eyes in relief, and to etherealise matter so as to convert it into spirit. By these qualities, common to all the ancient culture, he is Greek like Sophocles or Plato. But there is in him a certain profound melancholy, a certain strange sadness—the home sickness of the infinite, the aspiration to another ideal—which herald as it were the coming of the divine and absolute spirit.

We next reach a paper on St. Francis, considered as the reviver of the Christian ideal, the beginner of that reaction against feudalism and force from which is descended the democratic movement of our own days.

This is the longest and most important piece in the two volumes, and should please almost equally the sons of the crusaders and the sons of Voltaire—such of them, at least, as have the historical instinct, or, in other words, such of them as can contemplate ideas and characters not merely in relation to their own opinions, but in relation to the times to which they belonged.

The passages in which the highest praise is given to the Franciscan artists, while Overbeck and his reactionary friends are put in their proper place, the description of Assisi, the account of the growth of the Franciscan legend, and of the inimitable *Fioretti*, are all excellent and in the highest degree worth reading, even by those who are familiar with all that Hase has said about St. Francis from the liberal Protestant, and Renan from the independent, point of view. Space will, however, only allow me to translate one of many paragraphs to which I would fain call attention. After a beautiful description of Elda as it looked on the 2nd of August, when the people

thronged to the dismantled Franciscan monastery to celebrate the great Franciscan festival of St. Mary of the Angels, after recalling his early beliefs, and explaining how they had faded away under the light of knowledge and of maturity, Señor Castelar makes, in singularly clear language, his profession of faith, which might be defined in Mr. Arnold's words as "morality touched with emotion," but containing few of the dogmatic and none of the mythological elements which were connected with the religion of his youth.

After many pages, not inferior in beauty to what follows, we come to this passage:

> Mysteries of History! In the age of St. Francis, in the thirteenth century, there were two men whose reason touched the uttermost confines of science, whose words contained the profoundest abysses of thought—Titans supporting on their shoulders the weight of eternity. One of them was called St. Buonaventura, and the other was called St. Thomas—the Plato and the Aristotle of the Middle Age. Both had penetrated the innermost recesses of the human spirit, and surveyed in matchless flight the inaccessible heights of the infinite. . . . yet neither the one nor the other succeeded in establishing a high æsthetic faith, which should be felt alike by the peasant and by the painter; neither succeeded in moving the world to the creation of an austere society, which should bear in its bosom the germs of a universal revolution; neither succeeded in raising up not only confessors, poets, martyrs, architects, painters, and sculptors, but multitudes of both sexes ready to live combating and to die sacrificing themselves for a mysterious ideal: no, this miraculous work was for a poor distraught youth, stoned by the children in the streets, and laughed at by all prudent, comfortable people—for the *illuminé* St. Francis. And why? As reasonable were it to ask why the Redeemer was not that man of morality whose simple words stirred up the human conscience, and who died by poison, discussing with his disciples till the first beams of the morning, and the first shades of his agony, the existence of God and the immortality of the soul; why he was not the immortal author of the Banquet or of the Phædo, he who had seen all things in their Ideas and all Ideas in the Eternal, who had spoken of the infinite and of its light in words which might

have thrown the angels into ecstasy. As reasonable were it to ask why he was the obscure Jew, the Nazarene, disowned upon earth, who spoke to a nation the most despised of all nations, in the least known of languages, professing an idea evaporated by the ashes of Palestine, which had to breathe forth a new spirit in aromas of religious incense, and to root out and destroy nothing less than ancient Rome. Ah! the world is illuminated by the intelligence, but it is subdued by the will; it is the idea which enlightens, but it is the heart which conquers it. Those who know how to think do much, but those who know how to die do more. Reason is light, but love is the fire in which the worlds are forged.

The above is well worth the study of those who desire to understand the secret of the influence which Señor Castelar has exercised in Spanish politics, for it is in no small degree to the possession of some of the qualities of St. Francis that he has owed and owes his great and indeed unique position. But it is also well worth the study of some who care nothing at all for Spain in particular or Europe in general, of some whose attention is fixed on the ebb and flow of our home politics.

If anyone were to ask me what was the principal change that the reform measures of 1867 and 1868 made in Great Britain, I should reply that we are now governed by a far more excitable public than heretofore. I do not think we shall ever see in our times a statesman of the type of Sir Robert Peel wielding anything like the same power. He who would now occupy a similar place must have the skill to touch the hearts and imaginations of the masses, and all who cannot do that, however right they may be, must be content to see themselves outstripped in influence by persons who may lead far less wisely—nay, who may, in perfect honesty and good faith, get the country into very serious dangers. It is not a particularly cheering prospect—fits of excited Liberalism alternating with fits of stupid Conservatism for a whole generation. But we must look facts in the

face. We must be prepared not only for an undue share of influence falling into the hands of honest enthusiasts, but for less honest persons using the excitability of the people for their own advantage. The years from this to the end of the century will, we fear, be a good time in England for demagogues of ability in either political camp. What all sensible men have to wish for is the rise of a race of liberal statesmen, who, while they have wide knowledge and cool heads, have yet that deep sympathy and that power of imagination which can keep the electorate steady to their side. Never was there a time when the highest oratorical qualities were so much wanted, not within but without the walls of Parliament; never was there a time when a wise adviser would more decidedly say to a young aspirant to public life, "Be sure to take a great passport of poetry."

The paper on St. Francis has as its next neighbour one on "Sorrento and Tasso," full of graceful description and of criticism at once subtle and judicious, to which succeeds a still better one on the strange contrasts in the Rome of to-day, where the black and red parties stand facing each other with all shades of political colour between them.

I wish I had room to cite a long passage which contains the views expressed to Señor Castelar by an Italian politician on the relations of the Church and the State. They will be found at pages 300–303. The spirit of them may be gathered from these two sentences: "Italy will not throw herself at the feet of the Pope, because that would be suicide; she will not oppress the Pope, because that would be madness. We will not go to Canossa with hair shirt and with sackcloth, but we will not enter as plunderers into the sphere of religious jurisdiction like the philosopher-kings of the last century."

We next come on a speech which was delivered at a great banquet given at Rome in honour of Señor Castelar, under the management of Mancini, Depretis, Crispi, and others, from which I will extract one paragraph, not because it is the most eloquent, but because it seems to me deserving of the greatest consideration on the part of those who, admitting Señor Castelar's greatness as an orator, do not do full justice to his merits as a statesman. He who, with his own past behind him, and with an audience assembled under the auspices of those whose names I have just mentioned, before him, spoke as follows, has it in him, I venture to think, to be one of the greatest statesmen of our time.

The dream of fifteen centuries is realised. You have done what the ancient Cæsars could not do, nor the Ostrogothic and Lombard Kings. What Frederick of Swabia and his illustrious descendants could not effect by their death struggle with the Guelphs and the Angevins, that which neither Dante nor Petrarch saw in spite of their invoking the Emperor of Germany to make the sword of the Holy Empire the axis round which Italy revolved, that which Julius II. could not effect with his cannon, nor Leo X. with his arts, that which Savonarola could not make a reality by giving himself to God, nor Machiavelli by giving himself to the devil, has been done by you. You have made Italy one, you have made Italy free, you have made Italy independent. All this you, who are without doubt the most favoured of the generations, have attained by having reunited to the efforts of previous generations and to their martyrdoms the vital idea *par excellence*, the powerful idea *par excellence*, the idea of liberty. But it is not enough to have succeeded. It is necessary at all costs to keep what you have got. A large experience teaches us how much easier it is to found than to consolidate public liberties. For the first, one great but common and rudimentary virtue is sufficient—the virtue of courage. For the second are required wisdom and prudence. Everything may be left in part to the hazards of the unforeseen, everything except the fate of nations.

Adventures in the case of peoples end almost always as the adventures do in the immortal work of our Cervantes—by great catastrophes. That only should be torn up by the root which cannot

be reformed, and before you ask a reform through the laws it is necessary to formulate it with clearness, to diffuse it with perseverance, to propagate it by electoral meetings, to take care that from these electoral meetings it shall come up as a mysterious sap into parliaments, and from parliaments into governments. If a principle, however progressive it may appear, can compromise all that you have acquired, do not propose it and do not set it forth. Content yourselves with preparing it for the future. You who are by nature inclined to synthesis, do not fall into the error of errors—the error of looking only to liberty, and caring nothing for authority; the error of looking only to progress, and caring nothing for stability; the error of looking only to the right of the individual, and having no care for the force of the community; the error of looking only at the future, when every movement has in it the past, the future, and the present.

The ideal should be formulated, sustained, diffused every day with unequalled constancy, because it is the promise of the renovations necessary in human societies. But in order to give it a fair trial never forget that every idea contains a logical series of ideas, and that every great work grows with the same slowness with which grow those natural objects which last the longest.

The radical parties, the advanced parties of all Europe, must learn to unite courage with moderation, the scientific sense with the historical sense, a noble impatience for progress with that political tact, that measure of reality, that knowledge of the people without which you sow good and reap evil. Do not satisfy yourselves with having founded Italy, preserve her; and let it never be said that to correct a defect in your statue, perhaps a necessary one, you have dashed it into a thousand pieces. I shall never be weary of treating of this subject, for I believe that the greatest evil of modern democracies is impatience, and the one rock on which they may run is the work of the demagogue. Revolutionary periods, the periods of violence, are closing all over Europe.

The next paper is on the island of Capri. In it I would call especial attention to the passage upon the Odyssey as the epic of Mediterranean, and the Lusiad as the epic of Oceanic navigation—a passage which will make the reader look anxiously for the book which Señor Castelar has more than half promised upon Portugal. I long to read him on Prince Henry the navigator, a grand

and touching figure, who has not yet found the "*vates sacer*" whom he so richly deserved.

The last piece is on St. Mark's, and of it I will only say that a reader may lay down the "Stones of Venice" and take up the "Recuerdos de Italia" without subjecting Señor Castelar, considered as a writer of prose, to an unfair test.

During his years of exile one might have thought that Señor Castelar would have had enough to do in the composition of these works, and in the long and interesting journeys which he made in various parts of Europe. Not at all. He likewise found ample time to conspire; and when the revolution of September, 1868, broke out at Cadiz under the direction of Admiral Topete, the gifted chief of the Spanish democracy had done not a little to impress a republican character upon that movement.

When he returned to Spain he was received everywhere, from the frontier to Madrid, with the most enthusiastic welcome, and declared when he reached the capital, to a delighted multitude some ten thousand strong, that the time had come to have no more compromises with anybody or anything, so far as democracy and the republic were concerned. Unhappily and erroneously, as I hope he would be the first to admit now, it was to the Federal and not to the Unitary Republic that he lent the support of his splendid genius and boundless popularity. "Never," says the author of a little sketch of his life, which has been extensively circulated in Spain, "was any man obeyed with so much enthusiasm or confidence as was Señor Castelar at this period." He was the idol of the democracy, pacific and warlike, conservative and revolutionary, transigent and intransigent, federal and unitary. Madrid, Barcelona, Valencia, Saragossa, Seville, Cadiz, and an immense

number of other towns and cities vied with each other in trying to obtain his services as their representative in the "Constituent Cortes," but it was to Saragossa the heroic that this honour was accorded.

His speeches in that assembly have been collected, and very noble specimens of oratory they are, but I must defer to a subsequent paper what I have to say as well of them as of many of his other works, and of the part he has played in the latest history of Spain.

II.

In my last article I brought down the history of the great Spanish republican to the meeting of the Cortes which assembled to settle the constitution, after the Revolution of 1868. Many widely differing sections had combined to effect that revolution, but it was the result of uneasiness and dislike of the existing state of things, not of a fully-formed opinion as to what sort of government would be best for Spain. Señor Castelar entered the Chamber with the inestimable advantage of thoroughly knowing what he wanted. In all popular assemblies a man of ability who does that, has heavy odds in his favour. Popular assemblies, at all times, and especially in times of excitement, delight in clear-cut definite solutions, and these were supplied in no stinted measure by the brilliant member for Saragossa. His speeches in this Cortes have been collected in three volumes, from which I proceed to give some extracts illustrative of his views and of his way of putting them.

From the first, which was delivered on the 22nd of February against the nomination of Serrano to be head of the State, I take the following passage, which was led

up to by a fine eulogium on the Spanish army, more intelligible in Madrid than it would be in London :

But, gentlemen, although I have as strong a feeling for the army as I have just expressed, I do not want us to live under military predominance. Societies cannot exist in these days without an army, as the planetary system cannot exist without mechanical forces, but societies in which there is an army must place the sun—that is to say, reason and right—above force and above their soldiers. To ask whether ideas should give commands to weapons, or weapons give commands to ideas, is like asking whether in the human body the arm should give commands to the head or the head to the arm. Societies which are ruled by soldiers make me think of Bertrand de Born, who in the depth of Dante's hell carried his head in his hand, instead of having it upon his shoulders.

My next extract is from a speech in favour of the abolition of the Conscription, delivered on the 23rd March, 1869 :

The Constituent Cortes should note one thing — they should note that we men of the pen or of the spoken word attach much importance to the right of public meeting, to the right of association, to the right of the liberty of the press, because we use these rights, but the peasantry understand nothing of the revolution but the material advantages which it brings them. The people of the fields is eternally like the great type of our immortal novelist—the people is like Sancho Panza. The people seeks the ideal, follows it everywhere, but follows it seeking at the same time for its island of Barataria. Well, then, the island of Barataria which the people seeks in the revolution of September is the abolition of the Conscription, and the abolition of the taxes on articles of consumption, and if you keep up the Conscription and keep up the taxes on articles of consumption, you will have drowned in the abyss of reaction the poor island Barataria of the poor people, and that people will ask you, For what have I sacrificed myself ?

Another speech of this period, which had an extraordinary success in Spain, was one delivered on 12th April, 1869, in reply to Señor Manterola, a great eccle-

siastic who had made an attack on modern ideas as to religious liberty. It is a very remarkable piece of debating, but contains few passages that can be detached from the context, for purposes of quotation. Here, however, are one or two:

There is, gentlemen, a great tendency on the part of the Neo-Catholic school to convert religion into what the ancients called it. The ancients said, that the only use of religion was to inspire fear in the people. In the words of the Roman patrician, "*Religio, id est, metus.*" I may reply to those who thus speak of religion, in the words of the Bible: "The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib, but Israel doth not know, my people doth not consider." That is to say, that the ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his crib, but the Neo-Catholics do not know their God.

Again:

Señor Manterola says, The philosophy of Hegel is dead in Germany. To that I reply, If the philosophy of Hegel is dead in Germany, do you know where it has gone to take refuge? It has gone to take refuge in Italy—at Florence with Ferrari, in Naples with Vera. And does Señor Manterola know why this has happened? Because Italy, which has seen her Pope oppose himself so entirely to her unity and independence, separates herself every day more and more from the Church, and throws herself more and more into the arms of science and of reason.

The brilliant reply of April 12th is followed by an amusing little speech in which poor Señor Manterola is extinguished—and no wonder, seeing that with the hardihood so common amongst priests of all creeds, he had actually denied that the massacre of St. Bartholomew was commemorated by a picture in the Vatican. How well I remember passing under that picture with a most devout Catholic, who, pointing it out to me, remarked, "I think they might have afforded a coat of whitewash

for that!" Perhaps Señor Manterola would also deny that the Pope struck a medal in honour of the "slaughter of the Huguenots?"

Another speech on the same subject, the importance of which in Spain, where intolerance has such deep roots, it is quite impossible to exaggerate, was delivered on May 5th, in the course of which, apologising for some strong things that had been said by his friends, Señor Castelar remarked:

> Thought bursts forth, as burning and irrepressible as lava. Do not demand of any new thought that it should be just to the thought that preceded it. Christianity was not just to Paganism. In those gods, the eternal models of the plastic art, the first heroes of Christianity saw nothing but the repulsive grin of the devil. The Renaissance was not just to the Middle Age. In those Gothic Cathedrals, which are so sublime an expression of religious thought, men as great as Michael Angelo and Bramante and Herrera saw nothing but the ignominious barbarism of art and of men.

And farther on:

> The last men of the old world lived a pitiful life and died sublime deaths. Tacitus and Suetonius could not explain this singular phenomenon. The life of Otho was that of a prostitute; his death was that of a hero. Why did they live so disgraceful a life? Because they lived united to the gods of the State, which repelled their conscience and deluded their beliefs. And why did they die so sublime a death? Because when they died, they pillowed their head on the God of Plato, on the God of the conscience. That is what we ask of you, ministers of the Gospel, that you should let us live and die in the God of our conscience.

In a speech of May 20th, 1869, in favour of the republican form of Government, Señor Castelar thus replied to some persons who had reflected on the poetical character of his views:

> My friend Señor Ulloa compared me to Lamartine; and, Señor

Silvela — that comparison not being enough — remembered Victor Hugo, and compared me to the two. I am bound to say that this is by no means an eulogium, for it is impossible to compare, as a poet, with Lamartine and Victor Hugo—a man who never made a verse; and if Señor Silvela or Señor Ulloa meant to imply that as a politician I resembled Lamartine, I must be permitted to observe that if I believed it, I would take my return and retire from the Chamber, for I know no one as a politician more unhappy than Lamartine, though I am very far indeed from wishing to detract from his great glory as an historian and poet.

Farther on Señor Castelar says:

Do you wish for the United States of Europe? I wish for them, because I wish, that while nationalities should continue, those economical differences which separate one people from another people should disappear.

In the same speech there are, apropos of a book by Sir George Lewis, some remarks on the history of royalty in England, which are not without their interest, and to which a perusal of the "Crown and the Cabinet" might enable their author to make some additions.

Farther on we have the following:

Have you not observed that great men are disappearing? Can you call this age of steam, this age of the telegraph, the age of great men? Could you call this age by the name of a great man as you have called other ages, the age of Augustus—the age of Voltaire? No, there are not great men. Do not, however, think this an evil. On the contrary, it is a great good. There are no great men, because the human race has grown much. And, gentlemen, when a great man directs society by his own individual will, study history and you will see that one half of his life is always glorious and the other half luckless. The glorious half of his life is the life of his youth; the luckless half of his life is that of his old age.

Later, denouncing the candidature of the Duc de Montpensier, he exclaims:

Oh! shades of the heroes of Catalonia, who sustained against

the Bourbons an unexampled war—oh! heroes of Saragossa, that Numancia immolated by the Bourbons, heroes of Trafalgar who were drowned in the boiling waters, thanks to the wantonness of Maria Luisa . . . . Solis, Zurbano—wherever your bones may be, wherever your souls may be; come here in the form of remorse, save the Revolution from this great perjury, save my country from this great dishonour!

Near the end is this passage:

Besides, you see what the newspapers of Portugal say: "If you have the courage to proclaim the Republic, all the land will be yours; from Rosas, where the Greeks disembarked, to Palos, where Columbus embarked; from the mouth of the Guadalquiver, which reflects the oriental Seville, to the mouth of the Tagus, which reflects the unequalled Lisbon; one sky, one flag, one native country, one people a people which will be able to raise itself with liberty and by justice, as in the sixteenth century it raised itself by conquest and by authority to be the head of all the peoples of the world.

In a short speech, belonging to the same group as this, Señor Castelar quotes a remark which he attributes to Count Beust, and which is not without insight:

Just as the four great rivers, the Adige, the Ticino, the Rhone, and the Rhine, have their sources in Switzerland, from thence have to come the ideas which are to transform France, Italy, and Germany.

Any politician who, having the requisite qualities and the necessary leisure, would act upon this hint—would go and study Switzerland on its political side, and then write a book about it—would learn a great deal himself, and teach other politicians much that would be vastly useful to them during the next thirty years.

In a reply to Señor Sagasta in the month of June Señor Castelar observes:

And now rises the question of Don Fernando of Portugal. That

reminds me of the story of the celebrated preacher who began his sermon by saying: "Cursed be the Father, cursed be the Son, and cursed be the Holy Ghost." Naturally enough when his hearers heard all these maledictions, they were alarmed; but presently he added in a lower voice, "Cursed be the Father, cursed be the Son, and cursed be the Holy Ghost—that is what the lost spirits say." Señor Sagasta (and I would invoke here the testimony of many honourable members in the majority, since the reference is to private conversations and to nothing else) ought to know, that Don Fernando, whom he speaks of as "my king," was placed by me in the genealogy of the Ferdinands of Spain after this fashion. I said Ferdinand I. was called the Great, Ferdinand II. the Lion, Ferdinand III. the Saint, Ferdinand IV. the Cited,* Ferdinand V. the Catholic, Ferdinand VI. the Pacific, Ferdinand VII. the Desired, and now we are going to have Ferdinand VIII. the Impossible.

And farther on:

Señor Sagasta said, "Señor Castelar is no doubt a republican, but a Platonic one—what has Señor Castelar risked?" What has he risked? He had a professor's chair, and he lost it; he had a family circle, and he was obliged to abandon it; he had a home, and it fell about his ears; he had a country, and he found himself without one. I am a Platonic republican, am I? What! was not my name amongst those terrible sentences of death born of rancours which I forget and pardon?

In a speech made in June, against the regency of Serrano, occurs the following:

I, gentlemen, believe that in the circumstances in which we stand, amidst the dangers which we run, we want for regent a great statesman, and I deny that military men can be great statesmen.

Then, after pointing out how unfavourable is the training of the soldier to the development of those

* "Cited," that is, to appear at the Judgment-seat of God, because he is said to have died within thirty days of having been summoned to do so by two brothers who were unjustly put to death. The story is told in "Mariana," vol. v. p. 294.

qualities which are required by a statesman, and above all by a parliamentary statesman, he adds :

So, gentlemen, if you will run over the list of all great statesmen you will hardly find a military man. Cavour was not a military man, Turgot was not, Alberoni was not, nor Richelieu, nor Cardinal Ximenes. In ancient history I know of only one military man who was a real statesman—Cæsar; and in modern history likewise, only one—Frederic of Prussia.

And farther on :

Every prince, every regent, hears in his ear that voice which the grandest of psychological poets caused to sound in the ear of a great ambitious one, "Macbeth, thou shalt be king." The shade of a throne engenders dreams of ambition, as the shade of the upas-tree engenders the sleep of death.

Speaking of the Iberian Union in the same speech, he says :

For the space of eleven centuries of modern history Portugal lived in close union with us; a longer time than Arragon, Navarre, Catalonia, and Valencia. Viriathus is the representative of her as of our independence. Even although we lived separated under different governments, Nature willed that we should labour in the same work. When the Portuguese discovered the East, we discovered the extreme West, and the earth was rounded by the hands of Portugal and Spain.

In a speech of 25th June of the same year is this passage :

Ask the sailor which he prefers, the risk of being drowned in a tempest or the calm of a tropic sea. He prefers the tempest, the wind, the dash of the waves. The dash of the waves—movement, noise, tempest, that—that is liberty!

Does not the Home Minister know that clubs moralise, clubs educate, clubs lift the conscience of the people to the ideal? This phrase, that citizens should go to work rather than go to the club, reminds me of an old absolutist proverb, a proverb of a society of

nuns and courtiers, "Shoemaker, to thy shoes." No, shoemaker! after thou hast made thy shoes, go to work for thy country, to work for liberty, to educate thy sons to be great citizens.

And again:

The problem of modern times is to know what are the limits of the State, and on this subject there are only two books, unique in Europe—the book on the Limits of the State by William von Humboldt, and Mill's book on Liberty.

In a speech in October, 1869, occurs this passage:

I am accused of mean and narrow Patriotism: truly an unjust accusation. I am one of the most cosmopolitan deputies in this Chamber. I would wish for my country the art of Italy, the thought and the science of Germany, the genius and the universal spirit of France, the liberty and labour of England, the democracy and republic of America. Is that not being cosmopolitan enough for you?

In a speech of December 11th, 1869, on general policy, occurs the following:

I, gentlemen, know, in the relations of citizens to each other, all kinds of laws—political law, canon law, administrative law—but what I do not know is the law of war. Is it the old one?—Ah! then, it is the law of the Twelve Tables, the *adversum hostem æterna auctoritas esto*; the law under which the kings of Asia cut the throats of their prisoners; the law under which the Feudal Lords of the Middle Age made slaves of the vanquished; the law of force, that is to say, the direct negation of the force of law.

And again:

The argument of the Government reminds me of something which happened in Russia, in the beginning of the reign of Nicholas. Some Russians of rank conspired for the purpose of introducing into their country our democratic constitution of 1812. Their conspiracy was discovered, and they were sent summarily to the gallows. Among them was a poet. The morning on which they were to be executed, it was, as usual in St. Petersburg, raining, or if you prefer it, snowing. The executioner seized the poet, fastened the rope round his neck,

and pushed him off into space. The rope broke; the poet fell on his knees, and as he rose, wiping them very quietly, he exclaimed "Poor Russia, where they don't even know how to hang a man!" And so I say, "Poor Spain, where they don't even know how to defend a dictatorship!"

And further:

Some day misfortune will come, and on the road by which we are travelling we richly deserve to encounter it. Then you will invoke the national militia, then you won't find it, and I trust in God you will then hear the cry which came to the first fratricide, "Cain, where is thy brother?"

Speaking of the proposed candidature of the Duke of Genoa for the throne, Señor Castelar said:

Your artificial king is as different from the natural kings, as was the Homunculus of Wagner from the great creations forged in the Furnace of the Universe.

And again:

The Monarchy of the Bourbons in France had tradition on its side. Where are the traditions of the Duke of Genoa? The monarchy of Napoleon had the prestige of glory; where are the glories of the Duke of Genoa? Where is his Marengo, his crossing of the Alps, his fabulous return from Africa, his name transfigured upon Tabor, and written by the rays of the Desert sun on the summit of the Pyramids of Egypt? Where are, in his case, even the sort of traditions which the Orleans Monarchy had? I know not his Palais-Royal, I have not seen Camille Desmoulins nor Danton among his friends, nor Valmy among his battles.

In the last paragraph of this great speech occur these words:

Gentlemen, we have believed long enough that the sword is the only social lightning conductor. The sword, like all metals, instead of repelling attracts the thunderbolt. Place on the highest point of society that lightning conductor which is possessed by Switzerland,

Belgium, England, and the United States—the lightning conductor of the civil power and of legality.

In a speech delivered on the 24th January, 1870, in favour of the perpetual exclusion of the Bourbons from the throne of Spain, Señor Castelar points out how little individual will has to do with the making of revolutions; how entirely they depend upon causes too complicated and too remote to be controlled by human initiative. Later, he adds, "New ideas, gentlemen, are the lightning, and revolutions are the thunder."

From the same speech I take the following:

The family of the Bourbons, from the end of the sixteenth to the end of the eighteenth century, was an essentially revolutionary family. It contributed, more than any other of the reigning families, to the secularisation of Europe.

Five great facts secularised Europe. The Edict of Nantes, which introduced religious toleration amongst a Catholic people, was the work of a Bourbon—of Henry IV. The Peace of Westphalia, which made toleration a part of international law and concluded the religious war, was chiefly the work of two ministers of the House of Bourbon—Richelieu and Mazarin. For the Encyclopædia, which armed with great ideas the hosts of Liberty, we are indebted to the tolerance of the Bourbons; and not less was the expulsion of the Jesuits, which disorganised the armies of authority, due to the initiative of a Bourbon; while the advent of Democracy, through the emancipation of the United States, must be attributed to the generous assistance of Louis XVI.

But as soon as the Bourbons came to see that this Revolution was attacking their authority, they became converted into eternal implacable enemies of the Revolution. That enmity has not diminished. Since the end of last century it has burst forth with increased violence. Some time ago, a most eloquent orator (the illustrious Marquis of Valdegamas)* said from that side of the Chamber: "The destiny of the Bourbons is to foster revolution, and to die by the revolution which they have fostered." And then turning to the strong power which then existed—for those were the days of General Narvaez—he exclaimed, "Ministers of Isabella the Second! Free

* The great anti-Liberal orator, Donoso Cortes.

your Queen, and my Queen, from the anathema which weighs upon her race." But they could not do it. They did not free her from that anathema; for there is no sword that can cut the current of the ages, there is no force which can withstand the decrees of Providence.

On the same occasion, speaking of the Iberian Union, he says:

Do you know what is the real force which opposes the union of Spain and Portugal? It is Vasco de Gama; it is Albuquerque; it is the poem of Camoens. Do you know why we Spaniards so much love our country, in spite of the difference of our provinces and our natural tendency to federalism? Because we are all so proud of our writers, we are all so proud of our painters, we are all so proud of our battles, we are all so proud of those sailors who sowed mighty deeds from the Gulf of Mexico to the Gulf of Lepanto, of those warriors who passed from Arragon to the gates of Asia and discovered America; because we are all so proud of that splendid epic, the Spanish nation, which—not finding room in the Old World, where there had been room for the mighty deeds of Rome and Alexander—had to extend the limits of the earth itself, in order that the earth might be capable of containing its greatness.

Another remarkable speech was delivered on the last day of the same month, upon the ecclesiastical budget, and against the connection of Church and State. I would fain quote from it a grand passage on the all-pervading power of the Church in the Middle Age as contrasted with the present state of things—or another upon Luther's Hymn and the Miserere of Palestrina—but space says, No.

In a speech of the 12th of March, 1870, occurs the following passage about Prim:

All the world says that he is neither realising the reforms which democracy requires, nor the stability which authority requires; all the world says that he knows not how to create either order or

liberty. Let him listen, and he will hear this. If he does not hear it, if no word escapes from the people, let him tremble. It is in the words of Tacitus—"*Magni metus et magnæ iræ silentium.*"

After events falsified in a very sad way the hinted prophecy of the following words spoken soon afterwards:

General Prim should not be offended; he would not be the first great man who had not a sepulchre in his native land. His Excellency should remember the saying of that great Roman captain who cried, "*Ingrata patria, non possidebis ossa mea.*" Besides, when there is not here any clearness in politics, any fixed idea in the government, no one is secure of a sepulchre in his native land.

In a speech of the 23rd March there is another passage well worth turning to, upon the greater number of manly pursuits possessed by modern as compared with ancient societies; pursuits, many of them, quite as manly as war, which was naturally enough held in honour in a country which thought labour servile, and there is much truth in the following:

I have a most sad conviction—the conviction that the human word is of avail everywhere except where it is most necessary, most indispensable. The human word is of avail everywhere except in a deliberative assembly. Here the human word is of no avail, absolutely of none. The first orator in the world might come here; he would convince everyone, he would persuade no one.

Very striking, too, is a passage upon the influence of religion in a speech of the 2nd April, which thus concludes:

But these sentiments, these ideas, are individual. They may come from the inspiration of the priest, from the inspiration of the mother, from the inspiration of the conscience; never, never from the laws of the State. Ah! the State poisoned Socrates, the State crucified Jesus, the State tormented St. Paul, the State burnt Servetus.

In a speech of the 11th May there is a long and very fine passage on the blessings that have been brought to the world by small civic communities, and especially by those which lived under federal relations; while in the month of June, 1870, Señor Castelar made a speech of considerable importance on the abolition of slavery, and the third volume is concluded by a group of speeches against the candidature of Prince Amadeo of Savoy, the chief of which was delivered on the 3rd of November.

In that speech Señor Castelar combated with all his might, as he did on every other possible occasion, the return to monarchical government. "*Dis aliter visum*," as we all know, and the prize (?) of the Spanish Crown, after having served to set the world in flames, at length rested on the brow of an Italian prince.

It is all so recent that I may take it for granted that my readers know as much of the circumstances of King Amadeo's brief and troublous reign as is necessary to enable them to follow me through Señor Castelar's next important book, a volume of speeches which extend through that unhappy period of Spanish history.

The first speech in this volume is dated 20th April, 1871, the last having been delivered early in 1873. The following passage is the end of the second of two speeches in which Señor Castelar defended the right of the Carlists from the Absolutist, and of his own friends from the Republican, point of view, to discuss respectfully but unreservedly the dynasty of Savoy:

It is said that it is perilous to discuss the dynasty. That is an Absolutist principle. In the nineteenth century all the indiscutable dies. The Absolutists think that discussion weakens; we think that it fortifies and saves. That which really destroys every political situation is the repression of ideas—for ideas, when repressed, explode ike powder.

The following is from a speech of the month of June, 1871, in reply to the Royal message:

Peoples are like swarms of bees, every nationality contributing to make the honey of the general life. The ideas which we here put forth, the reforms which we here mature, change the human conscience.

Farther on he observed, speaking of the throne of Amadeo:

It is a duty which I owe to my country and my conscience to say that on your work, in spite of its having come from far lands over so many miles of sea and railway transit, all the world can read these words: "Glass with care—glass with care—glass with care."

And again:

The question of Rome can only be resolved by a radical separation between Church and State; but Church and State can only separate from each other under a social and political form wider than the monarchy.

Further:

The great and real kings—those who sleep, be it in the granite of the Pyramids, be it in the granite of the Escorial, old as the soil of the nations on which they lived and reverenced like their gods who confound their genealogy and that of their ancestors with those of legendary heroes and demi-gods—the kings who inspired so much poetry from the Iliad to the Romancero, who set to work the pencil of Rubens and the pencil of Velasquez, who forged the sword of Bayard and the sword of Gonzalo of Cordova,* eternal symbols of all that a monarchy should signify upon earth, indiscutable authority and uninterrupted tradition, immovable stability, one sole religion—could never understand that those should call themselves kings and

* The great Captain on whose tomb in St. Geronimo, at Granada, the traveller still reads the stately epitaph:—"Gonzali Fernandez de Cordova, qui propriâ virtute magni ducis nomen proprium sibi fecit, ossa perpetuæ tandem luci restituenda huic interea loculo credita sunt, gloriâ minime consepultâ."

think themselves kings who were not born of faith, abnegation, loyalty, but of doubt, criticism, free inquiry — of the national sovereignty and of democracy.

The following passage in the same speech refers to the murder of Prim :

That which I most condemn in this deed is that which extenuates its guilt in many confused consciences—the fact that it had a political character. I think that such political crimes are to be reprobated; first, because my conscience reprobates them; next, because they violate the laws of morality and justice; but still more, because while their perpetrators imagine that they are destroying an idea, by destroying the person who represents it—they give life to that idea, as did that eternal model of all political criminals, as did Brutus when he slew Cæsar and rooted Cæsarism. For Cæsarism was saved by horror at that crime, saved to ruin Rome and leave in the veins of our race a spirit of idolatry for the dictatorship of genius ennobled by martyrdom, which we are still paying for by sad moral weakness—by great and recent calamities.

Another most important group of speeches was delivered by Señor Castelar in the late autumn of 1871 on the "International." Señor Castelar is, as I have already implied, no friend, but a deadly enemy to the principles of that foolish and mischievous society. But he defends its right to bring forward its views and to discuss them peaceably. I have only room for one or two quotations.

After all, your efforts, gentlemen, will be of no avail. You are attacking something that cannot die, something which exists in all times, and is reproduced in all societies. Utopia is a phantasm which may deceive, but it is eternal. The world is agreed that art is falsehood, that the stage is a fiction, that the figures on a picture are lines and colours, yet assuredly the world will never abandon art. Utopia, like hope, is eternal, inextinguishable, ever greater with the greatness of misfortune. As the terrestrial sphere turns between its two poles, so do the social spheres turn between two Utopias—between the Utopia of the past, and the Utopia of the future. Direct your eye to all times, pass it over all peoples, and tell me where there does not

spring up some Utopia, where there is not some heavenly vision of an extraordinary and almost divine felicity. The Messianic idea is the eternal product of captivity.

In a speech of October 20th, 1871, belonging to the same group, occurs the following:

By the death-bed of Charles V. two principles were in conflict; two principles as to which he had sometimes tried to make them live in peace, sometimes to make the one prevail against the other. And one of those who were helping him to a good death said, "Sire, your works." And the Protestant, the same who was later condemned, the Archbishop of Toledo, said, "Sire, the grace of God."

Two morals, two ideas, two principles were combating at the foot of the bed of that man who had passed his life combating for one or other of them. If in those last moments of life, at the death-bed of an emperor, two moral principles did battle with each other, how can you expect that on this point we should think alike, we here in the midst of a deliberative assembly, which like all deliberative assemblies lives and has its being in contradiction and discussion, in antithesis and struggle?

In a speech of the 8th June, 1872, I find these remarks, which deserve to be much pondered over in a country like Spain, in which it has actually happened before now that the Home Minister contrived to prevent one single opponent being elected, and in which it has also happened that the all-powerful Minister of one Parliament did not even find a seat in the next:

To corrupt the electoral system is to corrupt, completely and absolutely, all institutions. I do not explain to myself the decadence of the Roman Empire as the great writers who have treated that subject are in the habit of doing. I explain it by two modest lines in the forty-first chapter of the Life of Cæsar by Suetonius. There we come upon official candidatures. The dictator writes to the electoral colleges: "*Commendo vobis illum et illum ut vestro suffragio suam dignitatem teneant.*" I think he would be the very best statesman in Spain who would determine to lose an election, and such a statesman might be found amongst my friends. I don't think I shall

offend their modesty by saying so. But it is with that statesman as it was with the shirt of the happy man in the Indian apologue.

He then tells that well-known story and adds:

The happy man, oh fatality! had no shirt, and so we who, if we were in power, would be capable of making up our minds to lose an election, do not happen to be in power.

Farther on we have the following striking sketch of the unjust sufferings of the Progresista party under the Regency of Queen Christina, and during the reign of her daughter:

Your bards celebrated that glance under whose influence the old soil of Castile grew young again, your legionaries twined crowns of laurel for the brows of that most beautiful woman who seemed the statue of their redeemed country, your martyrs died renewing the glories of the war of independence with the name of that woman on their lips; and the reward of such great sacrifices, of so much effort, of so much heroism, was that all your principles and all your counsels were forgotten, and that you were utterly excluded from power.

And what do you say of Queen Isabella? The great Quintana was her master, the high-minded Arguelles was her guardian, Espartero her regent, Zurbano and Linage her warriors, the Countess of Mina, the widow of so much renown and glory, her nurse. Progresista blood was the very sap of that throne, and in return that throne was a scaffold for the Progresistas.

The same volume which contains the very remarkable set of speeches to some passages of which I have called attention, contains the reply of the Cortes to the message by which, on the 11th February, 1873, King Amadeo announced his resignation. This answer, drawn by Señor Castelar, is a grave and firm piece of writing, worthy of a great occasion, but not more worthy of it than the admirable document to which it is a reply.

The disappearance of the monarch was followed by a miserable period disgraceful to Spain and her public men

of all parties, whose incapacity, self-seeking, and folly were the wonder of the world through 1873 and 1874. It is impossible to exonerate Señor Castelar of blame. If he did not see his way to make a reasonable republic secure, he should not have moved Olympus and Acheron to make a reasonable monarchy impossible. When, however, he once succeeded in getting his republic, he did all he could to make it reasonable. It was, however, the old story of the magician and his devil. Radicals (the Conservatives of that marvellous epoch) on the one hand, and Intransigentes, that is irreconcilable Anarchists, on the other, made, in spite of its victory in April, the life of the first Republican Ministry, in which Castelar had the portfolio of Foreign Affairs, extremely bitter. He did not, however, keep his position long. In the beginning of June the Constituent Cortes assembled to the cry of "Long live the Federal Republic," and a furious contest immediately broke out between the quasi-Conservative Republicans, who wanted to settle the Constitution, and the Intransigentes who wanted they knew not what. In vain Señor Castelar drew a Constitution against time; it is said, in twenty-four hours. In vain he used all his eloquence to defend it. The demons of discord were already let loose in the Cortes, and in July burst forth the horrible war of the Cantonalists in Murcia. Things went from bad to worse. Figueras, Pi y Margall, and Salmeron held the broken reins of power each for a brief interval, and at length, in September, 1873, the Cortes conferred the dictatorship on Señor Castelar.

It was a painful thing for a man who had strongly opposed the punishment of death to arrive at the summit of power at a moment when the fearful disorders, which had disgraced so many of the larger towns, made severe repression necessary, and when the army was going to

pieces for want of discipline; but Señor Castelar rose to the occasion and resolutely did his duty.

"Charge me with inconsistency, if you please," he cried, "I will not defend myself. Have I the right to prefer my reputation to the safety of my country? Let my name perish, let posterity pronounce its anathema against me; let my contemporaries send me into exile. Little care I. I have lived long enough; but let not the republic perish by my weakness, and above all, let no one say that Spain has perished in our hands."

He confined himself, however, to that amount of severity which was absolutely necessary in the opinion of every sane and honest man of all parties. History tells, as Cherbuliez has well said in his excellent book "L'Espagne Politique," of no more Liberal dictatorship. That dictatorship continued from September, 1873, to the 2nd of January, 1874. Rarely has a ruler had to deal with a more disastrous series of events. The Carlist insurrection in the North, the insurrection of the Intransigentes at Carthagena and elsewhere, want of discipline in the army, want of money in the treasury, a fierce civil war raging in Cuba, were some but by no means all the difficulties with which he had to contend. To assert that his contention was successful would be too much, but in the midst of such circumstances it is enough for a government to say, like Siéyès after the Terror, "*J'ai vécu.*" The Cortes met on the 2nd of January. Señor Castelar announced his resignation of his position as chief of the State into the hands of the representative of the nation, laid before them a detailed account of his acts, and asked for a vote of confidence in the Ministry. After a furious debate his proposal was supported by a majority, and instantly an insurrection broke out in Madrid, in the interest of the extreme party. This insurrection was met by a *coup d'état*, not struck by

Señor Castelar, but by the Captain-General of the New Castile, who early on the morning of the 3rd repeated the Cromwellian precedent in a rougher manner, and sent the deputies about their business. With the state of things which was created by this *coup d'état*, Señor Castelar declined to have anything to do, and left Spain, to travel in France, Germany, and Italy, defining his position very clearly in these words:

> From the work of the demagogue, I am separated by my conscience; from the situation created on the 3rd of January, I am separated by my conscience and my honour.

A worse man might have been a more successful politician, for he would not have trusted the control of large bodies of armed men to the hands of those whom he knew to be the enemies alike of himself and of the Republican form of government. But the situation was not difficult; it was impossible.

It is to the period of comparative leisure which was inaugurated by his withdrawal from Spain, that we owe the "Cuestion de Oriente," a book on which I should be more inclined to dwell if the subject had not become a weariness to so many readers, and if travel in the Balkan peninsula, or other means of studying it not open to most men, had given Señor Castelar any special claim to be heard upon it, at least by us "jaded English."

Nor again can I do more than mention "La Redencion del Esclavo," a prose drama. I have only read snatches of it, and if I had, my readers would hardly thank me for dwelling much on it, when I tell them that it is in four volumes, and that the Almighty, the Angels, Adam, Eve, Brama, Siva, Jupiter, Antony, Cleopatra, Spartacus, Hermes, Asoka, Nala, Damayanti, Saul, Samuel, and Jephthah, are only a very few of the interlocutors.

"El Ocaso de la Libertad," published only last year, is

another work of an imaginative character. "Inspired by the majestic spectacle of the Bay of Baiæ and its ruins," it was, in the words of its author, "commenced in Paris, and concluded among the combats of the Tribune," its object being to bring out into bold relief, and to engrave on the mind of its readers, the sad consequences which flow from the abandonment of liberty. The scene is laid in and around the Bay of Naples, at Capri and elsewhere. It closes with the death of Tiberius, and the moral may sufficiently be gathered from its last words: "Such, alas! are the events which occur when the sun of liberty has set." The book is, in short, a pamphlet against Cæsarism, thrown into the form of a short historical romance.

I pass over, likewise, three novels with which my acquaintance is too slight to entitle me to say much about them—"La Hermana de la Caridad," "La Historia de un Corazon," and "Riccardo," a list which, although it includes all the novels of M. Castelar which I possess, by no means exhausts the list of those which he has written. During this period was composed the second volume of the "Recuerdos de Italia," of which I gave some account in my last paper. Another work of this "interval of business" was the "Historia del Movimento Republicano en Europa," which extends to nine volumes, or say five thousand pages. Its author would be the first to admit, and indeed does explicitly admit, that its form is as bad as can be. It appeared originally in an American periodical, and before it was published as a book it ought to have been submitted to most rigorous revision. Perhaps four volumes, or even more, would have disappeared in the process, and it would still have remained one of the most gigantic of pamphlets. It is now, I should think, quite the most gigantic, but it is an extremely brilliant pamphlet. I know few books which I would

more willingly put into the hands of a young man who meant to devote himself to politics, and who wanted, at one or two and twenty, to get a sort of general view over that great inundation of opinion under which, here faster, there slower, the old landmarks of Europe are one by one disappearing. He must not look in it for full or careful information, but he will have brought before him a vast number of facts and ideas which are not put together in any other book with which I am acquainted, and which should be presented to the mind of everyone who aspires to see his way in the times upon which we are entering.

I will now proceed rapidly to analyse it, wasting no time in dwelling upon faults, the less so as it owes its appearance as a book rather to the publisher than the author, but trying to enable the reader to judge for himself whether, after making allowance for an abundance of shortcomings, it is a book useful for him to read, and culling from it such passages as appear to throw further light upon the opinions, tendencies, and character of one of the most eminent of our contemporaries, and one who, be it remembered, writes in a language which is the mother-tongue of the greatest number of civilised men who do not speak English.

Señor Castelar begins his work by saluting America as the continent of the Republic, finding of course much good to say of the United States, and managing to say not a little good of their South American neighbours and even of Peru! If he had recommended a little common honesty to the rulers of that State, and of some others, it would not perhaps have been amiss. Thence he turns to Europe and notices the various forces which worked towards the Republic in the eighteenth century, especially in France. In order to show how strong the current was, in spite of the new channel opened for it by the wars of the Empire, he takes three men of genius, the one born

a Legitimist, the other a Bonapartist, the third a Breton Catholic—Lamartine, Victor Hugo, Lamennais, and shows how they all were gradually whirled into the Republican stream. He next sketches the ideas of Comte, with the two schools of Comtists which hold the views of Littré and Lafitte respectively, and then at considerable length discusses the Socialist delusions which he considers to have been and to be the most dangerous, indeed the only dangerous, enemies of the Republic, acting as they do against it in two ways, first by alarming the upper, secondly by deluding the lower classes, and leading them to expect from governments what governments neither can nor ought to give. An admirable tract against Socialism might be extracted from the fifth and sixth chapters. Nowhere have I seen more eloquently set forth the truth that it is to society as a whole, not to the State, that we should look for the curing of most of the evils which affect society; nowhere have I seen the all-vivifying power of Liberty better defended. Would that such a tract could be circulated in Germany for the benefit of the ruled, while the speech on the "International" already noticed was circulated for the benefit of the rulers!

That country next attracts Señor Castelar's attention, and after a chapter which contains some just observations on the general character of the Teutonic race, we are led slowly through the principal philosophical schools of Germany, more especially those of Kant, Fichte, Schelling, and Hegel—the influence of each in gradually decomposing, and that sometimes even when they wished to recompose, the old religious and political ideas, being carefully noted. Then one chapter is given to the pessimist views of Schopenhauer, considered as the reaction against the philosophy of Hegel; whom, in spite of his accommodations and concessions

to the political influences which dominated in his day at Berlin, Señor Castelar defends as essentially the philosopher of progress.

The second volume commences with a chapter upon Krause, the author of the "Ideal of Humanity," a thinker whose views, imported into the University of Madrid by Sanz del Rio, have exercised no inconsiderable influence on Spain.

"What living faith in justice!" exclaims Señor Castelar. "What great love for humanity! What hope in the accomplishment of our destinies on the face of this planet! What virtue given to the idea of universal federation!"

Señor Castelar now, with some distrust in his guides —a distrust not wholly ill-founded—sets forth on a journey into Slavonic territory, and chiefly into Russia, tracing the influence upon that country of the ideas of Schelling and of Hegel, explaining the illusions of the Slavophiles, telling the sad story of Puschkin, of Pestal, and many more, with Herzen's "Memoirs," and "History of the Development of Revolutionary Ideas in Russia," for his principal sources of information. The portrait of that remarkable man is sketched from the life, and, as many of his English friends will think, correctly sketched.

"Alexander Herzen," says Señor Castelar, "had proposed to himself the task of moving the Russian world by the most extreme ideas of the Western world, and of moving the Western world by the most ingenious paradoxes about Russia. He was distinguished as a writer by the variety of his tones, the neatness of his diction, his happy contrasts, the wonderful flexibility of his language, his aptitude for placing in close juxtaposition the grotesque and the sublime, without causing a painful discord, because he knew the delicate shades of ideas, and the various gradations of style. The Englishman, the American, the Swiss, living ever in contact with the reality of politics, know their difficulties, and do not propose to destroy what they

dislike by legends and dreams, but by practical and positive reforms. The captive peoples fill their dungeons with legends. Herzen showed the qualities of his race; he, too, rocked himself in illusions and dreams; he was a poet, a student of nature, a philosopher, but, although he sacrificed everything for politics, nothing of a politician in the true sense of the term."

In strong contrast with this most gifted, most interesting, and most unpractical person, rises the startling and herculean figure of Bakounin, a picture of Danton hung by one of Rousseau—of Bakounin, whose hopeful plans of relieving the distresses of Europe are thus summed up:

1. The destruction of the State. 2. Substitution for the State of associations of workmen. 3. Social liquidation. 4. Collective, that is common, property in the soil. 5. Appropriation to the common use of all the instruments of work. 6. Atheism in religion, materialism in philosophy.

Need I say that Señor Castelar, although speaking highly of his good intentions, is as strongly opposed to the projects of this mad barbarian as to the tyranny of Nicholas itself?

After a long excursion in the empire of the Czar, Señor Castelar returns, in his twenty-eighth chapter, to Western Europe, and explains the great political importance of the religious movement in Germany, tracing it from the Reformation downwards.

"Perhaps," he says, "they did not know it themselves, but by starting these religious problems, by interpreting the Bible, by opposing to each other the commentary of the Church and the commentary of reason, by inquiring whether the book of Job is of Hebrew or Arabic origin, whether the book of Judith was anterior to Christianity, by all these questions which have so remote a connection with the problems of our times, the German theologians were storing up torrents of revolutionary electricity, which were to lighten, thunder, and fall upon the head of a generation which, while it abandoned

the old altars at the foot of which it had been born and nurtured, was abandoning with equal force and violence, without understanding quite clearly what it was doing, the old kings and their worm-eaten thrones."

I wish I had room to quote some noble pages, in which are brought into strong contrast the thirteenth century, as the essentially Catholic age, and the period of the Renaissance and the Reformation, when man seemed to burst his bonds and enter upon a new world. But this is impossible. I must hurry on to the eighteenth century to find room for the following, with which we may or may not agree, but the power of which it would be difficult to deny:

The man who really founded liberty of thought in Germany was Frederic the Great. In the history of his race there is no character more attractive, for there is none more human. His idea was not the narrow idea of Arminius, nor the national passion of Luther, it was the idea and the passion of humanity. Those who enter on history, with all its tortuosities and rough places, as if they were entering on the serene and tranquil region of philosophy, are accustomed to throw in his teeth that he wrote a burning book against Machiavelli, and nevertheless practised Machiavellic arts; that he sang the benefits of peace like Virgil, and sowed war like Cæsar; that he cursed conquest like the Abbé St. Pierre, and was a conqueror like Cyrus and Alexander. Those, however, who examine men and the works of men, measuring the difficulties which they encounter, the obstacles which they overcome, the evils to which they put an end, and the progressive measures which they bring about, can never admire enough the crowned philosopher who alone in the world, persecuted by all the powerful, assailed by Russians, Tartars, Croats, Hungarians, Frenchmen, abandoned by his friends and allies, with his little army composed of the most incongruous elements, with no more force than its vigorous discipline and no impulse other than the great soul of its general—a soul which was impelled by another idea greater than itself—created a power in the centre of Germany which was destined to be in respect of liberty of thought what the Oranges and England were in respect of political liberty. The instrument of which he made use—absolute monarchy—was a bad instrument; there is no doubt about

that. The stains which disfigure his reign were great ones; it is enough to mention the partition of Poland. His conscience did not often elevate itself to the absolute idea of justice. His lips darted forth epigrams which cost wars, his scepticism degenerated into sarcasm and frivolity; but with all these defects, and greater, if you please, there was no personality of his times in which burst forth with so much force and so much brilliancy the immortal spirit of his century, the humanitarian century *par excellence*. If he had no other glories, it would be enough that having received by inheritance a dominion of only two thousand square leagues and three millions of inhabitants, he broke down from that redoubt the terrible Holy Empire, the representative of tradition, the Goliath of absolutism, the terror of all the nations, the enemy of William Tell, the executioner of John Huss, the assassin of Padilla, the poisoner of the Latin races, the monstrous power of Austria, which, had it triumphed, would have burned to the very marrow of our bones, reduced our conscience to ashes, and made of all Europe that which with its direful authority and its dread policy it made of our fertile Spain, a desolate desert. . . . Of great memory as becomes a statesman, of scant imagination like the century in which he lived, of ideas clear rather than profound, of irony fine and delicate, a brain rather than a heart, a character served and sometimes commanded by a great intelligence. Haughty with the proud, simple with the humble, passionately, deliriously attached to genius and science, ever an admirer of merit, mediocre in his verses, incorrect in his prose, ordinary and commonplace in his philosophy, but in recounting his deeds worthy to be compared with Cæsar, not only for the sobriety of the narrative, but for its simplicity and natural modesty; cheerful as a hero of antiquity, a most moral administrator, a distinguished jurist; painfully anxious that justice should reach the lowest social classes; tolerant of the judgments of his people, whom he permitted to say everything, on the understanding that he was to be permitted to do everything; firm in adversity, serene in peril, reflective in his plans, tenacious in his purposes; over all these qualities there rises that large-heartedness with which he opened the frontiers of his kingdom, the gates of his palace, the arms of his friendship to all those who had any thought, to all those who had any belief, to all those who worked for any idea.

The thirtieth and thirty-first chapters are given to Reimarus, Lessing, and the orthodox apologists. The last of the two contains a long passage on the Hebrew prophets considered as the enemies of monarchy, which

I recommend to anyone who wishes to preach a republican sermon such as has rarely been preached.

The thirty-second chapter takes up the other co-operators in the Republican education of the world—Defoe, Rousseau, Basedow, Pestalozzi, and then a series of chapters treat of the reaction—of the school of Paulus and the rationalists; then of the rational supernaturalists, of De Wette labouring to harmonise these two schools, of Schleiermacher working for the evangelical union, of Frederic William III., and much else, familiar enough to those who know the history of German thought.

The thirty-ninth chapter, in some eighty pages, traces the story and criticises the works of Strauss, attaching naturally more importance to the earlier ones than to "The Old Faith and the New," the constructive part of which finds no favour with Señor Castelar, who is also much scandalised by its author's delight at the imperialist turn which politics have taken in Germany. From Strauss he passes on to review, in the earlier part of the third volume, the various schools which arose after the death of Hegel. A disciple of the great master, delivering a funeral oration at his grave, made, as Dr. Kahnis many years ago remarked, a very true prophecy: "No after-conqueror," he said, "will ascend the vacant throne of Alexander." And so it was, the Hegelians divided the inheritance of their master into at least as many kingdoms as the Macedonian generals. We are taken rapidly through these; one chapter, the thirty-first, being given to an old man, Dr. Arnold Ruge, who has lived for many years peaceably in Brighton—few, I daresay, of his neighbours realising that he had taken so important and so honourable a part in the forward movement of his age. The forty-fourth chapter is rather unluckily named "The Republican Darwinists;" the three persons specially alluded to being Karl Vogt,

Virchow, and Büchner. Vogt and Virchow were important names in politics when Darwin was chiefly known by his delightful voyage round the world; and Büchner, a far less authoritative name, belongs even scientifically to a very different school, the school of the materialists, to which Señor Castelar is in as violent opposition as he is to the Socialists. This part of the work ends with an appeal to the Germans to bring their philosophical ideas, which have done so much to overturn the old order of things, more distinctly into practical life, and then Señor Castelar passes once more into France.

He begins by a bird's-eye view of the Republican schools of that country. The reader is introduced to Vacherot, to Pierre Leroux, Michelet, Tocqueville, Laboulaye, to the Federal group of Chaudey, Barni, &c., to the Jacobin group of Peyrat, Delescluze, &c., to Barbes, Charras, and many more. In the pages devoted to Ledru-Rollin there occurs a very interesting account of a conversation which Señor Castelar had with him in 1868, and in which he recounted, from his own point of view, his share in the revolution of twenty years before. The thought of the many mischiefs that have been brought on the cause of the Republic by the madness of demagogues, next leads Señor Castelar to sketch Blanqui as the type of all that is worst in demagogism, and then he passes on to a long discussion of the Republic and its prospects as they were under the Presidency of M. Thiers. Next comes a very clear review of the Conservative and Radical Republicans of France, as represented by the works of the younger Duvergier de Hauranne and M. Naquet respectively, as to which Señor Castelar decides that to the views of M. Naquet belongs and ought to belong the Future, while to the views of M. Duvergier de Hauranne belongs and ought to belong

the Present. The keynote of the whole of this immense forty-sixth chapter is "no heat, no haste; work for the Republic unceasingly, but do not expect to arrive even at the Conservative Republic—a Republic, that is, tempered by monarchical traditions, by leaps of any kind, least of all, by Leaps in the Dark." To say that there are many digressions, is only to say that Señor Castelar is the writer. In one of these occurs a passage in which, speaking of the genius of Southern Spain, he curiously describes his own.

> The genius which is evaporated by the soil of Andalucia, by the banks of the Guadalquiver, by the Sierras of Cordova—exuberant, hyperbolical, audacious, most powerful, Asiatic, burning like our earth and like our sky, like the blood that courses through our veins, like the passions in our breasts.

All honour to the man whom reflection and experience have taught so to school such a disposition as to make him the most eloquent advocate of the policy, "*Ohne Hast, doch ohne Rast.*" With chapter forty-seven begins a long narrative of the fall of the Second Empire, which, as we have already seen, Señor Castelar's banishment from Spain enabled him to watch very closely. It abounds in striking passages; as, for instance, one in which he compares Europe in 1867 to a Roman amphitheatre just when the gladiatorial combats were about to begin.*

An excellent description of the oratory of M. Thiers, a summing up of the principles scattered over Europe by the French Revolution, a portrait of Garibaldi, and much, much else call for quotation here; but this probably is the part of the book in which, had the writer revised it, he would have used the pruning-knife, if not the axe, most freely, and I shall accordingly pass over a large

* Vol. iii. p. 286.

part of the third and of the fourth volumes, taking up the thread again in the autumn of 1868.

What was it prevented war breaking out then? Señor Castelar replies, as many others have done, the Spanish Revolution; and then he proceeds to detail, at a length perhaps not too great for a Spanish, but somewhat alarming to a foreign reader, the circumstances which led to the fall of Queen Isabella. Scattered, however, through eight hundred and thirty pages, in which he treats this theme, are not a few very notable passages, bright and telling sketches of character, just comparisons evincing a careful study alike of the present and past, memorable sayings worthy to be treasured by all politicians. Take the following description of Gonzalez Bravo:

> He had all the qualities of the ancient demagogue—courage, audacity, eloquence, volubility of character, even greater volubility of ideas, no scruple in agitating like the Tribunes when he was in opposition, and none in oppressing like the Cæsars when he was in power; incredible facility in changing his flag, ingenious sophistry in sustaining all principles, temerity in political combats, extreme faith in his destiny. . . . Who could better represent the system of adventures to which the Court gave itself up? He, who had been the flatterer of the people, knew well how peoples are bowed down. He, who had been Tribune, knew how tribunes are enervated. He, always a conspirator, knew how conspiracies are frustrated. Catiline put on the robe of a friar.

And this, about the marriage of the Princess of the Asturias with her cousin the Count of Girgenti, one of the Neapolitan Bourbons. "The dead embraced the dead in the common grave of their history." And the following on the newspaper-writing of the Liberal party during the campaign against the Court, in which we need hardly say its critic was *pars magna:*

> Unite the austere convictions of Armand Carrel with the pictu-

resque sentimental language of Camille Desmoulins, all tinted with that Oriental lustre which is given to ideas by the richest and most hyperbolic of modern languages, and you will understand what it was —nervous, imaginative, spontaneous, most eloquent.

Or, again, this from an article addressed to Queen Christina, on her return to Spain in the winter of 1864 :

Ah, madam ! this is the way that History advances ! The men who were yesterday great hopes, are to-morrow hardly recollections ; the world goes on devouring, in its feverish activity, idols, crowns, dynasties. . . . When your Majesty returned to France, did you find there that dynasty of Louis Philippe which used to give laws to the south of Europe ? When you went to Italy, did you find there your own dynasty ? We feel, madam, that we were born under the malediction of those who dried the tears of our mothers, and opened a home in their own country to our fathers. But there is no help for it. Every revolution is born under the curse of the revolution which preceded it.

Or these few lines from the masterly sketch of Olozaga :

Do not look in him for those sublime ideas of Donoso Cortes which lost themselves in the depths of the infinite. Do not look for that lyrical fervour of Lopez which gave rhythm to prose and converted speeches into odes. Do not look for that rich literary erudition of Alcala Galiano which made his spoken style as correct as if it were written, and evoked in the modern tribune the language of Granada and of Cervantes. Look, and you will find the deep intensity, the delicate irony that ever hits its aim, the Attic wit, the sober phrase, the incomparable simplicity, and the supreme eloquence of an oration of Demosthenes.

Or this on the death of Alcala Galiano, who was concerned in the melancholy encounter between the Government and the students on the 10th of April, 1865, to which I alluded in my last paper :

His already weak health became so much worse, that he died of a stroke of apoplexy at a meeting of the Cabinet, and in dying carried

with him perhaps the easiest, most sonorous, and chastest eloquence which ever was heard in the Parliaments of Spain. His last phrase was a terrible accusation against the dynasty. "*Compulsus feci*," he said, and expired.

And again:

If the world gives itself up to Domitian, history gives itself up to Tacitus.

Or this, about the speech of a Catholic orator, who thought, as the storm beat against his illusions, that the world was going to ruin:

For him all was dying, all coming to an end. As we heard him, we looked up to the atmosphere, and it was so clear; we looked to the sky, and it was so charming; we looked to the sun, and it was so bright; we looked around us, and we saw young men who felt the pleasure of living; we looked before us, and saw beautiful women who were or were to be mothers; and we could only compassionate Señor Aparici, who thought that he heard the trumpet of Judgment, the voice of Antichrist, the utter destruction of the planet, when the only thing that was going to be destroyed was some poor little idol or other, some censorship, or the like.

And again:

The ultimate causes of revolutions are ideas. Christianity was that of the first revolution of modern society, Philosophy was that of the last; but the immediate causes are economical evils and errors.

Or this, from an article written by Señor Castelar in March, 1868:

We repeat that celebrated dictum of a Spanish guerrillero: "General, I want to be one of the killed."

And the following with regard to the opinions of the Liberal party:

It is impossible to live outside of our ideas; they are the atmo-

sphere of the age, and he who renounces them has the fate of lungs which renounce the air—he is suffocated.

Or this account of Rios Rosas :

He loved the tempest as eagles do, the combat as warriors do, difficulties as all the great workers of the world do ; and there was the same force and ardour in his character as in his burning words.

Or this :

Kept far for three long ages from the modern spirit, we lay as if in the vacuum of an air-pump. Our great traders were the Jews, and we expelled them in the fifteenth century. Our great thinkers were the philosophers, the theologians, who felt the necessity of reform in the national spirit, and we burnt them in the sixteenth century. Our great cultivators were the Moriscoes, and we expelled them in the seventeenth century.

Again :

The army begins our revolutions, and the revolutions take the course which the people wishes.

Or this :

The Queen had agreed to make some concessions to the Liberal party, but with the usual Spanish indolence she put them off, without considering that in our country the summer is the time which is propitious alike for the tempests of the material and of the political world.

I have selected these extracts as being characteristic, and as not requiring explanations, which others that might be cited with equal propriety would require.

The event of the year 1868 which came next in importance to the Spanish Revolution was the determination to call together a council at the Vatican ; and to this event Señor Castelar devotes a long and interesting chapter, which, however, does not contain much that

is new. The following passage sets forth the existing phase of his own religious views :

> The simple religion of the future, the religion whose dogmas are summed up in the two fundamental ones of the existence of God and the immortality of the soul, completed by the purest morality, which breathes forth a disinterested love of goodness for its own sake.

All the criticisms of this great orator about oratory are important, and not least this :

> I have never been able to explain to my own satisfaction the decay of religious oratory in this age, which has engendered political oratory ; when the voices of Chatham, of Mirabeau, and of Vergniaud are hardly silent. Theological ideas are eloquent of themselves. It was very easy for Bossuet to touch the inmost fibres of the human heart with the simple phrase "Madame is dead," and it was very difficult for Pitt to move anyone by a figure in the budget. If religious eloquence had been possible in our times, it is inconceivable that it would not have been embraced by two orators so great as Lamartine and Donoso. The first would have been sweet and tender, like St. John when he wrote his gospel, and the other thundering and sublime like Ezekiel or Isaiah, intoning their dirges. Since these two souls did not embrace a religious career, it is manifest that the age was not favourable to religious vocations.

This passage occurs in an account of Père Hyacinthe, of whom, considered merely as an orator, Señor Castelar speaks very highly.

From Italy he returns to France, and follows from 1868 onwards, through the latter part of the sixth and seventh volumes, the gradual decline of the French Empire. The story of the Baudin trial and the first appearance of Gambetta is told with great spirit, and there is an endless series of portraits sketched with a bold and generally a successful hand. Everywhere Señor Castelar's intense love of democracy, and bitter hatred of demagogism, socialism, and violence, comes out very clearly. In contrasting the views of the

younger generation of Frenchmen with those of their fathers, whose fears of the Red Spectre did so much to make straight the paths for the *coup d'état*, he says:

To the eyes of the new generation, Utopias appear as comets do to the eyes of Science; they are not bodies whose movements can be fixed with the same exactitude with which the movements of the other heavenly bodies can be fixed, but neither are they disturbing and anarchical bodies in the planetary system. Their coming in contact with our earth would produce no more effect than the collision of a fly with a train.

This, too, is happy:

The new generation abhorred that empire which the Catilines from above erected against the Catilines from below.

And this:

The amelioration of the condition of the poorer classes should be the result of all the forces of society, and not exclusively of political formulas. For the solving of the social problem, we must take account not only of liberty, justice, form of government, but also of economical and even cosmological laws which do not easily subordinate themselves to political combinations. . . . No one is opposed to the social amelioration of the disinherited classes; but that to which common sense and political sense are jointly opposed is that, under pretext of ameliorating their condition, men should attack property, which is the root of individual liberties, and promulgate communistic ideas, which are at bottom reactionary ideas.

Chapter eighty-six, called a "Leap in the Dark," and showing that the reckless phrase of a reckless politician has crossed the Channel, though, happily for the English aristocracy, Señor Castelar forgets the name of the man who spoke it, treats of the *volte-face* of the Imperial Government towards Liberalism, and closes with this fine image:

When the evolution had been made, a new horizon opened for the

Empire—an horizon like the sky of those summer nights in which there is not one single cloud, but in which gleam all around and in every direction the silent lightnings of the tempest.

Speaking in chapter eighty-seven of an absurdity of Rochefort's at an electoral meeting, Señor Castelar says:

The streets!—a deputy has nothing to do with the streets. His commission is legal, his business is with discussion, with ideas; his arms are speech and vote, his barricade the tribune.

Treating again of the illusions of the extreme party in 1848, he censures those Republicans "who, drawing their lessons from the miserable traditions of a revolution in delirium, believed that the Republic was a tempest, a whirlwind in which all passions were boiling, when the Republic ought to be a secure harbour in which the essential principles of modern society have cast anchor, authority, and liberty, things necessary in all places and in all times—more than necessary, indispensable for a true democracy."

One who can write like this may well laugh at M. Ledru-Rollin for having learnt so little in England as to suppose that when we want to change any of our institutions we shall require to proceed by revolutionary methods.

In the seventh volume Señor Castelar tells the story of the Ollivier ministry, and of the events which led to the great ruin of 1870; but his political principles prevent his doing justice to the gifted though erring minister whose weakness had so much to do with that catastrophe.

The eighth volume is chiefly devoted to the war, and I take from it a few more extracts. Here is a scene from the first days of September:

The Imperialist deputies were raging against those who had placed

the seals of the State on the doors of the Corps Législatif. Nothing was wanting but the final *mot*. Thiers had been keeping it by him for twenty years. It is the moral of all this great tragedy, a moral distilled and reduced to its quintessence. Hear it! hear it! Not the first tragic poet of the world, not Æschylus, not Shakespeare, not Calderon, would ever have found a more fitting last word for the Empire. History disgusts us with novels, for there is no novel so dramatic, so logical, so interesting as history. "What are you complaining of?" asked Thiers: "is it because they have sealed up the building of the national representation? It was worse to seal up the national representatives; and to this day I have not forgotten the mark which the 2nd of December put upon us. I am an old prisoner of Mazas." Thus ended the assemblies of the Empire. There is a Providence.

And a little later:

The European revolution, the European democracy, has gained at Sedan a battle with the powder of divine right. The arms forged by the kings are the docile instruments of the peoples. The King of Prussia has brought on the west the invasion of his Uhlans, and now the west will bring to the King of Prussia the invasion of its ideas. Monarch of Divine Right, thou hast destroyed with thy cannon the Pope and the Cæsar, the two columns of thy throne! Thou art undone in the midst of thy victory!

I said some time ago to a friend of Señor Castelar's: "He would be much the better of a long visit to Germany; he has much to learn there."

"Ah!" was the reply, "he is too Latin for that."

Latin he is, no doubt, but he is also just and open-minded beyond perhaps any politician of his time. To speak of the King of Prussia or Emperor of Germany as a monarch by divine right, is natural enough for anyone who remembers the coronation at Königsberg, but much has happened since.

Again, just before the storming of the Porta Pia:

One more ruin of privilege. That Pontificate which has divorced democracy from religion, which has divorced liberty and equality

from the gospel, which has been the supporter of all tyrannies, the enemy of all rights, which has made its own apotheosis by declaring itself to be a god, infallible and impeccable amidst a progressive and human society, that Pontificate is disappearing like a shadow, because amidst so many struggles and so many martyrdoms the hour of emancipation for the conscience has sounded. "*Te Deum Laudamus, Te Deum Libertatis!*"

Here is Napoleon III. at Wilhelmshöhe:

Sometimes he goes into the neighbouring villages, stops the children as they come from the schools, asks them about their games and their studies. He ought to say to them, looking at them fixedly with those eyes of a bird of prey: "Grow, grow in peace, there will come no other Napoleon to mow down the generations in their flower upon the fields of battle. Look abroad upon the cornfields and the vineyards, you are Labour and Life, I am the last shadow of Cæsarism and War."

The latter part of the eight and the whole of the ninth volume contain a detailed and most brilliant account of the hideous Commune, the greatest calamity, as M. Castelar thinks, which has occurred in modern times to the cause of the Republic. It is full of admirable pages. Not the least admirable are those which sketch the chief actors—the stoical Jacobin, Delescluzes, who, abhorring Socialism and Federalism, enthusiastic for a strong State and an authoritative Republic, found himself in the hard necessity of choosing whether he would hold with the chiefs of the Republican party, whom he detested, or the rank and file which he despised; Tridon the Hébertist, who dreamed that the Republic of 1871 had the same enemies to fight as that of 1792, that the powder of the Bastille was still in the air, the shade of the feudal castle still over the land, and the cinders of the fires of the Inquisition still in the middle of the squares; Grousset, the dilettante in revolution; Rigault and Ferré the Terrorists, to whom murder was sacramental, and so many more.

Amongst the most interesting of these sketches is that of Félix Pyat, the author of several works which M. Castelar greatly admires, such as his play "Diogenes;" but yet often showing himself as a writer of the Decadence, with extravagant images, absurd parallels, improbable hyperboles, far-fetched antitheses, who in his political character is thus described:

> Not a tribune, not a statesman, but a dramaturge who cares above all things for his phrases of effect, for his scenes of anxiety, for his arguments of interest, for the knots which he skilfully ties, for the sudden and unexpected untwining of those knots, as if the whole world were an eternal theatre.

How strange is the difference of human fates! If this obscure revolutionist had had the good fortune to have been born to the north of the Straits of Dover, precisely the same qualities might have brought him into the position of the honoured chief of a proud aristocracy, the defender of an apostolic church, the pillar of an ancient throne.

The time has not yet come to write the real history of the Commune, and those who are best acquainted with it would have much to object to in Señor Castelar's narrative. It is, however, extremely interesting, and so full of quotable passages that I must pass a self-denying ordinance against lingering upon it, since there are still one or two works of Señor Castelar's on which I must say just a word.

All the world knows that the events of January, 1874, in consequence of which Señor Castelar retired from Spain, were the beginning of the end, and that a military pronunciamento led, in the end of that year and the first few days of the next, to the restoration of the Bourbons in the person of King Alfonso, the son of Isabella II.

The following passage from a book called "Cartas

sobre Politica Europea," which consists of two volumes of letters contributed during a series of years to South American periodicals, but collected in 1876, is interesting, as showing that Señor Castelar, in spite of the fate of his beloved Republic, bates nothing of heart and hope.

To-day, with the same faith as in my first days, I sustain and defend the alliance of liberty with democracy, and of liberty and democracy with order, because if in that way social renovation is more slow and gradual, it is also more enduring and more secure, for there is nothing more terrible than the reactions which are brought about by the excesses of peoples, and the abuse of justice and right.

Another volume, published as late as last year at Barcelona, contains speeches made by Señor Castelar in the Cortes of 1876 and of the earlier part of 1877, many of them of the very highest merit, and showing that his being supported by, if I remember right, only one* other Republican in the Chamber, does not in the slightest degree disconcert him, while the admirable, high-minded, and kindly attitude which he preserved towards the Monarchists when he was in power, has attained for him a sympathy and respect such as is rarely accorded in any country to political adversaries. I will quote only two passages where I might quote a score—two passages which, like many others that I have cited, may well be read, marked, and inwardly digested in countries which are far away from Spain.

I know no demonstration so evident of the inefficiency of political Powers in the religious question as that last journey of Julian's to the foot of Parnassus, to the margin of the Castalian fount, to the edge of the wood where the Pythoness spoke her oracles, when on passing through the inter-columnium where Apollo used to touch his lyre and Greece drank her inspirations, the Emperor found the columns without

* This was a mistake. There are three—an eminent banker and two Grandees of Spain.

ex-votos, the altar without victims, the shrine without offerings, the tripod without fire, the sacred vases without the ancient hydromel, in spite of his having restored Paganism in the schools, in the laws, in the empire—vain restoration, I repeat, for it avails not to open the bosom of the State to a belief, if that belief takes not hold where all beliefs root themselves profoundly, in the immortal bosom of our spirit.

And near the end :

The blind woman in the Gospel seeking Christ in His sepulchre of stone reminds me of these reactionary schools. Yes, they seek Christ where He is not, in the sepulchre of the Middle Age, in the walls of the feudal castles, in the fetters of the slave, when Christ has risen in liberty, risen in equality, risen wherever a truth is enunciated or a work of justice done.

The hour has happily not yet arrived to take a final estimate of Señor Castelar ; he has, we may hope, many years of activity before him.* In England, indeed, he would be, politically speaking, an infant, although in Spain, which many suppose to be a dead and torpid country, he has risen without any advantages of birth or fortune to have been already some years ago, for a time, the first citizen. It is peculiarly difficult to forecast the future of so fair and open-minded a man. If Señor Castelar changes an opinion, we may be sure he will say so, and a larger intercourse with the world outside Spain would probably lead him to change some opinions although no principles. I have already said that he has much to learn about Germany, and although he knows more of England, he has much to learn about her also ; so much that it is most heartily to be desired that he should carry into effect a project which

* In the last few months this indefatigable worker has published a new novel, and when I saw him, on the 30th September, was on the point of completing a politico-religious book.

he is understood to have cherished, and should pass some time in this country amongst English public men. The truth is that no European politician who aspires to be really a statesman can afford nowadays not to know pretty intimately France, Germany, England, and we may add Italy. If he does not take the trouble to do this, he is quite sure to nourish prejudices from which a wider survey of men and things would have saved him. For certain purposes of course such a wide survey is undesirable. For the obtaining of immediate applause, and the kind of success that comes of it, a politician perhaps does well to keep his mind a blank about other countries, because then he is always free, when their affairs come up for discussion in his own, to adopt the particular view that seems most popular with his party, and shriek it forth at the top of his voice. That, however, is not at all in Señor Castelar's line, and he will be well content to sacrifice some illusions which he cherishes about England, and which are useful enough for rhetorical purposes at home, if he is convinced they are not founded on fact.

The reader who has followed me through this and the preceding article, will have seen that he is not being introduced to a speaker and writer who has not a reasonable share of faults. He will have observed amongst other things that I have not been able to point to a single work, putting isolated speeches and essays out of the question, which seems to me quite as good as Señor Castelar could make it if he gave himself more time ; but I have been singularly unfortunate in my selections if I have not left on his mind the impression that he has been making acquaintance with one of the most gifted, purest-minded, and interesting of contemporary politicians.

Someone said in the newspapers, the other day, that

he was rather the Spanish Sheridan than the Spanish Gladstone. He seems to me quite unlike any public man we have ever had, both in his merits and defects. But if a man who has drunk of the modern spirit, as no English statesman of first-rate importance has done, were to rise amongst us with the oratorical genius of Señor Castelar, and that acquaintance with affairs which almost everyone gets in the House of Commons, he would, in ten years, be the most powerful man in England.

SPEECH ON THE POLITICAL SITUATION,

DELIVERED AT PETERHEAD, 6TH SEPTEMBER, 1878.*

GENTLEMEN,—It will be in the recollection of some of you that, when I was here last October, a wish was expressed, at a meeting of the Town Council, that I should make my address to the constituency this year at and through Peterhead. I was further asked not to speak, as I did at this place in 1876, upon one single subject, which, however important, would in all likelihood be specially interesting to one section of you only, but upon general politics, which interest, or ought to interest all—since he who says that he does not care for general politics, merely says, in other words, that he does not care for the welfare of mankind, at least in this sublunary scene. I need not say that in all matters of arrangement and procedure my one desire is to do what may, from time to time, appear most respectful, agreeable, and convenient to all parts of

* For further remarks on many of the subjects alluded to in this speech I would refer to chapter ii. of "A Political Survey," Edinburgh, 1868; to an article in the "Fortnightly" for 1875, on "England and Russia in the East;" to the "Pulse of Europe" and "Eastern Affairs at the Close of the Session," in the "Contemporary Review" for 1876; to the pamphlet called "The Eastern Question," published by Edmonston and Douglas in November of that year; to two articles on Russia and a paper entitled the "Five Nights' Debate," in the "Nineteenth Century" for 1877; to two papers on the "Situation," and on the debate on Lord Hartington's motion, in the same "Review" for 1878; and to "Hansard" for 1869, 1873, 1878, &c. &c.

the district which I represent; and as I thought there was a great deal of force in some of the observations that were made by the electors who interested themselves in this subject, and was persuaded that my friends in the Returning Burgh would take the same view, I had no difficulty in immediately promising to do what they desired. Here, then, I am at the earliest possible moment, after the close of a long, arduous, and to persons of my way of thinking, most painful session, fully prepared to redeem my promise to the best of my ability.

Well, then, now that we have met, what are we to talk about? About that, I presume, which is occupying the minds of all intelligent people in the country, about the position in which we find ourselves, and the grave prospects that are opening before us. For more than two years and a half, one subject has dwarfed all other subjects of political concern. All men have been asking whether what was passing in the East would force us into war, or would in some other way seriously affect our national interests. I wish it were possible even now to give a satisfactory answer to these questions.

When the troubles, which led to the recent tremendous convulsion, first began in a remote corner of the Ottoman Empire, there were many who did not heed them at all; there were some who were rather pleased than otherwise, thinking it was nothing more than one of those local disturbances, periodical in the Balkan Peninsula, where, in the words of the great poet, once our neighbour:

> Freedom still at moments rallies,
> And pays in blood oppression's ills.

Some few of us, however, who had been led by one cause or another to give rather special attention to the affairs

of those countries, felt extremely uneasy. We knew how mined they were by intrigue, and how covered the surface was with inflammable materials. We sympathised accordingly, and sympathised most heartily, with the Government, and with all those who were anxious, at almost any price, to prevent the strife continuing which had broken out in Bosnia and the adjoining province. "Things are not ripe," we said, "or anything like ripe, for a definite settlement in European Turkey. It is perfectly clear that the Mohammedan power cannot very long support itself there. It is perfectly clear that the Christian must increase and the Turk decrease; but for the sake of both the Christian and the Turk, do not let us have their differences come at present to the bloody arbitrament of war. Let us hold to the policy of 1856, as most wisely interpreted—that is, the policy of preserving the Sick Man's rich inheritance for his natural heirs, *when they are ready to enter upon it*, preventing, so far as we can, intrigues from without, and discouraging undue haste." We preserved that attitude all through the earlier months of the struggle. We wished to deal with the evils, which we saw, by sedatives, and to avoid what are or were called in medicine "heroic measures." These views were held, I think, by most persons who had studied the East, till well into the summer of 1876, and under their influence the leaders of the Liberal party approved the adhesion of the Government to the scheme of reform for Turkey which was embodied in the document called after the leading statesman of Austro-Hungary, the Andrassy note; while, for the same reason, they approved of the Government's *not* having given in its adhesion to the Berlin Memorandum, a document of a loose and inaccurate kind, which might have committed the country to a great deal more than it bargained for. In the summer of 1876, however, and

towards the last days of the Session, detailed accounts began to come to London of the horrible series of transactions which we *then* called the Bulgarian Atrocities, because they were atrocities perpetrated *on* Bulgarians. When we speak of the Bulgarian Atrocities *now*, we mean the corresponding series of atrocities perpetrated *by* Bulgarians—one set of half-savages in those regions being just as bad as the other. The atrocities, however, of the summer of 1876 were perpetrated by Turks upon Bulgarians. And there burst forth all over Great Britain, and more especially in the large English towns, a perfect storm of rage and horror at what had occurred. From all sides came the cry: "Have nothing more to do with the Turk. Give up the policy you have hitherto pursued. Let Russia, or anybody else who likes and can, improve him off the face of creation; but let us have an end of him and his government, as far as Europe is concerned." Those of us of whom I have been previously speaking said: "All that has happened is extremely hideous, but it surely does not take you by surprise. It is surely only what we all knew must happen if once the war-fiend were let loose in the Eastern Peninsula. But think what you are doing. If you have deliberately come to the conclusion that the statesmen of 1856 were quite wrong in what they did, good and well—change their policy, alter your line of march; instead of moving south, move east, west, north, in any direction you please, but do not change your policy, do not alter your line of march, from a mere sudden gust of passion. Do it deliberately, and after due consideration." These were the views which we put forward, but we might as well have gone down and preached to the waves when a north-east gale is blowing into your bay. We got nothing for our pains but abuse, and were held to be the most hard-hearted and unsympathetic of mankind.

People even wrote elaborate essays to prove that the fact of our having studied Eastern affairs was a positive disqualification for coming to any sound conclusion about them, because it led us to attach too much importance to certain fine and not very important details, and to neglect the main considerations, which were all ready to our hand.

We bore the chiding of friends and the abuse of enemies as well as we could, while the storm raged and swelled, till at last an incident happened which greatly changed the aspect of affairs. A statesman of supreme importance, a statesman who had long been the leader of the Liberal party, and who would have been leading it still, if he had not refused any longer to do so, and resigned his sceptre to a younger hand, suddenly declared in favour of the movement, and put himself at the head of it; while, at the same time, it became evident that the Government had itself abandoned any idea of active support of Turkey, convinced, at least for the moment, that the nation would have none of it.

It is the function of an Opposition rather to criticise the policy of those in power than to originate a policy of their own; and in adopting that course, and in making no definite proposal about Eastern affairs in September, 1876, the official Leader of the Opposition in the Commons, Lord Hartington, acted strictly in accordance with constitutional usage. The fact, however, that the Opposition had, as an Opposition, no regular and well-defined policy, left its individual members free to put forward, in speeches and writings, each their own view, and, as we know, many were put forward. Those with whom I had most sympathy were especially anxious to re-establish the Concert of Europe, broken, and probably rightly though unfortunately broken, by the rejection of the Berlin Memorandum. They thought that England in

an isolated position could do little; but that England, if she originated and backed with all her might a proposal which should be fair to all concerned, could do everything. As to what the precise proposal should be, there was much difference of opinion.

My own view was this. I said "*If* the old English policy is no longer approved by the great majority of the English people, if we are to have a quite new departure, if Europe is to intervene against the Porte, and remove the Sultan's authority from the greater part of European Turkey, let us make such a settlement as may endure for a reasonable time. Do not let us have this hideous nightmare of an Eastern Question hanging over Europe for another thirty years, troubling commercial operations throughout the whole world, keeping men whose fortunes are at all connected with trade—and who are the men in this commercial country whose fortunes are not more or less connected with trade?—in a perpetual fever. If you once go beyond the Andrassy reforms, at least let what you do be decisive!" And I proposed a definite settlement, for which I fought long and hard. Perhaps my suggestion was right, perhaps it was wrong. That need not for the present be discussed; but at least it kept in view the points essential to any real settlement. It safe-guarded the rights of the populations of the Balkan Peninsula, both Christian and Mussulman; put the custody of the Straits in good hands, friendly both to Russia and to Western Europe. It protected the just interests of England and other European powers in the Levant, and it gave full satisfaction to all the legitimate demands of Russia.

The Government, however, did not see their way to adopting any of the ideas which were suggested to them, or to finding any of their own. They preferred to leave things to take their course, and take their course they

did with a vengeance. I will not recall the events of the year 1877. They are fresh in the recollection of you all. During their evolution, the official Leaders of Opposition, and we who obey them in Parliament, in no way trammelled those upon whom rested the tremendous responsibility of guiding the policy of the country. Some of our friends would have liked us to have been less forbearing; but I think our Leaders were right in being extremely cautious. The duties of the Leaders of an Opposition, when there is any possibility of the country being involved in war, are exceedingly difficult and delicate. On the one hand, they must oppose anything which seems likely *unnecessarily* to involve the country in war; and in the next place, they must take care not to put themselves in an anti-national position. Leaders of Opposition in England have not always trod with perfect firmness the delicate line which separates those opposite errors; but I am bound to say that I think Lord Hartington did neither too much nor too little in the way of criticism and protest. At length, however, the whole series of transactions came to an end in the Treaty of Berlin, plus the Anglo-Turkish Convention; and as it had been the duty of the Opposition, while negotiations were still pending, to inquire and criticise, but not to fall into anything that could be fairly called factious hostility, so it became their duty to bring up every man they could to the division of the 3rd August, to speak out unreservedly, to tell the country what they thought of the arrangements come to, and to warn it of the dangers ahead. This they have done in Parliament, are doing in their respective localities, and will, I hope, continue to do through the recess, for the so-called settlement is a bad settlement, and a dangerous settlement, if indeed it is reasonable to speak of it as a settlement at all.

Now, why is it a bad settlement? To answer that question I must look very briefly at its separate parts. And, first, let us turn to Europe. Gentlemen, I will not trouble you by showing the unsatisfactoriness of the Berlin Treaty in detail. I have done that in the House of Commons and elsewhere. I will just ask a few questions, to which all of you who read the newspapers can give ready answers. Dare we call that a settlement which satisfies hardly one of those who are most concerned? Is more than one power satisfied with what has been done? Take, first, the small ones. Is Roumania satisfied? Roumania has lost one of the portions of her territory which she most cherished, and has received in return other territory which may or may not be good for her, but which she certainly never desired to have. Take, then, Servia. Is she satisfied with the poor little extension she has got? Why, gentlemen, I have in my possession a letter from one of her leading public men, written to me just before the war of 1876, in which he tells me that, if the resistance of the Porte to the Servian arms did not impose upon them heavy sacrifices, they would be satisfied (save the mark!) with the annexation of Bosnia. Take, then, Montenegro. Well, we all heard in the debate the views of the leading advocate of Montenegrin claims in this country. He is certainly very far from being satisfied with what has been accorded to his *protégés*. Well, then, Greece. Everyone knows that Greece is dissatisfied. Now for the bigger people. Is Austria satisfied? Doubtless a considerable party in Austria is satisfied—the party, that is, which lit up the whole conflagration at the time of the emperor's visit to Dalmatia. They are satisfied; but the coolest and shrewdest heads in the empire are very far from being satisfied. They see before them the prospect of difficulties which may well derange the delicate balance of

forces by which the empire exists. And Turkey—how is it with Turkey? Turkey, say the Government and its friends, has been saved. A country as big as Ireland, which was taken from it by the provisions of San Stefano, has been restored to it. To that, however, we reply that such an assertion is mere juggling with phrases. Turkey is simply partitioned. The year 1878 will be to her what 1772 was to Poland. I wonder which years will take the place of 1793 and 1795, the dates of the second and third partitions of the last-named country? Well, then, Russia—is Russia satisfied with the settlement in Europe? On the contrary, she is utterly disgusted. She considers that she has been jockeyed out of the fair reward which she should have reaped for expending hundreds of thousands of lives and millions of money. I will not say anything about France or Italy. Read the extracts from their journals in ours, and you will see what they are feeling.

The only Power which is satisfied is Germany. And why is Germany satisfied? Because Germany, of which I said in the debate of the 8th April, to the surprise of some who had not been following her proceedings as closely as I had, that we might take as our motto on going into the Congress, "*Sine Germaniâ nulla salus;*" that is, "Unless Germany helps you out of the scrape diplomatically, you will have to fight yourselves out of it," and which Lord Beaconsfield now calls, very truly, the great peacemaker, has throughout all this business really had one feeling predominant above all others: "For goodness' sake, whatever happens in the East, do not let us have a great European war; settle it any way you like rather than bring upon us and the world that hideous calamity." But Germany would, I trust, equally have supported England if at an earlier stage of the affair she had come forward with a bold and statesman-

like plan for settling the question of Turkey in Europe. That the opportunity for doing this, which occurred in the autumn of 1876, was missed, is a circumstance which our sons and perhaps our grandsons will deplore; for it well may be that never again may the extraordinary combination of fortunate accidents which then existed come together in the world. If "the great peacemaker" supported an arrangement which at the last moment prevented the general peace being broken, how much rather would he have supported an arrangement which would have prevented that disturbance of commercial and other relations which comes from the apprehension of approaching war, and which would have had, in addition, the enormous advantage of enabling Europe to forget, as an object of uneasiness and alarm, that fateful city to which Constantine seems to have transferred no small portion of the magical power which gives to the other and older Rome such an influence over human destiny.

I come now to the Asiatic part of the business, which touches us more immediately, if not more nearly. Well, you are aware that by the Anglo-Turkish Convention we guarantee the Sultan's Asiatic dominions, he engaging to make reforms, and we obtaining something that is, and yet is not, sovereignty over Cyprus. Now, there are two ideas about this arrangement. A common idea on the Continent, and an idea held by many in this country, is that the Convention was, so far as we are concerned, merely a dodge, to use a slang phrase, for getting possession of an island in the Levant; that no real reforms will be made by the Sultan; that things will go on in the old way; and that we shall leave Turkey in Asia to go to ruin as Turkey in Europe has, to so great an extent, already done. That, however, is an interpretation which I utterly reject. I do not

believe that a Cabinet composed of English gentlemen, whatever may have been the temptations to which they were exposed, would, merely to throw a sop to the noisiest and worst section of their supporters, have mixed themselves up with a transaction like that. I believe, and will continue to believe until I see direct and absolute proof to the contrary, that the declarations of ministers are to be taken as some indication of their policy. If that is so, the situation becomes intelligible, and not dishonourable; but is also seen to be extremely grave.

And first as to Cyprus. You hear and will hear a great deal about its unhealthiness and other disadvantages. Do not, however, attach much importance to all that. It will be found, I fancy, to be, in respect of health and convenience, not worse than other places in the same latitude—very much like other Mediterranean islands that have been long thinly peopled. I daresay there are plenty of places in it to which you might apply the Sardinian proverb about a feverish district, "He that goes to Oristano stays there;" but there are, doubtless, numbers of healthy enough stations for troops. If we had obtained it by purchase or excambion, I should not see any particular objection to our having it, always provided we had not given too much for the acquisition. The serious matter is the obligation which we undertake to defend the Sultan by arms, and to see his subjects well treated. Now, it is clear that Cyprus was a very trifling consideration for undertaking any obligation at all. There are many private persons in this country who could have paid down the whole sum at which the Sultan's rights over Cyprus are understood to have been valued a year ago, without being much the worse for it. There are proprietors in this very county who could do so. Cyprus, then, was only part of the con-

sideration for which we undertook our obligation. What was the other part?

We are told it was the strengthening of our hold over India. Well, that is a great and important object. In India we have got, as has been truly said, a wolf by the ears; we must hold it whether we like it or not, and perhaps in the fulness of time excellent and glorious results may come out of our holding it; but whether they do or whether they don't, hold it we must, and whatever increases our power to do so is good; but how does the guaranteeing of the Sultan's Asiatic dominions against Russia conduce to that object? Because, say the friends of the Government policy, Russia is an aggressive power, ever pressing towards the south. Be it so, I reply: "If you are sufficiently strong to say to Russia, in the words of the Prime Minister, 'thus far shalt thou go, and no farther' in Turkish Asia, and Russia still desires to move south, anyone who looks at the map must see that she will either have to move south through Persia or through Afghanistan. Now, will not both of these moves south be much more inconvenient for you than her moving south in Turkish Asia?" I cannot see why her moving south in Turkish Asia is a matter of paramount importance to you. Observe I say of paramount importance. Of course I had rather that that country and Persia, and Afghanistan were occupied by Powers sufficiently strong to hold their own against Russia without your assistance, and that she was forced to extend herself to the east of Central Asia, and not to the south at all; but that not being so, I had rather her chief pressure were towards the south-west, and not towards the south-east and India. Now, however, the measure of your success on the Armenian frontier will be just the amount of pressure brought to bear against you in Persia and in Afghanistan,

so that you gain nothing but a loss. Already, you see, that the moment there was a question of your going to war with Russia in Turkey, she began to move troops towards the Oxus, and sent an embassy to Cabul. Why did she do that? Why, because it was the natural counter-move to your sending for the Indian troops. We can't have it both ways. We can't have the advantage of India being a great separate empire, using its troops to protect itself, and using them to help us in Europe. If we draw her into the European State system we must take the disadvantages with the advantages of the agreement.

Observe, I am not expressing any opinion, for the moment, about the expediency or inexpediency of bringing the Indian troops to Malta. There is a great deal to be said about that on both sides, and I think Lord Hartington was entirely right in taking the vote on the constitutional part of the question, where our case was, as it seems to me, overwhelming. The idea of bringing Indian troops to the West, under certain circumstances, has been a most familiar idea to my mind for more than five-and-twenty years; ever since the late Sir James Outram used to talk to me about the wisdom, in case of a war with France, which many people expected in 1852, of anticipating her by landing a force at Cosseir, and occupying Egypt; and we had Indian troops in Egypt in the days of Napoleon; but there are a great many difficult questions connected with the employment of Indian troops far from India, which I cannot go into now. All I want at present is to point out to you, as I did a moment ago, that we must take the disadvantages with the advantages of such a proceeding.

The most sensible people who have treated of the relations of Russia and England in Western Asia have always pooh-poohed the idea of a Russian invasion of

India, but they have at the same time said: "It is perfectly possible that *Russia* may try, by moving a knight or a castle in Central Asia, to give *you* check on the Bosphorus. But if the noisy rejoicing which we hear in some quarters has any foundation, *we* have tried to give *her* check on the Bosphorus. Small blame if in return *she* feels inclined to move a castle or a knight in Central Asia. Whether she can do so with much effect is another question; but the whole policy of the Government is based on the assumption that she can do so with very serious effect indeed.

I am extremely unlikely to underrate the importance of India. There are few men in the country less disposed to do so; but I confess I view with some fear and jealousy the unwise prominence that has of late been given to that dependency. We can't *think* too much about India, but we can *dream* much too much about India, and the present Government, to most of whom, when they came into office, India was an absolutely new subject, have not been *thinking* but *dreaming* about it. Hence, amongst other things, such sensational strokes of policy as the Delhi assemblage, and the injudicious advance to Quettah against the opinion of Lord Lawrence and all the most cool-headed men who knew our Western frontier. Ministers have been dreaming too much of visionary dangers in India to have had time to bethink them of the real dangers they were bringing on Great Britain. If India is to be made the first, and Great Britain only the second consideration of British Ministers, British constituencies may begin to ask rather angry questions about the exact value of India to them. It is a proud moment for an inhabitant of these far Atlantic Islands, when seated among the ruins of Toghluckabad, or some other of the round dozen of great cities which have stood at one time or another on the

plain of Delhi, he thinks that the descendants of the millions who once looked to that spot as the centre of their universe, now look to his own native land, to those distant cities,

> Where the rulers of India dwell
> Whose orders flash from the far land who girdle earth with a spell;

but it is not pleasant to have to reverse the process, and to feel here that the real interests of our British cities are thrown out of gear by the purely imaginary exigencies of Delhi. It is these dreams about India that have led us away from the right policy of regulating, namely, *in concert with Europe*, but in *a friendly* spirit towards Russia, the extent of her influence in the Eastern Peninsula, and have made us attempt to regulate her influence in Asia, not *along with living Europe*, but *along with dying Turkey*, and not in a *friendly* but in a *hostile* spirit. Govern India always better and better, perfect your lines of frontier and other communications, keep your naval superiority, watch and continually improve the Egyptian land and sea transit; let Russia know quietly that any interference with Afghanistan means war with us; but that we take no thought of what she is doing in Central Asia, except merely to note it, and we may laugh at the bare idea of danger from Russia.

Our wise policy when we once saw that our people would no longer support the Turkish Government was to take the initiative in proposing to Europe the plan that, while it safeguarded all European interests, should be most soothing to the susceptibilities of Russia. Why should we go out of our way to get into an unnecessary feud with a Power which, though not nearly so strong as ourselves, is sufficiently strong to give us a great deal of trouble? I have always maintained that our true

policy with reference to Russia in Asia was first one of masterly, because well-informed inactivity, and then when the fulness of time had come, a *co-operative* policy That *was*, I am convinced, the true policy. I do not say that it *is so now*. It is amusing to find a class of people, who have been vehemently hostile to Russia hitherto, now taking up the position of peacemakers, and saying, "Let bygones be bygones." It is, I fear, too late to hold that language. That was the proper language to have held at the commencement of these transactions. Russia will take good care not to let bygones be bygones; rather she will bide her time, reflecting with Cromwell at the battle of Dunbar, that the Lord has delivered her enemies into her hand, for to transfer the scene of our struggle with Russia from Afghanistan to Armenia is just to repeat the blunder of that day. I do not for a moment deny that Russian diplomatists are very tricky; that Ignatieff, for instance, in all the recent affairs was as false as possible. I do not deny that there is a great deal in Russian Governmental ways that is hateful. The best Russians know that just as well as anyone else; but I do maintain that a great deal of our dislike of Russia and Russia's dislike of us arises from pure ignorance. "When men see a strange object, which they know nothing of, they go and hate it," says a wise Arab proverb. I have been preaching this doctrine about the Muscovite in books and speeches for the last fourteen years. Time will show whether I was right or wrong.

Let me sum up in a sentence the consideration we have got on account of the duties we have undertaken. That consideration is, in a word, the right to put Cyprus to rights till the inhabitants think that they would like us to go about our business; the right to be much more heartily hated by Russia than we were before; and the

right to fight our self-made enemy not where we are strong in India or Afghanistan, but where he is strong, in Armenia. These are our rights. Now, what are our duties? To see that the Turk governs decently, and to satisfy in this respect, the severest criticism, not only from our own people, but from the subject populations and from all our ill-wishers in all the world. Is that an easy or a pleasant task? Have we found it easy and pleasant to govern India, where we had everything comparatively in our own hands, where we had no hostile ambassadors at Constantinople intriguing against us, no corrupt official class helping them—and when all the hardest work was got through by a company of merchants who could do a thousand things—in the days when a letter took at least four months to come from the scene of their operations—which a civilised government could not and dare not do now?

No, it comes to this—Either, as I have elsewhere said, the Convention is altogether an imposture, or almost an impossibility; and in order to take part in what is either one or the other, you have signed a bill for a war at a long date, and that a war which can be forced on you at the bidding of a Power, which one of the most distinguished of your public men described two years ago—too strongly, in my judgment, but yet with the approval of many of his countrymen—as "the great anti-human specimen of humanity!" Is that wise? Is it even endurable?

Gentlemen, it is all very well. Fireworks are pretty things, even bad fireworks like those which the Government has given us; but, please, remember that they must be paid for. Every single farthing that has been spent and will be spent is just so much deduction from the comfort of your lives and the provision you can make for your children. Lord Beaconsfield puts into the

mouth of one of his favourite characters, the character whom he selected to put forward the idea, which he has lived to carry into effect, of making the Queen, Empress of India, the following words: "What should I be without my debts?" he would sometimes exclaim; "dear companions of my life that never desert me! All my knowledge of human nature is owing to them! it is in managing my affairs that I have sounded the depths of the human heart, recognised all the combinations of human character, developed my own powers, and mastered the resources of others. What expedient in negotiation is unknown to me? What degree of endurance have I not calculated? What play of the countenance have I not observed? Yes, among my creditors, I have disciplined that diplomatic ability that shall some day confound and control Cabinets." It is, gentlemen, to that sort of thing that we are now given up—to the happy-go-lucky finance and diplomacy of Bohemia! How long will a nation, that respects itself, allow its affairs to be managed by such hands in such a spirit?

I come now to the question, "How was the thing done?" and I find the manner as unsatisfactory as the matter. If there is one doctrine of the Constitution more to be respected than another, it is this—that in this country great decisions are not only to be taken for the people, but by the people, acting through their representatives in Parliament. I do not mean for a moment to deny that the power of making treaties is vested in the Crown, as the head of the Executive; but I most emphatically deny that it is in accordance with Constitutional usage so to exercise that power as to spring a mine upon the people—to surprise them into a totally new course of policy. Now, it is a plain matter of common sense that the recent Convention, if it is not a mere

imposture, embarks us on a totally new course of policy. It turns us, an essentially naval Power, into a Power with a long, weak, land frontier, conterminous with a great military State, and that the State which the authors of the Convention suppose to be more hostile to us than any other in the world. If that is not to embark us on a totally new course of policy, I do not know what is.

Under any circumstances, it would be very alarming to see a step of this importance taken without the cognisance of Parliament; but it was not only taken without the cognisance of Parliament—Parliament was deliberately hoodwinked, and by whom was it hoodwinked? By a minister who, if he really has any political convictions at all, which may be disputable, believes that the Revolution of 1688, which confirmed our liberties, was a mistake and a misfortune. Am I wrong in that statement? Listen to his own words. He is speaking of the bed-chamber affair which occurred at the beginning of this reign. "In the great heat of Parliamentary faction which had prevailed since 1831, the royal prerogative, which, unfortunately for the rights and liberties and social welfare of the people, had, since 1688, been more or less oppressed, had waned fainter and fainter. A youthful princess on the throne, whose appearance touched the imagination, and to whom her people were generally inclined to ascribe something of that decision of character which becomes those born to command, offered a favourable opportunity to restore the exercise of that regal authority, the usurpation of whose functions has entailed on the people of England so much suffering and so much degradation. The reaction of public opinion, disgusted with years of Parliamentary tumult and the incoherence of party legislation, the balanced state in the kingdom of political parties themselves, the personal character of the Sovereign—

these were all causes which intimated that a movement in favour of prerogative was at hand. The Leader of the Tory party should have vindicated his natural position. But we forget—Sir Robert Peel is not the Leader of the Tory party." Observe that phrase. Sir Robert Peel led the Conservatives. Mr. Disraeli aspired even then, perhaps, to re-invent and lead the Tories. But were these perhaps only the views of the Prime Minister a generation ago? Has he changed them as he has changed other things? Why, only the other day the leading organ of his party, the "Quarterly Review," published an article obviously inspired, which enunciated the same doctrines with a frank insolence that makes the reader's hair stand on end.

This generation had never seen till 1874 even the Conservatives in power. There have been Conservatives in *place* since Peel broke with the Protectionists; but they have never once since been in *power* till 1874, and there is all the difference between the two that there is between a fire on the hearth and a fire in your bed-curtains. The one is at times highly useful for the purposes of life; the other is a nuisance which you must abate if it is not to abate you. In 1866 the Liberals could not pass a Reform Bill against Conservative opposition; so they allowed the Conservatives to come in, and then made them pass one at the price of keeping in place. Then the Conservatives were, like a fire on the hearth in cold weather, good and useful. In 1874 they came in in spite of the Liberals, and then they were like a fire in your bed-curtains.

But note that we have not merely Conservatives to deal with. Lord Beaconsfield has repeatedly proclaimed himself not a Conservative but a Tory, which is a much worse thing—a thing we thought for all practical purposes dead and buried. The extract I read to you

a few moments ago, as illustrating the doctrine on which Ministers have lately been acting, was rank Toryism.

This is much, but it is not all. You know that Mr. Theodore Martin is engaged in publishing, volume by volume, a very interesting life of the late Prince Consort, and you have heard that a good deal of controversy arose about the third volume. It is impossible to regard the publication of that volume, at the particular time it was published, as the mere act of the distinguished man of letters, who is nominally responsible for it. The publication was an act of State, and as such the *act of the Ministers of the Crown.* And a most unfortunate act it was. It was unfortunate, because, if there had not been present, throughout the compilation of the volume, a desire to support a particular group of political theories, a somewhat different impression with regard to what the views and influence of the late Prince Consort were, would have gone forth to the public. It was still more unfortunate in that it wholly misled the nation as to what the views and influence of the late Prince Consort *would have been,* if his valuable life had been preserved, and he had stood beside the throne in the anxious time through which we have been passing. We are accustomed to think of him as young, but, had he lived into our days, he would have been, although still far from an old man, nevertheless quite the oldest statesman in Europe, by which I mean the man who had been longest behind the scenes of the political stage. Dufaure, Bismarck, Gladstone, even Gortchakoff never saw behind the scenes at all, till long after the late Prince Consort was as familiar, as anyone in his august position could be, with the secret springs of European politics. Had he lived, he would have been a depositary of knowledge, which our hand-to-mouth Ministers sorely wanted, and

would have done much, I doubt not, to help them towards a statesmanlike solution of the problem over which they have so deplorably blundered. But it is not to the third but to the second volume of the book, and to the astounding constitutional theories therein unveiled, that I would call the anxious attention of all persons in this part of the country who know or care about politics, and I would also invite their attention to the article in the last number of the "Edinburgh Review" upon this subject, as well as to the able pamphlet called "The Crown and the Cabinet."

It would be difficult to exaggerate the practical importance of the discussion. It is the glory of our Constitution that it has had the power of accommodating itself to the change of times, and has grown ever more and more favourable to the liberty of the subject, while it kept intact all the graceful phraseology and habits of the olden day. In a remarkable poem called "Crowned and Discrowned," worthy to be quoted in this place, whose chief connection with the great stream of history was, I suppose, through the landing of the Chevalier de St. George in our bay, a living writer has described Charles Edward looking on at the coronation of George III., and has made him say:

I must see your May-game ritual; see you give the Crown and Globe;
I must see your German masquing in my sire's Dalmatic robe;
For ye keep our sacred symbols, Edward's Staff and Edward's Crown;
Ye that build a throne for strangers, hurled your native monarchs down.

We, however, who look at the matter with other eyes, can see that in this is the greatest merit of our Constitution. It reverences the past whenever the past is good, or even harmless, but infuses a new spirit into the ancient forms. The greatest living orator of the Latin

races told his countrymen : " Do not let us deceive ourselves with the puerile pride that we have good laws. What is essential is that these laws should be carried into effect. That is why, to the Latin Constitutions correctly written, commented on by great orators, built on metaphysical principles, with architectural proportions and Greek façades, the common sense of humanity prefers the Saxon Constitutions, a monstrous and Gothic work of the Middle Age, written in barbarous Latin, hidden away in corners of the Archives, sometimes without any known text, but whose rights are a living reality, and extend their beneficent shade by land and by sea, wherever waves the glorious flag of Old England." Castelar hit the right mark when he said our Constitution was good, because the rights we enjoy under it are a living reality ; but how can you keep the rights which are granted by a Constitution, which nowhere exists in writing, a living reality except by constant watchfulness ? Relax that watchfulness, and your Constitution will soon cease to be a good one—soon cease to accommodate itself to the constant changes of society—soon become a strait waistcoat, instead of a coat of mail.

In judging of this subject, there is another set of circumstances which should be kept in view. You know that, during the last five-and-twenty years, competitive examination has been introduced for almost every branch of the public service. I have always been a warm friend of competitive examination, believing that, if properly managed, it is the least bad method that has ever been devised for filling up all those offices which are not too insignificant to make it worth while to guard them from favouritism, or so important that public opinion can be brought to bear, with great and immediate force, in case of a bad appointment. But the very best systems have their disadvantages ; and one of the results of improving

so much as you have done, of late, the quality of the persons employed in the more influential offices of the State is, that you have greatly increased the power of the bureaucracy.

There would be no harm in that, but only unmixed good, if the quality of your members of Parliament had been correspondingly improved during the same period. But that is scarcely so. I suppose there is no doubt that every successive House of Commons has fewer men in it who go into Parliament with the purpose of making statesmanship the study of their lives, just as they might make medicine, or theology, or law. The inevitable result will be, as it is impossible in the long run for the less intelligent to control the more intelligent, that the bureaucracy will become more and more independent of the constituencies. For the only hold you have over it is through your members, and if your members become, as they are becoming increasingly, the spokesmen of limited interests, or rich elderly men with very little general knowledge of the difficult and complicated science of politics, you will become less and less influential, except on those rare occasions when some sensational subject excites a momentary interest in the country, an interest which will often be quite disproportioned to its real importance.

The moral of these considerations seems to me two-fold—first, that the electors should look with great jealousy upon the revival of dormant claims on the part of the Crown, and the servants of the Crown, to take action without consulting Parliament; and, secondly, that they should remember, when they return men who are merely well-to-do and locally useful, or are but the representatives of some particular view or crotchet, instead of being men who have already been trained, or may be trained, into having that wide knowledge and balanced

judgment, which are the first requisites of statesmanship, that they are simply weakening themselves, tying up, so to speak, their own right arms, which should, through their representatives, press with a firm and steady grasp upon the helm of the State.

These thoughts had been passing through my mind the other day when I chanced to re-read Mr. Burke's famous speech to the electors of Bristol, made, as it chances, exactly ninety-eight years ago this 6th of September, and the finest speech I suppose ever delivered in this country to any body of electors. In it I came upon the following passage, which is, I think, worth recalling to you: "When the popular member is narrowed in his ideas, and rendered timid in his proceedings, the service of the Crown will be the sole nursery of statesmen. Among the frolics of the Court, it may at length take that of attending to its business. Then the monopoly of mental power will be added to the power of all other kinds it possesses. On the side of the people there will be nothing but impotence; for ignorance is impotence, narrowness of mind is impotence, timidity is itself impotence, and makes all other qualities that go along with it impotent and useless." These are weighty words, and much to be kept in mind at this moment, especially by the party to which most of us belong. The late Government, wisely or unwisely, settled all the great questions which the country had been educated into wishing for, by a long succession of illustrious men who have gone to their rest. There remain many important questions which are ripening, but it wants great tact and caution on the part of your and my leaders to determine which should be pressed first, and how they should be pressed. Some of you have your own ideas on that subject, and I have mine. By all means let us do our best to urge our own views

upon our leaders in a reasonable and friendly way; but while our foes are so strong let us avoid like a pestilence breaking off from the onward march of the party, and raising minor differences into test questions.

A general election cannot fail to come before very long, perhaps in July, 1879, perhaps in the same month of 1880—anyhow, within two years from this time. That election will be one of the greatest importance, for the question put to the country will be, "Do you want to be managed by the Liberal party and on Liberal principles, or do you want to be managed by the party now in power on *its* principles, or no principles? The Liberal party gave you, under successive leaders, nearly all the measures on which your prosperity has been founded. The party now in power, whether we are to call it Conservative or Tory, has given you a great deal of excitement, pleasurable or otherwise, a long paralysis of trade and increased taxation, together with ill-defined liabilities abroad, and menaced liberties at home. To which of them will you commit your destinies for another period of five or six years? When the hour for the struggle strikes, electors will have but one thing to consider. Where can they find the man who can most efficiently, by vote and voice in and out of Parliament, support whichever of these parties seems to them, the electors, most deserving of support. But some may say, Oh no, our votes will not be determined by these large considerations. We will be glad to have a man who is of our political colour, but we will vote for no one who does not pledge himself to this or that particular measure. Believe me, gentlemen, that the people who take that line, whether they incline to Liberalism, or to Conservatism, or to Toryism, will simply throw away their votes. The forces which are in presence, the interests which are at stake, are far too serious. All mere *isms*,

however respectable, will be pushed aside by the force of events. The ensuing election will be a fierce struggle between the progressive and retrograde elements of our society, embodied in the names of particular men. When the proper time arrives, I shall again present myself as a candidate for the suffrages of a constituency which has looked so indulgently, through the long period of one-and-twenty years, upon my very humble but very sincere endeavours to serve it. The principles upon which I have acted in the past will be those upon which I shall act in the future, and if those principles are not very familiar to all of you, it is assuredly no fault of mine; for I think there is no man in Scotland who has tried more carefully to keep his constituents acquainted with what he thought upon all great public matters, by submitting his thoughts to them at these autumn gatherings. By all my convictions, and by all the habits of a life, I belong to that section of my party which desires to carry into effect, as quickly as may be, all those ideas of government which are generally accepted by the Liberals of this and the other most progressive countries of Europe; but in doing so, I desire to be guided by considerations of time, place, or opportunity—never to loiter through fainthearted-ness or sloth; but, on the other hand, never to commit my friends to courses which may provoke reaction and illustrate the maxim, "The more haste, the less speed."

In the meantime, however, the first task of all good Liberals is to get the government of the country back into the hands of men who are in sympathy with the sober, reasonable portion of the community, and who look for their reward to its approval, not to the applause of the London Music Halls. What we must have ere long, if the recent follies are not to end in disaster, if

the millions that have been, or are in process of being fooled away, are not to grow into sixty times six millions, is a steady cool-headed Government, precisely the kind of Government which has, since 1832, *commanded the support of the vast majority of Scotch electors.*

THE END.

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